

RAZZORCAKE

#40



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DAN PADILLA BLACK TIME
LOVE ME NOTS THE MANGES
DOA LIVE SLOW, DIE OLD:
PUNK ROCK AND EXERCISE

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—Todd Taylor

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The Vicious,
live at the Clinic
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don't make eye contact with me afterwards.

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Photo by Todd Taylor

TOURISTS FILMING TOURISTS

Sometimes, I wish "punk" wasn't a word that described music, that it just retained its original meaning of someone who gets fucked in jail.

I was sitting in one of my favorite places in the world: in front of my records. There was a light on my face and a clip-on microphone on my collar. I was being filmed. For the life of me, I can't remember most of questions she asked me, but I remember not being surprised. It was really broad stuff. I kept forgetting to repeat her questions when I answered.

My goal that day was simple: make the case that punk's been going on continuously since it started, there are a lot of long-time smarties in it, and mention that there are many of us who do much more than pine for old times, try to make a buck, or hit the "exact rewind of a previous time" button. Looks like I wasted her time and tape.

I've got a good friend who works at a film festival. He gave me an advanced copy of the movie I'd been filmed for.

Ouch. What a bummer.

It seems that the larger the proposed scope of the film about punk rock, the more it just flat-out bums me out because in every one I've seen, they do one of two things, if not both, guaranfuckingteed:

1.) It'll talk about "selling out." No one I know seriously talks about "selling out." It's only people who are fishbowling us from the outside, new kids with fingers to point, or bands that, rightly, feel guilty flying the punk banner.

2.) There will be some big, gaping holes in what's omitted and they probably have no clue. (Uhhh, like an entire decade, in this movie.)

This movie went further, acting as apologist for Hot Topic ripping off their designs from kids, The Ataris' adamant defense of Volkswagen as a tour sponsor, and relied on mainstream music journalists like *Newsweek's* Lorraine Ali to throw their two cents in on punk. Seeing

who got in, I'm not surprised I got completely cut from the film. The movie was so bad it made me joke about putting up chicken wire in front of the TV and winging my empties at the screen.

Sometimes, I wish tourists to a culture couldn't steal words from the dictionary. But they do. They've got bigger budgets, bigger megaphones. If what they're saying is "punk" and I don't identify with it all, I lose. Tough shit.

Sometimes, I feel like I'm part of the "lost generation"—DIY punks who have clocked in over a decade of full-time service who are too young to be "pioneers" and too wizened to make dumb mistakes on film. There are thousands of us, from folks like Ken Dirtnap to *Suburban Voice* to Tragedy to *Slug and Lettuce* to Alicia Trout, who never left after we first got in.

The punk films I feel that are the most genuine are made by folks who are continually in thick of it who want a time capsule, a document. Take a small slice of the big, messy pie and examine it. This makes sense. *Razorcake* attempts, in print, an in-depth look into this culture, piece by piece, artist by artist. It follows that *STL 2000* (coverage of St. Louis's scene in 2000), *Meet Me at the Tumor's Door* (Santa Clarita, CA's scene 2006), Fugazi's *Instrument*, and *The Ex, Beautiful Frenzy* are some of my favorite documentaries about punk. They don't overstep or over-generalize.... They also don't have blurbs from *Variety* on their home pages nor do they sell nineteen-dollar girlie-Ts with their film's logos on it.

Sometimes, I wish that the more money that hinged on a movie about punk wasn't directly disproportionate to how far off the mark it ended up being—claiming that it's aimed for the heart, but it's obvious that it's mainly interested in your wallet or greasing up the wheels of popular acceptance instead of showing the pride of being an independent grain of sand.

—Todd Taylor

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Cover illustrated and colored by Cristy C. Road (www.croadcore.org)

"Prior to 1972, the United States had no law prohibiting the unauthorized reproduction of records." —Donald S. Passman, *All You Need to Know about the Music Business*



RIP

Damian
System 13

You were
the smartest
cat we ever
knew.

We'll miss you,
brother.

photo by
Daryl Gussin

THANK YOU: The facial hair is dazzling thanks to *Cristy Road* for killing the cover; *Cap'n Chairman Mao* with *Crunchberries* thanks to *Rick Miyajima* for the illustration in Amy's column; *Nuge* shotgun guitar thanks to *Mary-Clare Stevens* for her photos in *Norb's* column; The suspenders are keeping his dinghole from flapping thanks to *Don Egger's Rhythm Chicken* photo; Sir, that *Ramones* shirt has a copyright symbol under it. It can't be vintage thanks to *Steve Larder* for his illustration in *Dale's* column; Starbucks beware! thanks to *Chris Nelson* for the picture and *Maynard* for the illustration in *Nardwuar's* column; So, you're saying they're making missiles at NASA, and it's not like shaking hands with aliens like in *Star Trek*? thanks to *Brad Beshaw* for his illustration in *Sean's* column; So what you're saying is that America's wine's not so great, but our missiles are? thanks to *Susan Chung*, *Hopper*, and *Uri G.* for spaghettiing together the *Manges* interview; Feel that bicep, check out these white shoes thanks to *Jennifer Whiteford* for her "youse punks ain't dead yet, so you better break a sweat" article and welcome back from China thanks to *Amy Adoyzie* for laying it out; Dada and stupid names thanks to *Ryan Leach*, *Mor Fleischer*, *Tiger Lily*, and *Keith Rosson* for their cocaine-less help on the *Black Time* interview; *Farfisa*, *gummi bear*, and *ascots* thanks to *Kat Jetson*, *Susan Maiorama*, and *Lauren Measure* for thigh-high booting the *Love Me Nots* interview; The band is a burrito thanks to *Shanty Cheryl* and *Uri Garcia* for wrapping up the *Dan Padilla* tightly so it didn't spill all over the place; *DOA's* getting backing from the Canadian government. Does that mean you can ride the *Mounties'* horses? thanks to *Allan MacInnis*, *Cindy Metherel*, *Bev Davies*, and *Lauren Measure* for the *Shithead* interview; Links to MP3s and PDFs of pages "to review" can still suck it. Thanks to the following for their music, book, zine, and DVD reviews: *Mike Faloos*, *Mr. Z.*, *Ryan Leach*, *Stevo*, *Bryan Static*, *Susan Chung*, *Kurt Morris*, *Craven Rock*, *Dave Disorder*, *Art Ettinger*, *Mike Frame*, *Joe Evans III*, *Jimmy Alvarado*, *Norb*, *Ty Stranglehold*, *Jessica T.*, *Dongofthedeat*, *Jennifer Whiteford*, *Daryl*, *Jason Donnerparty*, *Sarah Shay*, *Mike Plante*, *Josh Benke*, *Keith Rosson*, *CT Terry*, *Keith Rosson*, and *C. Marie*; All-seeing eye of *Photoshop* thanks to *Chris Baxter* for tweaking all the photos so they look purty; Paper cuts and dripping sweat thanks to *Donofthedeat*, *Chris Devlin*, *Adrian Salas*, and *Daryl Gussin* for helping with the big mailout; I know, I know, there are still mistakes, but it woulda been hella worse if *Kurt Morris*, *Emily Epstein*, *Shannyn Morse*, *Joe Evans III*, and *Megan Pants* didn't all proof read this issue.

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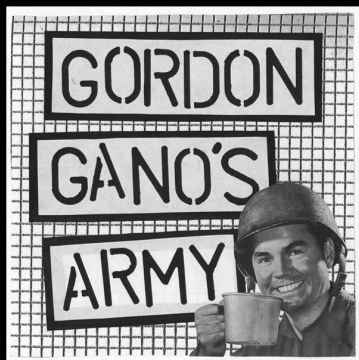


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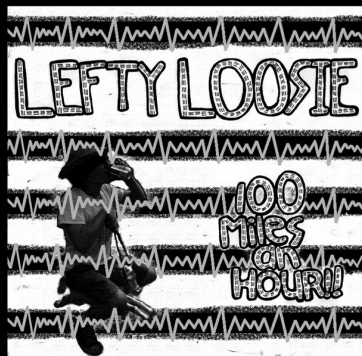
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Issue #40 September/October 2007

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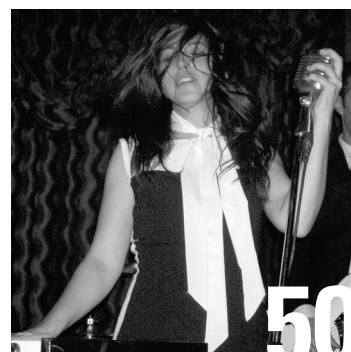
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"It might have sounded like 'Alberto Gonzales testified that Westinghouse shot a Korean hostage in Afghanistan.'"



This Is Your Week in Review

On July 24, five Bulgarian nurses and one Palestinian-born medic (who was granted Bulgarian citizenship) returned to their homeland after years of imprisonment in Libya. The six were initially detained in 1999, where they stood accused of deliberately infecting over 400 Libyan children with HIV. After five years of trial, and despite expert testimony indicating that the virus was transmitted by poor hospital conditions and not actions made by the defendants, the six

fact, this wasn't the case. Congress wanted a special investigation of Alberto Gonzales, Westinghouse made plans to build nuclear power plants in China, and one of twenty-three Korean hostages was shot in Afghanistan.

Estelle Wall, my former college roommate and the current ringleader of this group, rifled through a large bag, ultimately dumping its contents on the table to form a mountain of multi-colored markers. She then handed me a sketch pad, having decided that I would be in

care workers, the issue has made nary a blip in our press.

The project began three years ago when co-workers Shamus Halkowich and Miriam Brown began jotting down the week's headlines as an informal record of what was happening in the world. Soon, they brought in some friends and moved out of the office and into watering holes like the Mountain Bar in Chinatown and the Short Stop in Echo

"She really got along with gays!" I shouted.

were condemned to a death sentence. In early July of this year, the sentence was commuted to life in prison. Their release less than one month later, the result of negotiation efforts made by the EU's Benita Ferrero-Waldner and French First Lady Cecilia Sarkozy, brought about an end to years of purported torture and a tireless effort from the human rights activists and medical professionals who championed the Bulgarian cause.

Maybe you already knew about this. The activist group Human Rights Watch followed the case extensively over the years and news outlets like BBC, NPR, and International Herald Tribune picked up on the story. Then again, maybe this bit of news rings unfamiliar. It did for me, despite my habits of listening to NPR *Morning Edition* and reading the BBC's website.

I first heard about the health workers' struggle through Liz Hogg. She rehashed the events over drinks at Margarita Jones, a Pasadena restaurant and bar whose mission-styled façade and barely lit ambience leaves it indistinguishable from any other Mexican-themed restaurant in Southern California. The discussion was brief and quickly became part of a string of current events shouted over a mix of reggaeton and deep house that blared through bar speakers. To the average eavesdropper, it might have sounded like "Alberto Gonzales testified that Westinghouse shot a Korean hostage in Afghanistan." In

charge of drawing this week's lead graphic. I drew a set of eyes and outlined them with a black Sharpie, squiggling and re-squiggling the eyelashes to make them look excessively thick. All the while, I reiterated a slew of facts I had accumulated about Tammy Faye Messner, who died the previous weekend, my voice growing with each tidbit shared as I tried to overpower a twenty-year-old dance track.

"She really got along with gays!" I shouted.

I paused awkwardly and tried to regain my indoor voice and a politically correct posture. "I mean, she showed a lot of compassion and respect towards the gay community when other religious figures didn't."

When I finished, we gathered our stuff and moved out to the patio, where we passed the sketchbook around a small table and each one of us wrote a headline, doodled a picture, or both. Someone scribbled a mule giving birth. Another drew astronauts drunk in space. These are the things that make up the Week in Review.

Every Thursday night, a small group of Angelenos meet up at a local bar to run through the week's stories. Sometimes, the stories have penetrated every U.S. household. (I couldn't resist writing "No, really, that's not my coke" as a nod to Lindsay Lohan's latest arrest.) Sometimes, as with the piece about the Bulgarian health

Park. As Shamus and Miriam's involvement in the group waned, Estelle stepped in to keep it together.

Right now, the Week in Review functions with a three person core—Estelle, Liz H. (who would be leaving L.A. for the U.K. the week after our meeting at Margarita Joe's) and Carlo Quinonez—who bring in a handful of friends to join them. After a few hours of chatting, writing and drawing, Estelle will scan the completed document and post it on weekinreview.org.

News items are varied, but reflect the individual interests of the participants. Estelle has been diligently following the escapades of Attorney General Gonzales, so his name pops up frequently. She likes to pull in the major political stories for *Los Angeles Times*, *New York Times*, various blogs, and NPR. Liz H. is more likely to rely on the BBC and *The Guardian* and tends gather the British-centric pieces. All three work in the sciences and, as a result, scientific news is heavily featured in the reports.

Having known both founder Shamus and Estelle for over a decade, I had heard about Week in Review since recruiting began. My first true introduction to the group, though, came in 2005, when I was hired to DJ a Year in Review party. Bodies were crammed into the loft-like upstairs area of the Mountain Bar, some dancing, most running around with brightly-hued markers in hand and quick-

witted headlines on the tongue. Every once in a while, someone would grow so excited that he or she would jump up and down as if to scream, "I have the best story yet!" and my needle would proceed to hop across the record. It was completely different from any other DJ gig I had ever had.

Since then, my involvement with Week in Reviews is peripheral, at best. I DJed one other Year in Review party and attended a couple of the weekly events, but mostly I just emailed Estelle stories I thought she might want to read. The night of Bulgarian nurses and Tammy Faye eyes was the first time I felt like I might actually get involved with Week in Review. I liked the idea of chatting with friends and strangers about a mix of the critical, trivial, and just plain weird events that erupt across the world. I liked hearing about the news that slipped past my eyes and through my ears. I liked being able to share what I learned with other people who might actually take interest.

Week in Review is no longer just an L.A. thing. For a brief time, a similar group existed in Brussels. When one member of the Brussels gang, Jason Hemak, returned to the States, he formed a chapter in Cincinnati. At the time of this story, the Cincinnati group had only been together for thirteen weeks,

but was already making a bit of a splash. It was recently the subject of a report on the city's NPR affiliate WVXU 97.1 F.M. and is currently building up its member roster. Unlike the L.A. group, W.I.R. Cincinnati gathers a chunk of its crowd through social networking platforms, primarily Facebook. Stylistically, the Midwest counterpart relies more on graphics than headlines, with stick figure versions of Queen Elizabeth competing for space with a basketball and hoop tagged simply with the line "Lakers suck." ("In the spirit of rivalry, we try to include L.A.-bashing news stories as often as we come across them," says Jason.) Like the original outfit, though, W.I.R. Cincinnati meets every Thursday night and spends two or so hours compiling the stories that compelled them to read.

Estelle mentioned that she would like Week in Review to grow, citing W.I.R. Cincinnati as an example of the group's possibilities.

"It would be nice to get more people involved to the extent that Cincinnati is," she told me over the phone. "I'm kind of limited with what I do with the site," she added, acknowledging her lack of web design and programming skills, "but I would like to open it up to the public for people who want

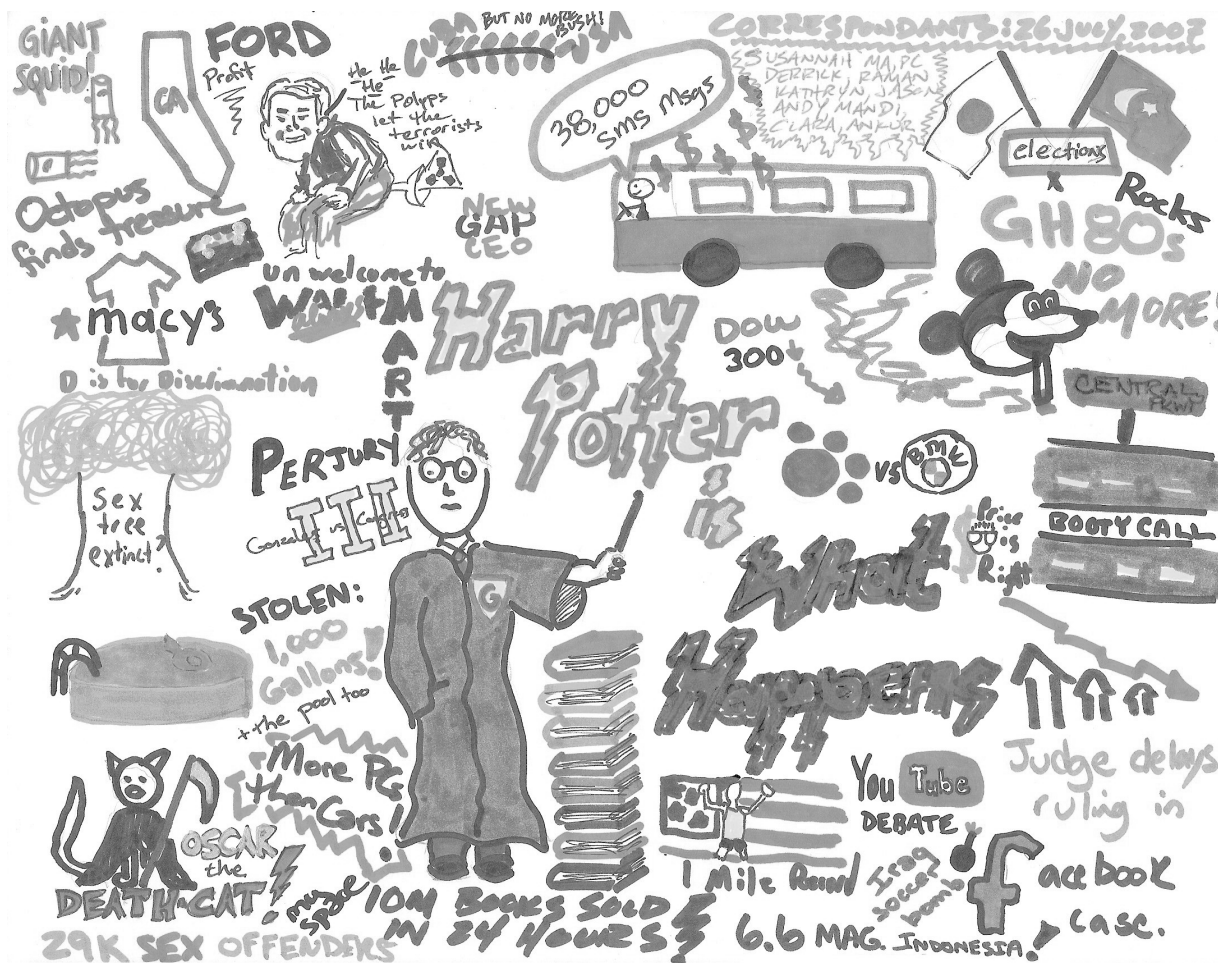
to express the news in the form of headlines and graphics."

What started out as a simple way to pass the time has grown into something of a mission for Estelle. "I think that our media misses out on what is relevant with the people," she said. "This is kind of an open, citizen-journalistic view of what's going on."

Scholar Marshall McLuhan famously declared that "the medium is the message." In the case of Week in Review, this much is true. With a simple mixture of friends, markers, and plenty of beer, the Thursday night party reflects an era where news travels at such alarming speeds that atrocities can be forgotten within days of the original occurrence. In between the feverish squeals of sound bites stemming from that last week of July, 2007, we managed to gather together the items that we did not want to forget. Week in Review might never change the way news media work, but it does change the way in which we participants think about it.

—Liz Ohanesian

If you would like to contribute to Week in Review or start your own chapter, check out www.weekinreview.org.





LAZY MICK

JIM RULAND

“The engine made a sound like a tropical bird being squeezed by the neck.”

INCIDENTS OF TRAVEL IN XTACUMBILXUNA'AN

We knew we were fucked when a piece of metal wrenched loose from the engine and shot into the jungle.

It was five o'clock in the afternoon and we'd just reached the gates to the fabled Grottos of Xtacumbilxuna'an in Campeche, Mexico. Campeche is on the Yucatan Peninsula, the opposite side from Cancun, Cozumel, and Playa del Carmen, the side no one ever goes to. Nuvia and I were on our honeymoon. We spent the first half in the jungle at a renovated 19th century hacienda swaying in hammocks, eating candlelit dinners, and doing what honeymooners do.

After a few days of gorging on coconut shrimp and tamarindo margaritas, we realized we'd only visited a handful of the places we'd put on our list of things to do in Campeche. So we got up ridiculously early one day, saddled up the Chevy Astra we'd rented from Alamo, and headed north on Camino 120. Our plan was an ambitious one and entailed a visit to a bakery in Pomuch; an early lunch of conchinita (pork) in Hecelchacán; a tour of the ancient cities of Uxmal Kabah; and a visit to the caves at Xtacumbilxuna'an. We knew we were in for a long trip—like driving from Los Angeles to San Diego and back—but we were up for it.

It was an amazing day. We breakfasted on a giant roll dusted with sugar and stuffed with cheese and ham. For lunch we ate conchinita with cabbage and the excellent habanera verde that is favored on the peninsula. Exploring the ancient cities of the Mayans was an astonishing experience. I was amazed by how much the ruins resembled the illustrations from over 150 years ago and even more astonished by the fact that at two of the three ruins we visited (we spontaneously stopped at another whose name I can't remember) we were *the only people there*. The iguanas outnumbered the humans by a factor of ten-to-one.

Everything was going fine until we reached the caves of Xtacumbilxuna'an, a Mayan word that means “mujer perdida” in Spanish, which translates to “lost woman.” Can you see where this is going?

The caves were closed and, as we pondered what to do, things started to literally fall apart. I turned the key in the ignition and the engine made a sound like

a tropical bird being squeezed by the neck. Another car part wrenched loose. The steering column shuddered. The engine wheezed and went still. Our car was kaput.

Note to travelers: it is never a good idea to rent a car from Alamo in Mexico.

No question about it, we were well and truly fucked. We were 120 kilometers from our extravagantly comfortable hotel. We were stuck in the middle of the jungle without cell phone service and very little money in our pockets. And then it started to rain. Not pansy California rain. Steamy, hot, soak-you-in-a-second jungle rain. We had red plastic ponchos in our pockets, but it was too hot to even think about putting them on. Plus, they would have made us more attractive to jungle predators.

We pushed the car back to the main road. I had to stop and rest after a few minutes, breathless and exhausted. This is the wrong approach when the temperature is flirting with triple digits and humidity is one hundred percent. I needed to be like those guys we passed on the highway, their bicycles loaded down with firewood, peddling so slowly they seemed not to be moving at all. While sitting in the shade of a Ceiba tree the day before, I'd stomped on a bug that had crashed into my leg. Within twenty minutes, a line of red ants smaller than grains of sand had dismantled the insect, separating its head from his thorax, and carried the pieces down a hole. That's what the jungle will do to you, I thought, as I pushed the useless husk of our rental car up the road.

At the main road, a gentleman farmer had pulled his truck over to cover up his tools with a tarp. He'd been planting corn with his son and wore a conical hat and suspenders. He spoke no English, only Spanish and German. His name was Abraham. Later, we'd learn that he was a Mennonite.

Nuvia, who speaks fluent Spanish, told the man our situation and Abraham agreed to take us back to Bolonchen, the village three kilometers back the way we'd come. Abraham dropped us off at Loncheria Erik, but their phone was broken. This is the kind of thing that Americans say to foreigners they don't want to share their shit with, but in rural Mexico, when someone tells you their phone is broken, it really is broken, and it's best to say thank you and

move on or else you'll make the person feel really bad and they'll send their spouse to a relative's house in the next village in search of a working phone.

Abraham suggested we go to the police station and drove off. We shouldered our backpacks loaded with guidebooks that were one hundred and fifty years out of date, backpacks we'd never intended to carry but keep in the trunk of the car, and trudged up the road. Just when we thought we could get no wetter the rain really started coming down.

The police station was housed in a small blue cement block building with an ambulance and a pair of pick-up trucks parked in the front. We sprinted through the door with all of our gear and arrived in the station breathless and wet. The walls were painted a light shade of blue and were grimy with dirt. An old CB radio, the backside of which was caked with dust, sat upon a battered wooden table pressed against a dingy wall. Scattered about the room were red plastic chairs with the Coca Cola logo on them.

A balding, soft-spoken man with the demeanor of a civil servant invited us to sit down, but we were too anxious and wet for that and put our bags down on the chairs instead. My wife explained our situation. He seemed unconcerned by our problem. Nuvia asked to use the phone, told him we had a calling card. The man told us our calling card, which we'd bought in Baja, was useless in Campeche, but we could use his phone for thirty pesos. Once Nuvia explained this to me, I fished the rental agreement out of the overstuffed backpack and gave the policeman the number. He withdrew a bone-colored phone housed in a wooden box. I felt like I was stuck in a Graham Greene novel set in colonial Africa, but in Graham Greene novels everyone's carrying a pistol and all I had was a plastic poncho.

For some reason, the police officer could not get through to Merida, the largest city in the state of Yucatan. He'd peck out the number, and when the call didn't go through, he'd look at it with a blank stare on his face. As he repeatedly tried to ring Alamo, I tried not to look at the stack of pornographic DVDs on the table. In the dark and humid enclosure of the back room, more cops reclined in hammocks. Beyond them was



There are three things you can find
in the center of every
Mexican village: a church,
an old man doing absolutely nothing,
and a dog asleep in the street.

an open space littered with Coke bottles and the soggy remains of institutional lunch. As the rain pounded the cement, someone in the back of the station began to howl. I went from hoping the policemen were watching a scary movie to praying we hadn't blundered into one.

"We have a Cuban," a sleepy-looking policeman said by way of explanation. He had obviously just woken up yet seemed eager to help. He grew up in Bolonchen and his Mayan features were distinct. He told us that Bolonchen meant place of nine wells and taught us how to pronounce Xtacumbilxuna'an (shta-coom-beel-shoonan). He knew everything there was to know about broken cars, vast caves, and long-distance calls, and soon we were on the phone with Alamo.

Alamo agreed to send a car. They told us it would take two hours to get to Bolonchen, which meant we could count on waiting for at least four. We went back to the loncheria down the street while the policemen climbed into their trucks to check on our vehicle.

A wise Englishman named Andy asserts

there are three things you can find in the center of every Mexican village: a church, an old man doing absolutely nothing, and a dog asleep in the street. We could see all three from the stoop of the loncheria where we sat with the proprietor's daughters, Cindy and Erika. Our arrival in the village caused a minor sensation. Curious boys rode by on their bicycles. Girls walked arm-in-arm, whispering in one another's ears. Cindy and Erika were well aware of their role in this drama and peppered me with questions. "How much money do you make?" "Why don't you speak Spanish?" "Are you in love?"

Cindy had just celebrated her Quinceanera and showed us photos from the party. She was delighted to discover that her mother had spent more on her dress for her Quinceanera than my wife had spent on her dress for her wedding. Erika, who was twelve but looked ten and acted twenty, said she liked my eyes.

The policemen drove by, two in the cab, four standing in the bed, their brown hands clutching the roll bars. My wife waved and the porn-loving policemen of Bolonchen waved back.

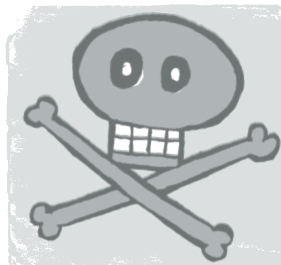
Erika asked Nuvia if I was jealous. She

told her no and Erika affirmed that this was a good thing, because it meant that I was a calm person—a regular Dr. Phil this Erika—but inside I was anything but calm. Every time a car passed that didn't have an Alamo sticker on it, I freaked out a little bit. I wondered what we'd do if the car never came. There were no hotels, no ATMs, and we were running out of money.

When the driver from Alamo finally arrived, we gathered up our things and put them in the new rental car—another Chevy Astra. We said goodbye to our new friends. Cindy presented Nuvia with a bracelet with little wooden charms of the Virgin Mary.

We made it back to our hotel in Campeche, grabbed a quick shower, and went up to the roof of our hotel for a late dinner. Soon we were sucking down more fried shrimp and margaritas—happy American tourists—and Bolonchen felt very far away. I thought of the old Mayan men, peddling their bicycles down the highway like a train of ants, relentless and unhurried, and then it started to rain.

—Jim Ruland



SHIFTLESS WHEN IDLE

MADDY TIGHT PANTS

“As long as you avoid writing a zine about riding your bike while eating soy cheese and crying, you should be fine”

When Not to Write a Zine

Greetings Razorcake boys, girls, companion animals, and prisoners who picked up this mag on a desperate search for naked chicks! The topic for today? Not whether Daniel Johnston is a genius (yes!), whether it's okay to dumpster meat (no!), or whether the revolution will be televised or caffeinated (both?). Nary I say unto thee! Today's topic is more profound, more spiritual, even. Yes, without further ado we will be discussing... when NOT to write a zine! “But Ms. Tight Pants,” you protest!

2. Don't write a zine because you think it will convince people to become vegan straightedge militants.

Why not? Not because being vegan or straightedge is stupid, not because cheese should never be mocked, and not because meat is not murder and dairy is not rape! Not because I have a sick and inexplicable love for the first two Propagandhi records! No, not for any of these reasons, but rather,

5. Don't write a zine about bike riding.

Please! I know, I know. I like to ride my bike as much as the next Ramones-loving, pink-Converse-shoe wearing dork, but I don't need thirty zines about it! Think about it! Does the world really need a zine about everything that you do? Do we need a zine about doing laundry, taking a shower, or going to the ATM? “Today I stepped into the shower, and reached for my favorite

When I die, I want to be buried with a
grilled cheese sandwich,
not with a reprint of the lyrics to the first Minor Threat record!

“There is never a bad time for a zine! I mean, just today I was sitting on the toilet, and created the first issue of Toilet-Core, and already sent it out to *MRR* in triplicate for review!” Stop, I say to you, kind sir! Your literary pursuits know no bounds! But, just like I enjoy NOT giving crusty punks spare change, I also enjoy NOT writing zines about certain aspects of my life. Since we are confronting a serious lack of good zines at present, I thought I would provide you, the reader and potential writer, with the following Top 5 worst reasons to write a zine!

1. Don't write a zine to “set the record straight” about your break-up.

Have you no shame? Do you really want *Punk Planet* commenting on your relationship—taking sides, even? “In *I Love you So Much I Could Die* #4, Pete clearly demonstrates why he deserved to be dumped.” Then you have to walk around knowing that Sam McPheeters thinks you're a pathetic idiot.

for all of them! When I die, I want to be buried with a grilled cheese sandwich, not with a reprint of the lyrics to the first Minor Threat record!

3. Don't write a zine because you think it will make you look cool.

Trust me, it will not! If anything, people will think you are a total weirdo and freak who prefers to rate bands through analogies to breakfast cereals then live in the “real world.” In fact, I think that the better the zine, the more weird the zinester seems. As evidence of such, I present to you exhibit A: the honorable Rev. Nørb, creator of *Sic Teen* and official Wisconsin dork (in the best possible way)!

4. Don't write a zine to announce to the world that you're suicidal.

Really, think about it. In the time that it takes to get your zine distributed, you're almost guaranteed to be dead.

shampoo...” Nyet! Besides, why can't we have some zines about rickshaws and surries? Think of the possibilities!

But Ms. Tight Pants, you plead! What SHOULD I write a zine about? Well, fortunately 90% of all zines are written about the above subjects. So, as long as you avoid writing a zine about riding your bike while eating soy cheese and crying, you should be fine! As evidence, I present to you my favorite zine in recent memory: *Should You Encounter a Cougar*, a zine devoted to getting yourself out of a feline attack! Has there ever another zine on this topic? I think not! Is this a ridiculous concept for a zine? Yes! Is being ridiculous a good thing? Of course!

In short, I think the world would be a better place if more people wrote zines about surviving a cougar attack and less zines about cow rape! So, go forth and write about stupid things! And send me a copy! The end!

—Maddy





Note: cougar
Attack!



Rev
Norb!

Note: Your typical
good zinester.
(i.e. strange)

Dairy
Rapist!



Maddy
tight
pants
1979-2007
RIP



But we
LOVED
each
other!

Note: Your typical bad
zinester. (I.e. crying!)



MONSTER OF FUN

AMY ADOYZIE

“Making eyes at American boys at American bars while watching American punk rock bands is a beautiful thing.”

Awes-Home

I am an international couch surfer.

For nearly two months before I left China, I was camped out on Natalie's futon. I never even bothered to lay it flat, and just cramped up into the corner of the metal frame. When I returned to America, it was another month of sofa sleeping. First, on my parent's pastel green couch in southern California, then onto Gus and Marah's vintage sofa in Portland, Oregon.

I am an international homeless. And it's awesome. I couldn't wait to return to the old red, white, and blue. But some folks warned me, that going back to America isn't all lollipops and ice cream sundaes. They've cautioned me about reverse culture shock, the anxiety from returning to your native nation after you've lived in a developing country that's been slowly exporting poisoned goods as a scheme for world dominance.

What's it like to see America from a fresh pair of eyes? Well... not so much a *fresh* pair of eyes, so more so a couple slanted eyeballs that was away for a year. C'mon, follow me back!

Departure Day

- Nat helped me lug my luggage down five flights of stairs, past the main gate to the sidewalk to wait for a cab. As we passed the guards at the gate, they asked where we were going. Nat told the security guard that I was returning home, back to America. He took one look at my yellow skin and said that it was impossible. He didn't believe that I was an American.
- I left China in the same physical state that I was in during my first weeks there—covered in bug bites. More than two dozen on my legs and another dozen on my arms. I was literally itching to leave.
- While waiting in Beijing's international airport terminal I made the following observations: listening to Asians speak un-accented English freaked me out and all white women look like Natalie (my white woman BFF in China).

- A French mom and daughter pair sauntered around with their two white terriers, much to the chagrin of the Chinese airport workers. They snickered and flashed dirty looks at the dog's owners. Do they realize that these dogs have more freedom of movement and accessibility than these Chinese workers?

- On the plane, a Chinese woman had the decency to hock a loogie into the toilet rather than onto the cabin's carpeted floor. I got the feeling that I was nearing a first-world civilization.

Arrival in America

- My parents wanted to take me to a Chinese restaurant after they picked me up from LAX. They were serious. I had to remind them of where I've been living for the past year. We compromised and ate Vietnamese food instead. The Viet restaurant had a "C" rating, but was still cleaner and nicer than some of the fanciest restaurants in Changsha, Hunan.

Day One

- My first morning back, I treated myself to a bowl of sugary frosted mini-wheats. China's not big on breakfast foods, the most popular being the *man tao* (a steamed bun) and cereal didn't exist at my local grocery stores. To make my cereal even more special, I stuck an Oreo at the bottom of the bowl so that when I had scarfed down the little sweet biscuits of goodness there was a perfectly soggy chocolate cookie sandwich waiting for me. To top it off, I drank the remaining cereal milk with a red vine straw. Seven-year-olds dream of eating breakfasts like this.
- Followed mom to work at her fast food Chinese restaurant. Orange chicken isn't real Chinese food, but it's still super tasty in a corn syrupy kinda way and probably won't give you avian flu.
- I killed time by walking around the shopping center and found myself in awe of how big Americans are. We are

a morbidly obese bunch. In China, I am easily an XL. But at a popular chain shop, my yellow booty squeezed into a pair of jeans that were size 0. Zero. That's, like, nothing. Space. If I'm *space* here and a fatty-bolatty in China, what gives?

- Saw a dude wearing a shirt that said "Speak to the Hand." I was elated to be home.

Day Two

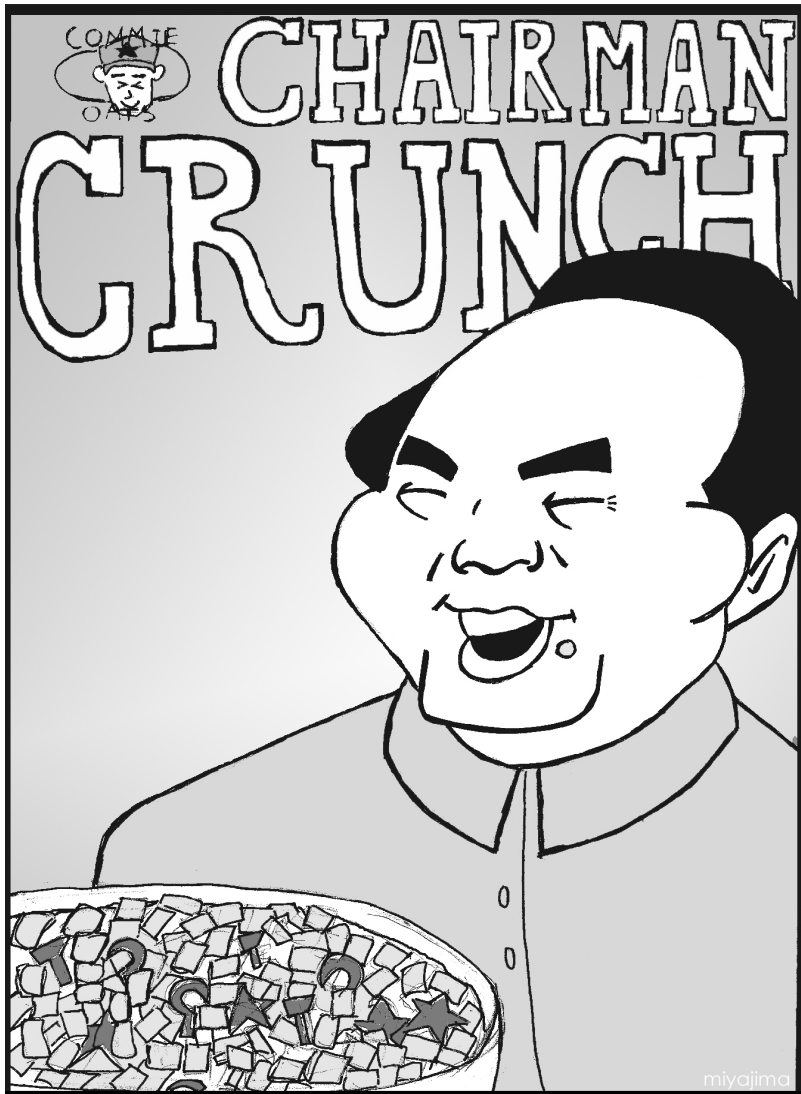
- Logged onto wikipedia.com, just to look at the homepage. I didn't even have anything to *wiki*, but I was just happy that I could access the website since it was blocked in China. Is it fucked up that I think the Patriot Act is a fair trade for Wikipedia?
- Seldom do people walk, especially in southern California. This sedentary lifestyle has plagued me too, when I was too lazy to walk a few blocks for a cup of coffee. I cursed my parents for not being addicted to caffeine and not owning a coffee maker.

Day Three

- I hadn't seen a film in a movie theatre in over a year, so I giddily attended a showing of *The Simpsons Movie*. I went in with low expectations, but was rewarded with an entertaining romp with our favorite TV family. Best scene ever: Homer flips off the Feds and then uses his middle finger to dig his way out of trouble.
- The cost of my movie ticket could have paid for lunch for two weeks in China. I was reminded of how poor I am.

Day Four

- Mom and I were driving back from the grocery store when we were behind a massive truck that had a pair of fabricated testicles hanging from the hitch.
 - “What are those?” Mom asked.
 - I explained that they were testes.
 - “They look like eggs,” she mused.
 - “You know, like the Easter eggs.”
 - “But they're supposed to be like the man's nuts,” I gestured towards my



I drank the remaining cereal milk with a red vine straw. Seven-year-olds dream of eating breakfasts like this.

non-man crotch for emphasis. "Like *hua sheng*, peanuts. Nuts."

"I know, but they look like eggs," she giggled.

"Okay. But you know they're supposed to be testicles, right?"

"Why do people do that?"

"I dunno," I couldn't explain. My Chinese vocabulary isn't sufficient enough to describe the idiotic *dick* orations that adorn douchebag trucks. "Some people are very *qi guai* (strange)."

"They really look like eggs."

"Some people will say that they are 'deez,' like 'deez nuts.'"

She nodded.

Day Five

- Stuck in my parents' suburban home with nothing to do except to watch daytime television. If I were a fresh immigrant to the United States who had to form an opinion on Americans based solely on what airs on TV while everyone is at work during the day, I'd think that they really enjoy activities such as suing each other, getting makeovers, and being in dysfunctional relationships. There also seem to be an overwhelming number of pets being trapped in pipes or falling down narrow holes. If I were a new immigrant, I'd shake my head in confusion when

I would see an entire fire department devoting massive time and resources into rescuing a couple puppies.

- Did a load of laundry. I haven't had the luxury of feeling toasty, warm, crisp clothes coming out of the dryer in a long time. Dryer sheets are the reason I know there is a god.

Day Six

- Went out to dinner with an old high school friend and I couldn't stop giggling when our handsome young waiter told us about the specials and asked our drink order. I had forgotten how courteous and polite American wait staff can be and mistook it for flirting. I turned into a fourteen-year-old girl.

- I am fascinated by white people, Latinos, black people, non-mainland-China lookin' Asians.

- Dessert was frozen yogurt. Have you tried the peanut butter flavored frozen yogurt topped with chunks of chocolate chip cookie dough? I have. I understand why Americans are so much rounder.

Day Seven

- Saw my first show since my homecoming. It was at Anaheim's Doll Hut with Thee Makeout Party, Harlem, Drinker's Purgatory, and Tulsa. I grinned and jiggled like a manic chimpanzee the entire night.

- Ya'll take shows for granted. I was reminded at how reticent, snobbish, and self-conscious we are in the States when we watch bands play. People don't dance, instead they stand as far away from the stage as possible and slump into the obligatory stare and freeze stance. It's a shame when we're too cool to enjoy ourselves. In the past year, I was fortunate enough to see about a dozen shows and cherished each one of them.

- I became legitimately drunk on two PBR tall boys. I wasn't aware of how majorly China effed with my tolerance, but apparently I no longer have one. Being a lightweight (again) has its advantages, like having a lower beer budget.

- Making eyes at American boys at American bars while watching American punk rock bands is a beautiful thing. I could feel my game seeping back.

- We made a late night drive-thru trip to Del Taco where I sank my teeth into a fish taco and veggie burrito.

- I landed on my parents' couch, stuffed with burrito and PBR and stinking of bar odors like cigarettes and sweat. There's no place like home.

—Amy Adoyzie
amyadoyzie.com

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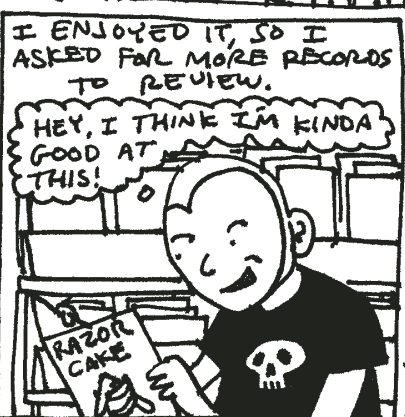
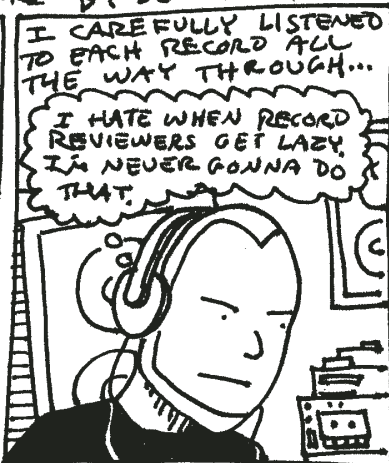
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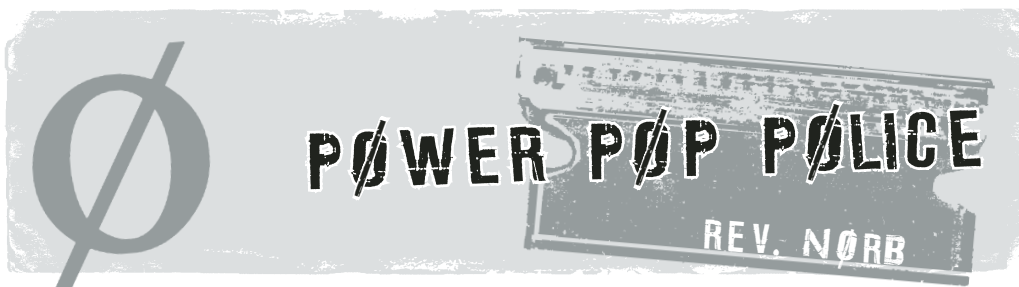
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MY TWENTY-FOURTH COLUMN FOR RAZORCAKE BY BEN SNAKEPIT





REV. NØRB: YOUR ONE-MAN ANSWER
TO THE ULTIMATE QUESTION OF
LIFE, THE UNIVERSE,
AND EVERYTHING!

OR DUDE,
WHERE'S MY TABLE?

I had another birthday Thursday. It was all fried sausage and Boone's Farm™ Melon Ball, bay-bee! Up until The Age That Is The Number That Is Ten After Thirty, I was always quite forthright about disclosing my age—I mean, aging is like shitting, or some other inconvenient mandatory bodily function; it's inescapable and it's not really your fault (although I suppose there's a few pounds of fried sausage and a bottle of Boone's Farm™ green that would opine otherwise re: shitting), so don't sweat it. If'n you ask me, the only shame in aging is failing to improve your comic book collection whilst doing so—and in that regard, gentle reader, I can assure you that I am well and truly on the up and up. In any event, after turning the number which was half of eighty, I started to grow less keen on blatantly trumpeting my age, because, I mean, shit, what good's is that gonna do me? *What if I wanna cruise and swing with the foxes? What if I want to eat from the children's menu at Hooters?* I mean, what the hell, no matter how "youthful" and "with-it" and "hep" and "reet" you think you are, at some point in time, your age is gonna get so high that it starts creeping people out. I can assure you, when you're eighty years old and hanging around a skatepark, people are gonna think you're kinda gross and scary no matter *what* band T-shirt you're wearing that day. **IT'S GODDAMN LOGAN'S RUN, MAN** (without benefit of cool freeze-pistols, I might add)!!! However, even though I'm starting to get to the point where I'm getting a little squeamish about my age, I fuckin' flat-out refuse to falsify the data, or, when pressed, to fail to give any answer whatsoever. I mean, lying about your age is just lame—unless you're a fifteen-year-old girl, in which case misrepresenting your age as a few years older than you actually are in order to procure the sexual services of older, distinguished gentlemen of antlers is your irrevocable birthright, power to the people, amen. Over the last few millennia, however, I have found that a satisfactory compromise between outright deceit and blatant admission of guilt is by stating my age in the terms of some manner of athlete's jersey number. This technically fulfills my duty of responding truthfully, while still maintaining that veneer of elusiveness which I hold so dear. Ergo, last year, I was Dirk Nowitski and/or Wes Unseld

years old. This year, I'm John Brockington. Hell, I'm Darren Sharper! **I'M GODDAMN JACKIE ROBINSON, BITCH!!!** *My age is retired in every major league ballpark in North America!* My age is also the number which hypercomputer *Deep Thought* calculated to be the Answer To The Ultimate Question of Life, The Universe, And Everything™ in *The Hitchhiker's Guide To The Galaxy*. Huh. *Imagine that!* Me, humble and lovable Reverend Nørb—John Brockington AND Jackie Robinson AND Darren Sharper AND the Answer To The Ultimate Question of Life, The Universe, And Everything™ to boot. That's an awful lot of power concentrated in one lone geek, my friends. Needless to say, it is obvious that **MY TIME HAS FUCKING COME DINGLE-NUTS!!!** I'm Reverend Nørb! I'm the second sphenic number! I'm the second number of the form $\{2.3.r\}$! Better yet, as with all sphenic numbers of this form, my aliquot sum is abundant by twelve! **ABUNDANT BY TWELVE, YOU SHITBALLS!!!** Hell, I'm only the second sphenic number to be bracketed by twin primes! *Don't sass me, woman! I have internet access! I have internet access!* I have a fourteen member aliquot sequence! *That's right! That's right!* Fourteen members, and not a penny less! "42, 54, 66, 78, 90, 144, 259, 45, 33, 15, 9, 4, 3, 1, 0!" *Read it and weep!* My aliquot sequence can surely beat the crap out of your aliquot sequence, AND I'm the tenth member of the three-aliquot tree! *Don't try this with an inferior brand, girls!!! You don't want Reverend Nørb's fourteenth member, don't shake his three-aliquot tree!* You youngsters can KEEP your flat stomachs, your hairless ears, and your horseless carriages! I'M the product of the first three terms of Sylvester's sequence, and—AND!—like the first four such numbers, **I AM ALSO A PRIMARY PSEUDOPERFECT NUMBER!!!** *That's right!!! DO YOU HEAR ME, AMERICA???* **A PRIMARY PSEUDOPERFECT NUMBER!!!** Leave the secondary pseudoperfect and tertiary pseudoperfect numbers to the clueless young bucks; I, ladies, and **only I** satisfy the *Egyptian Fraction Equation!!!* **ARE YOU LISTENING, PLANET EARTH???** Rev. Nørb **SATISFIES—SATISFIES!!!—THE EGYPTIAN FRACTION EQUATION!!!** Do I leave the Egyptian Fraction Equation in a

woefully incomplete state, forced to bring itself to some elusive state of back-arching, vinculum-spurting SATISFACTION via digital means, marital aids, or other such post-market contrivances!!! **HAIL, NO!!!** I leave that god damn Egyptian Fraction Equation glassy eyed, spent and panting, simmering in a home-made stew of mysterious and commingled bodily secretions, puffing dazedly on a Merit™ Menthol, if they even make Merit™ Menthols any more!!! *I am the sum of the totient function for the first eleven integers, AND a Catalan number to boot!!!* Look, you fucking simpering, smooth-cheeked nematodes, how many Catalan numbers do you see on the market these days?? **PRECIOUS FEW!!! PRECIOUS FEW, I SAY!!!** I embark on a new life—a life lived as the reciprocal of a Bernoulli number, conjectured to be the "third moment of the Riemann zeta function!" **"CONJECTURE" MY TRIBAL ELDER ASS!!! I AM THE THIRD MOMENT OF THE RIEMANN ZETA FUNCTION!! YOU SHALL HAVE NO THIRD MOMENTS OF THE RIEMANN ZETA FUNCTION BEFORE ME!!!!** I'm also the seventh pronic number. Suck my ass, kids! (pronic numbers are also known as "heteromecic" numbers. **YOU'RE GODDAMN RIGHT I'M HETEROMECCIC!!! LEAVE THE HOMOMECCIC CRAP AT THE DANCE CLUB WHERE IT BELONGS!!!!**) Now *how much would you pay?* I'm also a meandric number, an OPEN meandric number, and the third 15-gonal number. **Fifteen fucking gonals, girls, and they've ALL GOT YOUR NAME ON 'EM!!** I mean, sure, you COULD make do with less, but why postpone joy??? (actually, I've just been given the rather disheartening news that "15-gonal" is just another term for "icosipentagonal." That truly sucks. I was imaging "15-gonal" to imply something much cooler than mere icosipentagonality) So, needless to say, I've apparently been keeping quite busy, what with the ample supply of gonals and the Riemann Zeta Functions and what not—and this has left me apparently sound of mind and body enough to NOT give myself a repeat performance of last year's Birthday Mohawk. Instead, I have flung myself deep within the clammy, oxidized bosom of an even *more* self-destructive midlife crisis, and purchased a SECOND jukebox (you thought I was kidding when I said I needed a second jukebox because my 1969

"I always wanted a pinball machine, but I've never really had much of an opinion on kitchen tables."

Rock-Ola™ was full and I had no place to put “Bop-A-Lena” by Ronnie Self? *DUDE, I WAS SERIOUS AS A FUCKING HEART ATTACK.* Icosipentagonality aside, Jackie Robinson years old is a desperate time in a man’s life! *It requires the purchase of many items of great mass!)).* The new machine is a 1975 Rowe-AMI, Arlington model. Three hundred and sixty pounds, American. *Excellent for blocking fire exits and emergency stairwells!* I had to get rid of my kitchen table to make room for it, because the miniscule amount of floor space in my tiny metal casa that I thought might one day make a fine dwelling spot for a second jukebox had already been taken over by the first pinball machine (Zig Zag, Williams®, 1964. *Inverse Wedgeheads are GO!*). I mean, I don’t know, I always wanted a pinball machine, but I’ve never really had much of an opinion on kitchen tables (I actually kind of decided that I don’t really like the second jukebox all that much, because 1974 was probably the absolute positive last year that anything could be manufactured and still have some iota of visual coolness to it [I go as late as 1974 for the Design Coolness Cutoff Point only because I used to drive a 1974 AMC® Matador, and I always thought it looked kinda cool, and automotive design is usually a pretty valid barometer of cool, which is why pretty much every car has looked like a bar of soap for the last couple decades or so], and I am therefore psychologically rubbed the wrong way by the new juke’s unrelenting 1975-ness, although the fact that it came loaded with about fifty of those Mexican polka 45s [okay, so it’s not REALLY polka. Pick pick] is pretty amusing [“El Diable En Una Botella” by LOS LEO’S being my favorite thus far]), and, like every other swingin’ bachelor in the world, my meals are generally consumed either over the sink, or in front of the TV, which begs the question of why they don’t make kitchen table/TV hybrids, which would be an amazing space saver for those of you who haven’t gotten rid of your kitchen table to make room for a jukebox (yet) (I believe in you, my sons!). So, yeah, the kitchen table is out, the second jukebox is where the kitchen table used to be, the first pinball machine is where the second jukebox was going to go, and the second pinball machine (oh, I didn’t tell you? I bought a second pinball machine. *Darling*, Williams®, 1973. I love that Williams® shit, and Christian Marche’s zany pointy people) is sitting in the middle of the living room. And, when I say “sitting in the middle of the living room,” I mean that if you sit on the couch and try to look at the TV, you see the back of a fucking pinball machine. I know this for a fact, because I’m actually looking at it right now. Know why? **BECAUSE I’M A DUMB FUCKING DUMB FUCK WHO GOT RID OF HIS KITCHEN TABLE TO MAKE ROOM FOR A SECOND JUKEBOX AND NOW HAS TO TYPE HIS COLUMNS WHILE SITTING ON THE COUCH!!!** Like I said, don’t try this at home.

TILT,
Nørb



Photos by Mary-Clare Stevens, taken at the Pinball Hall of Fame in Las Vegas, not Nørb's pad.



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(ex Gunmoll)
(Neil and Chuck
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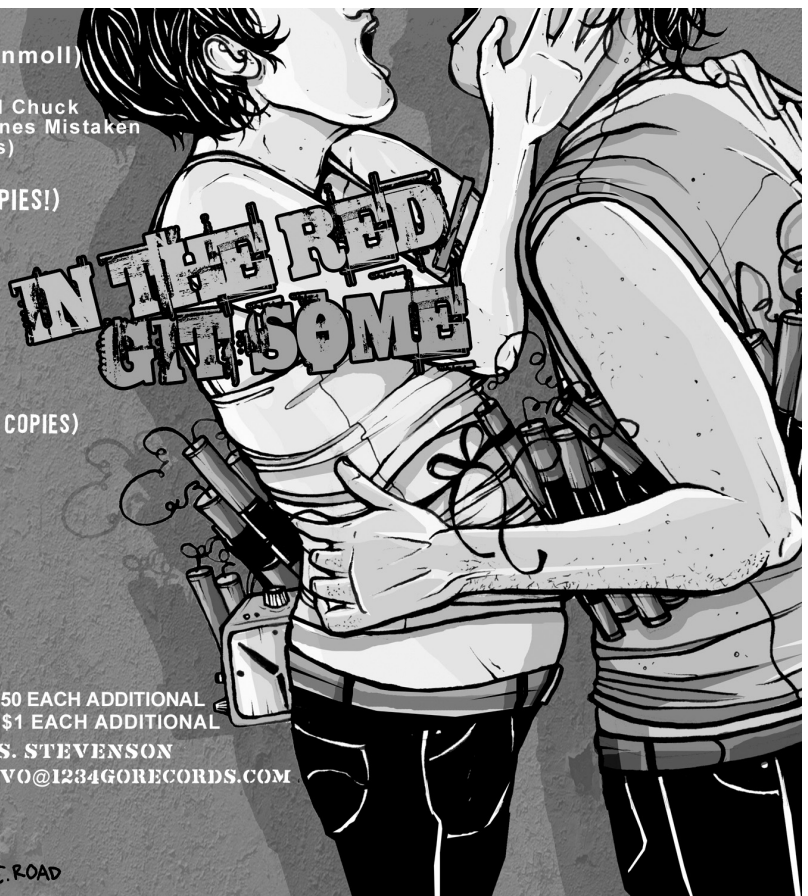
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2012: AFTER AMERICA ACTUALLY REVERTS TO ANARCHY, THE PUNKS ARE LEFT WITH NOTHING TO REBEL AGAINST. THANKFULLY, FAT MIKE AND TOM GABEL HAVE SIMILAR SOLUTIONS:



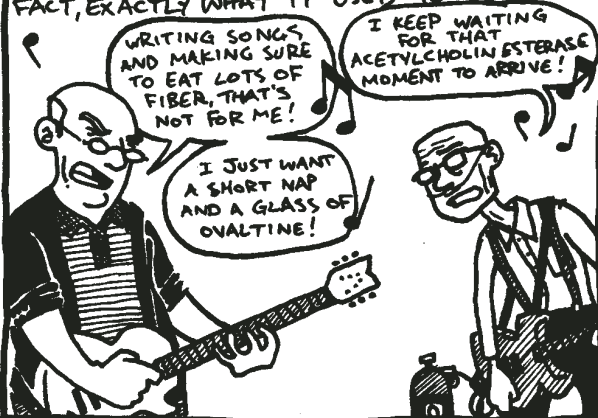
2018: "BRUIISIFICATION" BECOMES THE NEXT WAVE IN BODY MODIFICATION. DUMB HIPSTERS LINE UP AND PAY MONEY TO BE ARTFULLY PUNCHED IN THE FACE.



2021: IT'S DISCOVERED THAT TOFU, LONG THOUGHT TO BE LIFELESS AND UNINTELLIGENT, IS ACTUALLY ONE OF THE MOST ADVANCED SPECIES ON PLANET EARTH. THE VEGANS ARE THE FIRST ENSLAVED.

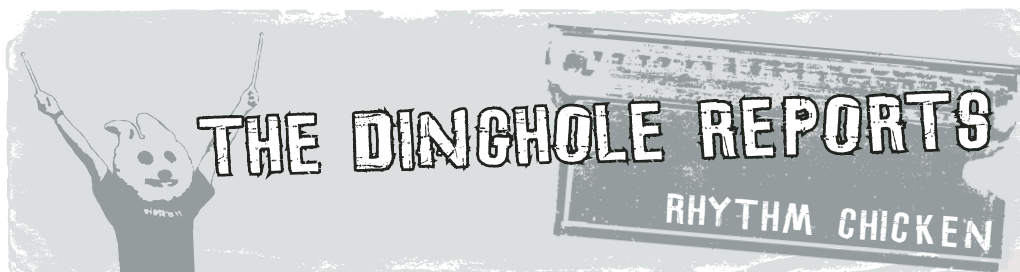


2032: JON VON REJOINS THE MR. T EXPERIENCE, PROVING THE FUTURE IS, IN FACT, EXACTLY WHAT IT USED TO BE.



2049: AFTER TODD TAYLOR DIES IN A HORRIBLE SMELTING ACCIDENT, HIS MAGAZINE IS PASSED DOWN TO BEN SNAKEPIT, WHO'S FIRST ACT AS EDITOR IS TO REDUCE EACH ISSUE TO THREE PAGES.





**"The parade is
THEE optimal
channel for
dispensing ruckus
to the proles!"**

BAAAAWOOOOOOOOOM!!!

The Dinghole Reports
By The Rhythm Chicken
(Commentary by Francis Funyuns)
[Edited by Dr. Sicnarf]

I will most likely remember the summer of 2007 as the summer spent almost entirely on my bike. I've been living out of my backpack and on my bike, making it home maybe three or four nights a week. This summer's drought has allowed me to bike almost every day and drive maybe once every two weeks. I've found myself waking up on couches, floors, and backyard hammocks. I've discovered my inner crusty punk and have almost totally replaced showering with swimming laps at my favorite hidden beach. I love punching in at work to hear my coworkers comment, "Do I smell seaweed?" Then there's that one word that defines summer to me... PARADES!

[Well, I can see where this one is headed. Another endless rambling of Chicken parade appearances. Honestly, Mr. Chicken, I do believe we've heard all this before. —Dr. S.]

The parade is THEE optimal channel for dispensing ruckus to the proles!

(Okay, Chickenman. Every year you proclaim the coolness of playing parades and how it will unquestionably become the next big wave in punk rock, parade punk. Well, I don't see the punk rock media beating a path to your door. —F.F.)

So, is THAT how you measure success, Fuckass Funyuns? I find that without press coverage or media attention, the Chicken grows stronger... weirder and stronger! Each parade appearance this summer has twisted the oddball knob another notch past ELEVEN! Always redefining the concept of a parade gig, I refuse to become irrelevant! I refuse to be ignored! I refuse to be yawned at!!!

—Dr. Sicnarf and Francis Funyuns both yawn—

Okay, fuckers! CHEW ON THIS CARROT!!!

**Dinghole Report #84:
Uckusray Tympanum Infinitum!**
(Rhythm Chicken sighting #401)

Last summer I played the tired old parade in Ellison Bay, Wisconsin's only festival, Olde Ellison Bay Days. Without even trying,

I earned 2nd place in their float competition, a check for fifty bucks, and a feerickin' trophy! A week later the town literally exploded with a string of propane leaks and fire. Since then, Ellison Bay was quarantined, gained attention from CNN, died down to a near dead crawl, and then rebuilt itself. Since then, I have acquired a rather large concert tympani drum! It usually acts as a table next to my La-Z-Boy recliner in my trashy trailer living room. I decided that Ellison Bay's little festival parade should witness the unveiling of my newest weapon of mass ruckus, THE KETTLE OF RUCKUS!!!

Ruckus Thomas' pickup truck pulled up to my trailer that Saturday morning and we hoisted the large copper kettledrum into the back, along with the usual Chickenkit. I grabbed the 12'er of Hamms from my icebox and we were off to the church parking lot. There I set up my usual Chickenkit facing off the tailgate of Tom's truck. I hung a large banner off the tailgate. It was a Radeberger Pilsner banner given to me by Otto from Frohburg, Germany, who speaks no English. I felt America was ready for this new visual propaganda (well, Ellison Bay, anyway). Then, sitting behind me in the truck's flatbed was a well strapped-in tympani drum. I drank numerous cans of Hamms and duct-taped each empty can to the truck's bumpers, instant and honest decorations. The float was ready.

Last year it was chilly and dumping sheets of rain. This year it was sunny, hot, and muggy. We crept into the parade. Ruckus Thomas inched down the hill into town with Hojon and Hester (canine ruckus enthusiasts) in the front cab with him. The crowd cheered and egged on more chicken ruckus. My chicken ears bounced endlessly to the wild parade rhythms. Every now and then I would pull out my mighty ruckus logs to the *ooohs* and *aaahs* of the crowd and pound out behemoth rock beats. The parade seemed chaotic and reckless, yet still like any other chicken appearance in any other parade.

Then we neared the largest crowd on the parade route, directly in front of the Mink River Basin, the local watering hole. They were drunk and full of bratwurst. Just when they thought they were in for the usual apocalyptic ruckus rock, I dropped my drumsticks and spun around to stand at my new toy. I pulled out the mallets I constructed on the morning ride into town, two drumsticks with balled up stinky old socks duct-taped to

the ends! With one chickenfoot on the pitch-altering pedal, I dramatically thwumped the tympani's wide head and leaned on the foot pedal. The amazing instrument let out a most haunting *BAAAAWOOOOOOOOOM!!!* The crowd was simply bowled over. They erupted in wild cheers! What more could a drunk crowd possibly want then to see a chicken playing a tympani in the back of a pickup truck? *BAAAAWOOOOOOOOOM!!!*

(Oh, great. The Rhythm Chicken goes all "symphonic" now. Who are you, Metallica? —F.F.)

**Dinghole Report #85:
Happy Chicken-dependence Day!**
(Rhythm Chicken sightings #402 & #403)

On the morning of July 4th, I was shaken awake on the hardwood floor of one Dr. Phil. Kiwi Rob was shocked to see me spring up and proclaim, "I gotta be in a parade!" Half drunk and half hung over, I biked home and fell onto my bed. Minutes later, the truck of Ruckus Thomas pulled in and I was loading up the Chickenkit again, with another 12'er of Hamms. This day was another historic day in Chickendom. Not only was it my first ever Fourth of July parade, not only was it the first time I played two parades in one day, this was the first time the Rhythm Chicken played two parades in one day BACK TO BACK!

Leaving the Kettle of Ruckus at home this time, I concentrated on the all-out power of pure chickenkit assault mode. My Radeberger Pilsner banner was properly affixed off the tailgate. While Tom and I waited in line to enter the parade in Baileys Harbor, WI, we listened to the local radio coverage of the parade on WDOR. You simply gotta love a small town radio station that offers live coverage of a local parade! After proper decorations were emptied and adhered to the float, we inched into the parade and my ruckus spewed forth.

It was another hot summer day and the sun baked my Chickenskin a toasty brown while my Chickenhead grew heavy with sweat. The crowds roared with excitement to my Chickenrock. Then, as we slowly rolled towards the judge's stand in the center of town, Tom rolled up his windows and cranked his radio to listen the radio announcers comment on the float he was commandeering! I guess the broadcasted comments went something like this:

*Happy Chicken-dependence Day?
What's this?*

*Oh! This is the Rhythm Chicken! He
plays around Door County from time to time.
I saw him in last year's Fall Fest parade.*

Well he's certainly stirring up the crowd.

*Now why does he wear a rabbit head if
he's supposed to be a chicken?*

*Look! He just raised his arms into the
air! That's his signature move!*

*Wow, out come those big sticks! He's
actually playing with those big sticks!*

*And that was the Rhythm Chicken, ladies
and gentlemen.*

As soon as the Baileys Harbor parade is completed, every float makes a mass exodus along county highway EE across the peninsula to Egg Harbor for the next parade. The Chicken refueled with more Hamm's along the way. How fitting that the Rhythm Chicken should rock his 2nd Fourth of July parade in EGG Harbor!

(Yeah, jeepers, eh? -F.F.)

The sun and heat grew more intense as we rolled into the second parade. My chicken ears drooped with sweat. My tireless chickenrock still made the crowd go ape. Every now and then, a small voice would cry out from the crowd "Go Rally Rabbit!" I ignored such slander and rocked forth! Once we had completed the entire parade route, Ruckus Thomas and I found our way to the Lions Club brat stand and started celebrating America's birthday by inhaling an endless string of bratwurst.

[Another parade, another mass consumption of bratwurst. Typical. -Dr. S.]

Dinghole Report #86:

Two Words, WEINER CITY!!!

(Rhythm Chicken sighting #404)

Once again, I was required to migrate down to Milwaukee's southside for their annual South Shore Frolics festival and... PARADE! The usual chicken float for Rushmor Records was assembled. Two sexy ruckus maidens were supplied to throw candy to the kids, along with a cooler full of Pabst to be emptied in creation of more float decorations. Ruckus O'Reily and I were well sauced yet from the previous night's debauchery. Bring on the Frolics!

The south Milwaukee crowd yelled for their favorite Rhythm Chicken as my annual Frolics ruckus spilled forth. This parade's focal point of chaos is always the large drunk crowd in front of Rushmor Records itself. Ruckus O'Reily tapped my shoulder, indicating that we were nearing the parade's most wild bend. I pounded out my audio circus of ruckus while my ruckus militia conducted their duties. The two sexy ruckus maidens held up their propaganda posters. One read "WEENIE ROCK!" The other read "WEINER CITY!" With my explosive ruckus rhythms as a soundtrack, Ruckus O'Reily starts throwing handful after handful of raw Oscar Meyer WEINERS on



Photo by Don "The Eggman" Eggert

Each parade appearance this summer has twisted the oddball knob another notch past ELEVEN!!!

the hungry crowd! Instinctually, they grew wild and started whipping weenies back at us! WEINER FIGHT! A frankfurter fight between a parade float and a drunken crowd, that's how I define punk rock today!

(Okay, Chicken. These parade gigs are all fun'n'games, but aren't you afraid of becoming a one-trick chicken? -F.F.)

Dinghole Report #87:

Baseball Ruckus Revisited!

(Rhythm Chicken sighting #408)

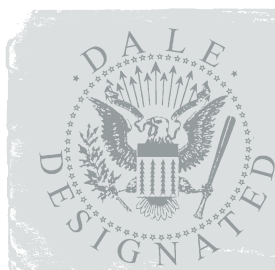
My last appearance at a baseball game was years ago in Milwaukee's Miller Park. That crowd of Brewers fans was 30,000 strong. Only now am I getting over the identity crisis which that brought forth. Only now will mention of the "Rally Rabbit" not make me thrash about in revolt. I felt the baseball

world was ready for more chickenrock! My small hometown of Sister Bay, WI, has a baseball team called the "Bays." They draw a crowd about thirty strong for each home game. Perfect!

Just outside the outfield fence, right at the base of Sister Bay's water tower, I set up my beaten, worn chickenkit and pulled on my graying chickenhead. The third inning came to an end and I flew back into ballpark entertainment with a violent display of untamed chicken ruckus! The baseball world erupted and a major disturbance in the force was felt worldwide! The visiting team scratched their heads while the hometown crowd (thirty strong!) politely cheered. Home sweet home.

-Rhythm Chicken
rhythmchicken@hotmail.com





I'M AGAINST IT

DESIGNATED DALE

"Karma's a beautiful thing. Douchebaggery is not."

Douchebaggus Maximus

There's something to be said about cashing in on an opportunity (AKA, *douchebaggery*), and there's a pretty fair amount of people out there that have no problem rising to this occasion. And I'm not talking about the little, insignificant things that don't make any difference, either. Taking more than one penny from the take-a-penny/leave-a-penny tray at your local convenience store? Big deal. I actually knew some shitkid in high school who used to poach the whole kitty of pennies (including a few nickels and dimes, if the creep was lucky) from a few of those trays just so he could go and buy a pack of smokes when he got enough copper in his crusty pocket. Shameless? Absolutely, but it doesn't constitute full-blown *douchebaggery*. It's the same ideology of those who grab more than one newspaper out of the coin-op paper stands. Let's take it a step further—what if that same shitkid was to boost charity collection boxes the same way he cleaned out the take-a-penny/leave-a-penny trays? Now *that's* pegging on the higher side of the *douchebaggery* meter. It isn't so much the monetary amount that's being gifted as much as it is the final destination of said amount. For those of you who say stealing is simply stealing: relax, Flanders. Snatching six or sixteen public domain pennies and shoving 'em in your pocket rings way differently than heisting charity collection boxes explicitly labeled for various outreach organizations. Go ahead and argue it all you want—it's apples and oranges. And if that doesn't sit well with you, you can add my banana to the equation.

Pulling up to the *10 Items or Less* line at the market with an even twelve items in your shopping basket? Doesn't really smack of *douchebaggery*, but it definitely shows you should've paid a little bit more attention before rolling into that particular line. I've done it and most everyone I know has done it one time or another. Even if it happens more times than none, it's usually no problem. Pulling into that same express line with over half your cart full? Now you're leaning hard on the vinegar and water side by being that blatant prick who feels they've got carte blanche to do *whatever* they want, *whenever* they want, just because they're the customer,

and the customer's *always* right. WRONG, dead wrong. A big "fuck you" to those of you who pull this kind of stunt in stores. I'd bet my whole record collection that the same people who pull this level of *douchebaggery* are the same vag-washes who run like mad to another register as soon as the cashier announces that it's open. The cashiers themselves are often prone to earning *Summer's Eve* points when they say "I'm open over here!" when they *should* be saying, "I can help the next person in line over here!"

I've had the pleasure of meeting some great people over the years by being an unconditional diehard Ramones fan. Some of these people I'm actually still friends with and/or continue to keep in touch. These people make being a Ramones fan that much more enjoyable and are simply rad. Then there's that slim percentage of folks whom I've run across that I'd rather have nothing to do with. I'm sure you can relate with either of these two. There's the unrelenting Ramones superfan who *always* has to have the one-up on any other fan they come in contact with. These types are commonly known as *annoying*, or as I like to refer to them, *completist collector fucks*, a commonplace type of punk rock personality in which their douche-like behavior becomes an unhealthy obsession to be constantly on the hunt for that "next thing." Think Comic Book Guy from *The Simpsons* squared. Then there's the quintessential *douchebagger* of *all* *douchebaggers*: that person who sees fit to knowingly and willingly sell Ramones merch and/or collectibles under false pretenses, all in the name of the almighty fucking dollar. They'll pull out all the stops at any cost to cash in on some poor, unsuspecting buyer. I don't have to tell anyone that it's a good idea to keep in mind that these types exist across the board when it comes to the buying/selling game of rock and roll swag besides punk rock. Being the lowly cockroaches they are, they're everywhere, scurrying around desperately to leech off the crumbs of the unaware. These extremely *douchey* types are occasionally found slumming around at record swap meets while exhibiting the personality of a tree sloth, but are more commonly spotted on eBay pulling parlor tricks on the more novice Ramones bidders.

Here are some of the more common examples of their ilk: a seller on eBay is auctioning off a "genuine vintage" shirt that they've supposedly acquired by sheer luck recently or have been sitting on for years. At first glance, it kind of appears to be a legit Ramones tee from the late '70s or early '80s, especially if the fabric's distressed or the silkscreen is a bit on the worn side. Upon closer inspection, you not only notice that the tag sewn into the neckline is brand new (let alone a clothing brand that didn't even exist back then), but you also notice there's some small print right below the silkscreen design on the front of the shirt. If that small print reads something to the effect of "© 2001" or "ALL RIGHTS RESERVED 2001," you can rest assured that this pathetic, pud-whacking peddler feels fresher than a summer's day. I can't believe how many times I see this kind of shirt scam happening on eBay time and time again. There are buyers bidding upwards of \$60-\$100, completely oblivious of some swindling fuck sitting behind his computer monitor on the other end, licking his chops while watching the last seconds of the auction run down. I've actually emailed a couple of these bidders in the past with a few friendly words of heads-up, and they've always written back, thanking me for them having avoided a near-poaching of their wallets from these merchants of *douchebaggery*. I do this because I remember all the cool people that helped *me* out when I was first starting my Ramones collecting many moons ago.

I received a real angry email from one of the shady T-shirt sellers, saying I was, "... way out of line to even suggest to his bidders that he was being unethical because of his ad description." I wrote back to him, telling him that not only was he unethical, but that also his eyes must be a dark, rich brown because he's full of shit. His ad *was* deceitful, and it's funny how his ad description changed the following day after I replied back to him. Fucking Douchebaggus Maximus.

Then there's the jerk on eBay who likes to sell Ramones merch that's "*Rare. You won't see many of these.*" and "*I've had in storage for many years.*" For instance, a Ramones insignia belt buckle that bears the band line-up names with C.J. instead of Dee Dee. Hardly been in storage for many years,

and yes, you *will* see many of these—they're being sold in music shops around the world and a couple of the official Ramones websites as we speak.

How about a "promo" insignia wristwatch that came out the same time of the first Ramones LP in 1976? I mean, it *does* have the original four names of the band, but when I took a second look at it, it's the *same* watch that I had custom made from a mail order company in the '90s, except with a Big Drill Car logo. The dead giveaway was the faux-gold rim design around the watch face and the identical fake reptile skin band that mine came with. Besides these two types of rip-offs, this same sack-gargler has passed off embroidered Ramones patches and buttons as "original, not common re-releases" that can be easily picked up anywhere on the 'net from the numerous merch distribution companies.

To be fair to this McDouchebag, he *did* have a few genuine gems up for auction, like a 1978 unused ticket from the Roxy Theatre here in L.A. for one of the Ramones' filmed sets to be used in the 1979 Roger Corman cult classic, *Rock 'N Roll High School*. But his other particular auction was the one that *really* caught my eye: a Sire Records letter opener/knife that was used to promote the Ramones' *Leave Home* record in 1977. Any serious Ramones collector knows just how fucking rare this letter opener is—they can easily fetch a cool thousand dollars if you happen to stumble upon one in real good condition. That letter opener is right up there with the miniature black Louisville Slugger bat that Sire used to promote the debut Ramones LP in 1976 (which, I'm proud to say, I'm a lucky enough bastard to own a super clean one). Anyway, McDouchey had this letter opener up for auction, and even though the Ramones logo and writing on the handle was in real good shape, there was some noticeable rust on the knife blade and some oxidation on the letter opener blade.

He had it as a *Buy It Now* auction (where you pay the asked sum and it's yours) for \$700, but there was also the *Best Offer* option on there where you can email an offer and if both parties come to an agreement, you're in business. I figure, what the hell, I've only seen these things a few times in person, and it'd be cool to actually own one, even if it isn't in pristine Comic Book Guy condition. I sent an offer for a coupla hundred bucks, knowing that he'd probably haggle upward a coupla hundred more or so, and that's fine with me because of the condition it's in. It was still worth at least four hundred clams because of how damn rare it is. I got an email back denying my offer, which was fine, as that's how the *Best Offer* option works: seller says yea or nay; that's the breaks.

Later on that day, I was thinking of how crooked McDouchey was with a lot of his auctions, besides the few of his that I mentioned above. Even though the letter opener auction was a fair one, I started hoping that he was forced to sell it for less than \$700, just on the principal of the matter of him committing all the other douchebaggery

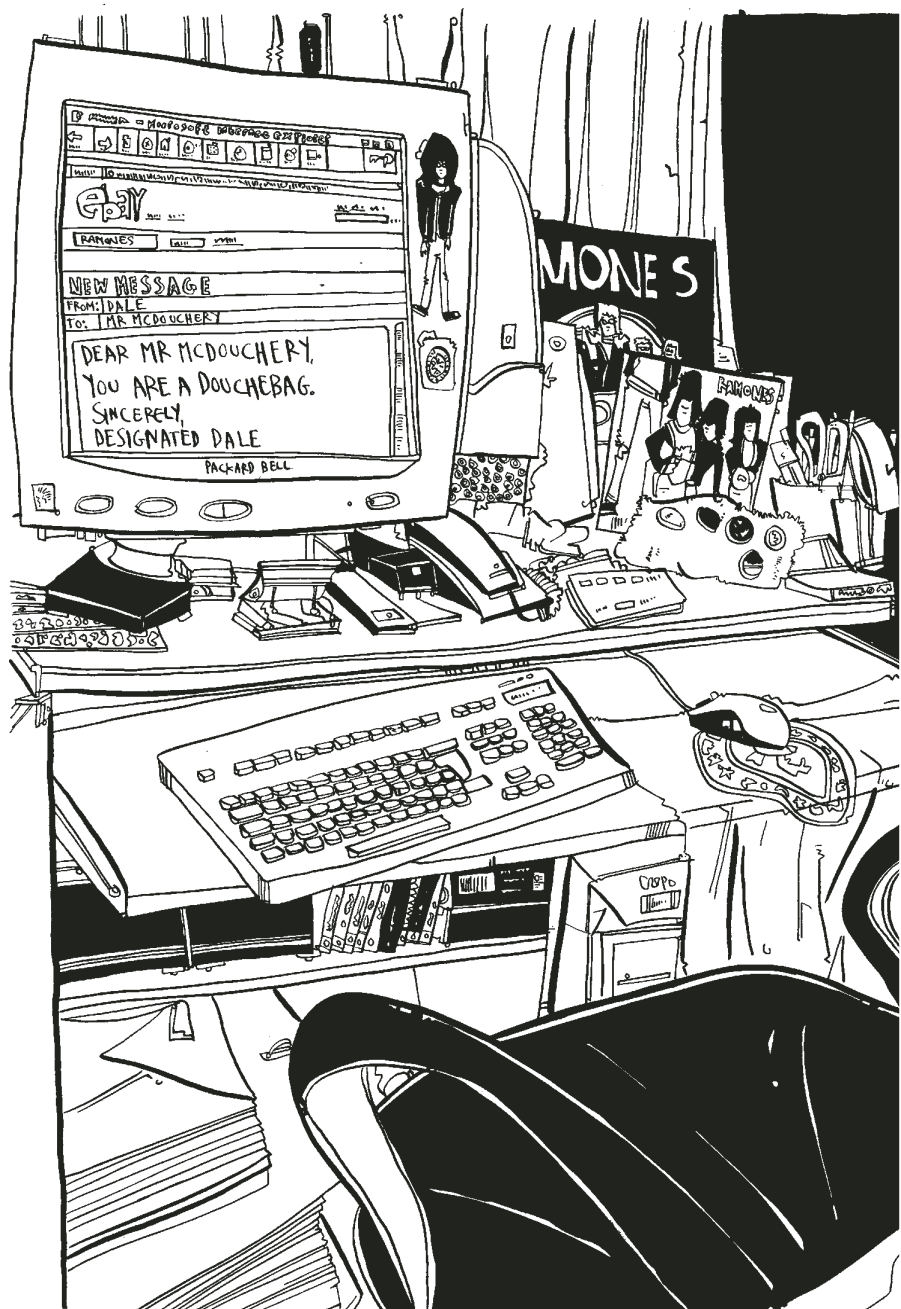


Illustration by Steve Larder
www.stevelarder.co.uk

on eBay. Oddly enough, exactly two days later, some cool cat named Martin puts up an auction for the same exact letter opener, an even *cleaner* one than McDouchey's, with an opening bid of five bucks. I was really surprised to see another one go up on the chopping block, especially after what went down a few days prior. It turned out that Martin was selling off some old promo items for his pal that used to work in the NYC music industry. I knew right away that it was going to go for more than five bucks, so I set a much higher reserve bid on it and waited. And waited. By a stroke of sheer luck, I checked my email at work before taking off for lunch and noticed that one of the other guys bidding edged me out by a few bucks with less than two minutes left to go on the

auction. I quickly logged in and threw in a maximum bid for \$200, then waited to see what would happen. I was the current high bidder again. Watching closely the next forty-five seconds, nothing else happened and I actually won the damn thing for \$170 (including priority shipping!).

I promptly sent McDouchey an email, explaining what had just happened, thanking him from the bottom of my heart for not originally taking my \$200 offer, and to have a great day. Karma's a beautiful thing. Douchebaggery is not.

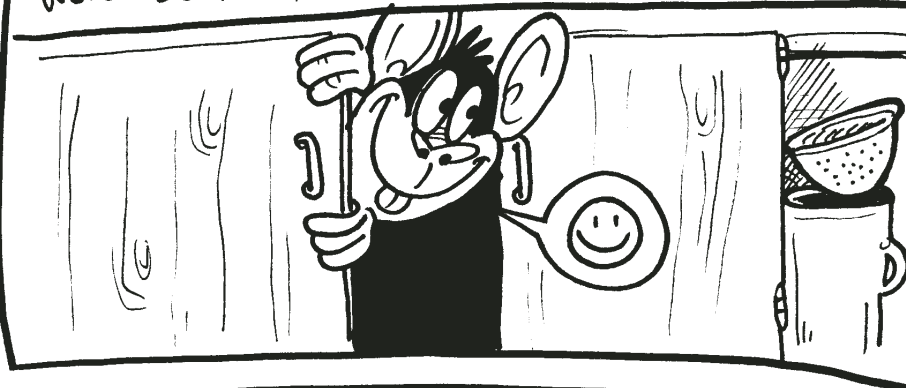
I'm Against It
—Designated Dale
designateddale@yahoo.com

ICHICO SIMIO!

TALES FROM
"ARRIBA"

PART DOS

THE PLACE WHERE MY "TATA" COOKED FOR THE FIELD WORKERS HAD A HUGE KITCHEN. I DECIDED IT WOULD BE FUNNY TO HIDE UNDER THE SINK.



AFTER ABOUT AN HOUR, EVERYONE WAS FRANTICALLY LOOKING FOR ME. HA HA!

DID YOU
FIND HIM!?
CHECK THE CANAL!

OH MY GOD!
MAYBE HE FELL INTO
AN IRRIGATION DITCH!

HEE
HEE

I THOUGHT
IT WAS FUNNY.

I STAYED IN MY HIDING PLACE SO LONG,
THAT I EVENTUALLY FELL ASLEEP.

ZZ
ZZ
ZZ

DUMB LITTLE
MONKEY.

HOURS LATER, I FINALLY CAME
OUT FROM UNDER THE SINK.



AFTER MY "NANA"
FOUND OUT I WASN'T
DEAD, SHE ALMOST
KILLED ME.

THROBBIN'
MONKEY BUTT



ART.



WON TON NOT NOW

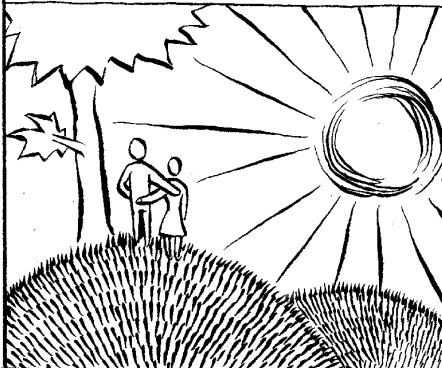
Part one of a love story told in four parts.

By Kiyoshi



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MMMMMMSLURP



To Be Continued...

DOO
DOOLA
DOO
DOO...

DOO
DOO!

WHO ARE YOU?

**“Nardwuar: Lily Allen, you like teaching kids stuff don’t you?
Lily: I’ve never taught kids stuff.”**

Nardwuar^{the Human Serviette} Vs. Lilly Allen

After reading about London’s Lily Allen in all sorts of British papers, I was excited to find out she was playing the Commodore Ballroom in Vancouver and available for interviews! Here’s what happened...

Nardwuar: Who are you?

Lily: I’m Lily Allen. [laughs]

Nardwuar: Lily Allen, welcome to Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada.

Lily: Hello.

Nardwuar: Right off the bat I wanted to give you a Vancouver gift. I have this bag here for you from Astrosatchel. [Nardwuar gives Lily a bag]

Lily: [laughs] Thanks.

Nardwuar: Now if you turn over the bag, what do you see on the front of that bag? What design is there, Lily?

Lily: Uh, hair.

Nardwuar: Or it could be interpreted as wigs?

Lily: Yes, wigs.

Nardwuar: And there’s been some controversy regarding Lily Allen wigs. Do you wear a wig Lily Allen?

Lily: [laughs] No!

Nardwuar: I thought this might throw the paparazzi off now ‘cause they’ll think you’re carrying a wig case when you’re carrying it around.

Lily: Yeah. Has it got a wig in it? No?

Nardwuar: No, there’s no wig in it. It’s just a bag to carry the wig, you know to throw off the... have you had problems with the wig? What is the connection between wigs and Lily Allen?

Lily: I wore a wig once on stage at a festival called Bestival. It was a pink wig.

Nardwuar: What a nice name, Bestival. They really worked hard on that name.

Lily: It is pretty amazing.

Nardwuar: And since then people have been asking, “Are you wearing a wig?”

Lily: Uh, no. I’ve never had the question before.

Nardwuar: It’s good to clear that up then.

Lily: [laughs]

Nardwuar: Well, Lily Allen, I was also wondering, Toronto and the song “Smile.” What’s the connection between “Smile” and Toronto and Canada?

Lily: [laughs] Uh...

Nardwuar: You, of course, are aware of the song “Smile” aren’t you Lily Allen?

Lily: Yes I am. I wrote it. So yes. Um, I don’t know what the connection is. What is the connection?

Nardwuar: Well, the connection is that there’s some Canadian content on that song. For instance, what can you tell the people about Jackie Mittoo? [Nardwuar pulls out a Jackie Mittoo record]

Lily: Ah, Jackie Mittoo!

Nardwuar: Jackie Mittoo lived in Toronto for a while. Who is Jackie Mittoo and how does it play into “Smile?”

Lily: It’s sampled from Jackie Mittoo. [laughs] The song.

Nardwuar: So we have some Canadian content right in there with “Smile.”

Lily: I didn’t know that Jackie Mittoo was Canadian.

Nardwuar: Well, he lived in Canada later in his life. He was born in Jamaica but died in Toronto, so it’s some Canadian content.

Lily: There you go, that’s the connection.

Nardwuar: But there’s more Canadian connections Lily Allen.

Lily: [laughs] Is there?

Nardwuar: Your music teacher, was she not Canadian? Rachel?

Lily: Yes she was, Rachel Santesso, she is Canadian indeed. I think she might be coming here tonight actually.

Nardwuar: She lives in Vancouver?

Lily: I don’t know. She definitely said she was coming to one of my Canadian gigs. I’m pretty sure Vancouver, yeah. She lives in England, but I think her family is from here. Maybe.

Nardwuar: Which is awesome because we have Jackie Mittoo, we have your music teacher, and we also have you, Lily Allen.

Lily: Yeah.

Nardwuar: You lived in Toronto for a while. You’re an honorary Canadian.

Lily: I did. I lived in Toronto for about seven or eight months.

Nardwuar: And of all the places to start your North American tour, you started your North American tour in...

Lily: Toronto.

Nardwuar: Toronto.

Lily: Yeah. [laughs]

Nardwuar: Lily Allen, Jackie Mittoo, Rachel and...

Lily: Toronto.

Nardwuar: So Lily Allen, when did you get into the ska? How did you get into ska? I love the ska.

Lily: How did I get into it? My parents were very into ska music, that’s how.

Nardwuar: Just through their collections?

Lily: Yeah, I guess so.

Nardwuar: Did you get dressed up as a little rude girl and go out to any gigs? See any local ska bands?

Lily: I had the whole, like, little shirt and tie and the blazer and the pork pie hat. That was me when I was a kid, dancing around.

Nardwuar: What bands did you check out? Alex from Franz Ferdinand was in a ska band at one time called The Amphetamineanies. Were there any local ska bands you checked out from England?

Lily: No.

Nardwuar: None?

Lily: It’s kind of a bit before my time really.

Nardwuar: Well, I mean the bands that are going on right now, like were there any local, contemporary ska bands?

Lily: I don’t really like modern, contemporary ska. Don’t think it’s very good. It’s the older stuff.

Nardwuar: So why do you like the older stuff? Like the Studio One stuff, why do you like that?

Lily: ‘Cause it’s good. [laughs]

Nardwuar: And you like teaching kids stuff don’t you?

Lily: No.

Nardwuar: Lily Allen, you like teaching kids stuff don’t you?

Lily: I’ve never taught kids stuff.

Nardwuar: Yes, you’ve taught kids stuff through the use of a mixtape. You’ve put together a mixtape and who did you have on the mixtape? [Nardwuar pulls out a Red Rat record.]

Lily: I had Red Rat.

Nardwuar: What can you tell and teach the people, Lily Allen? Let’s have you serve a purpose here. What can you teach the people about The Red Rat?

Lily: It’s not The Red Rat. He is called Red Rat.

Nardwuar: And it’s amazing. Is it a he or is it a she, ‘cause that’s very daring isn’t it?

Lily: It’s a he and I think he hails from Jamaica, probably Kingston, yes Kingston, Jamaica. And he has a lot of really good songs.

Nardwuar: And he ended up on your mixtape.



Photo by Chris Nelson

Lily: Actually, he ended up on two of my mixtapes.

Narduar: But it didn't just stop there, Lily Allen. You also plowed into the world of Cutty Ranks. [Narduar pulls out a Cutty Ranks record.] Now Ms. Ska Expert, what can you tell us about Cutty Ranks and Red Rat and all that sort of stuff?

Lily: "Who Say Me Done"—this is the really, really good song which goes, "You want to test the rocket launcher?" et cetera. I'm not going to go any further 'cause it'd be a bit embarrassing. But yeah, good music.

Narduar: And I think that's great. You can put that on a mixtape and a kid can listen to it and go, "Hmmm." You can teach him something about it, so you are a teacher.

Lily: I wouldn't say that. I think I just share what I like.

Narduar: Well, you taught me about it. I didn't know about it until I listened to your mixtape.

Lily: Uh, okay cool.

Narduar: So thank you, Lily Allen.

Lily: It's a pleasure. But you're not a kid. [Laughs]

Narduar: Thank you. But I can tell kids! Now Lily Allen, I have a quote here from *TimeOut London* about Lily Allen. "The most controversial thing she says all day is an aside about bombing Starbucks."

Lily: Ah yes, I remember that.

Narduar: So you talked about bombing Starbucks?

Lily: No, ah, yes I did. [laughs]

Narduar: What did you do the other day? Yesterday didn't you have a CD signing in a Starbucks?

Lily: Yes, I did.

Narduar: So you've come full circle?

Lily: It wasn't a CD signing. It was a poster signing.

Narduar: But still, you hung out at Starbucks. So what changed?

Lily: My record company made me do it. [Laughs]

Narduar: How did you feel going into that Starbucks after making that comment in *TimeOut London*? What did you have, did you have anything there?

Lily: Yes. I had a coffee. A latte. [laughs]

Narduar: Lily Allen, are you mean?

Lily: Yes, sometimes.

Narduar: From South By Southwest, "Lily Allen commented on her manager's incredibly minute male appendage?"

Lily: No, I didn't. I commented on the editor of the *NME* magazine's minute appendage.

Narduar: Would you ever make fun of your manager's minute male appendage and how do you know that it isn't a minute male appendage?

Lily: I don't.

Narduar: Lily Allen, you passed the test.

Lily: Thank you. [laughs]

Narduar: Lily Allen, what about back hair? You're a big fan of back hair, aren't you?

Lily: Yes I am.

Narduar: Like, back hair on a man? Why is that? Because a lot of artists are afraid of the back hair.

Lily: Are they? [laughs]

Narduar: Yeah, a lot of people are afraid of the back hair. Why do you like back hair on a man?

Lily: What other artists have been vocal about back hair?

Narduar: Well, when I've performed myself, jumping around on stage with a

shirt off, kids would try to light me on fire 'cause they don't like the back hair and they get really sick of the back hair.

Lily: Oh, okay.

Narduar: So to know that Lily Allen likes back hair, that's awesome.

Lily: Yeah, I like back hair.

Narduar: You have an amazing tongue. Have people said that to you Lily Allen? You have an amazing tongue?

Lily: My boyfriend has. [laughs]

Narduar: Ba-boom. What I meant by that, you've had a lot of photos taken of you, and your tongue is always positioned really interestingly. What are the different Lily Allen tongue positions?

Lily: [Lily shows tongue positions] That one, that one, that one, that one, that one occasionally.

Narduar: I like the little one, the little cat one. The cat one, that's great. I love the Lily Allen tongue positions. Lily Allen, if somebody might be turning the dial on their television, they might come across your music or supposedly your music in a deodorant commercial.

Lily: Really?

Narduar: Yes, Professor Longhair, who you sample, an old ska '60s dude, his music....

Lily: He's not ska. He's New Orleans.

Narduar: Thank you again for teaching me.

Lily: It's a pleasure.

Narduar: His music ended up in a deodorant commercial for Sure. Have you heard about this? What do you think about that?

Lily: I haven't heard. That's the first I heard about it.

Narduar: 'Cause you have a song called "Knock 'Em Out."

Lily: Yes, I do.

Narduar: And you sample.... Who is Professor Longhair? Let's go a little back here. You teach me a little more about him. He's from New Orleans.

Lily: He's a New Orleans piano player and he did a song called "Big Chief," which goes, [sings] "doot doot doola doot doot doola doot doo doo." Like that.

Narduar: And it's the beginning of "Knock 'Em Out?"

Lily: Yes it is.

Narduar: And it's also the beginning of a deodorant commercial for Sure.

Lily: Really. Wow.

Narduar: Yep. I learned that on YouTube.

Lily: [Laughs]

Narduar: Lily Allen, Ladbroke Grove, I love Ladbroke Grove, UK.

Lily: Ladbroke Grove, yeah.

Narduar: I'm fascinated by that place. Is that where you're from? That's where The Clash sort of grew up wasn't it?

Lily: I don't know 'cause they were probably there in the '70s before I was born.

Narduar: Lily Allen, I was wondering, Notting Hill Carnival? You said you wanted to play that.

Lily: I have played it. I played it last year.

Narduar: That's pretty exciting because that carnival is what inspired The Clash to write the song "White Riot."

Lily: Oh really? Wow.

Narduar: And I didn't know that until I

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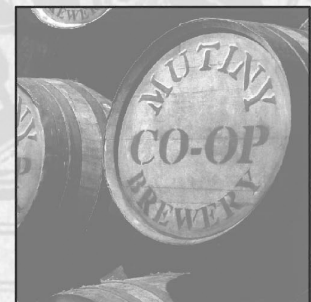
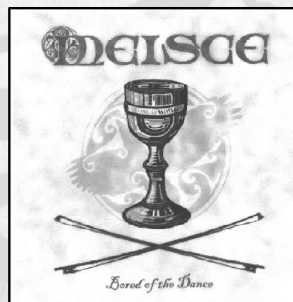


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started looking up you, Lily Allen. So you taught me that.

Lily: Okay, cool.

Nardwuar: Lily Allen, another group that actually mentions Ladbroke Grove in its lyrics is The Slits from England. [Nardwuar pulls out a Slits record] And I think one of The Slits actually lives in Ladbroke Grove.

Lily: Yes, Tessa. She's my godmother.

Nardwuar: That's amazing. What can you say about Tessa?

Lily: She's my godmother.

Nardwuar: But she's still living there after all these years. The Slits were very influential weren't they?

Lily: Yes they were. She still lives there. Ari, who's the lead singer, she lives in Jamaica now, but I think they're touring again. And they're a very influential punk band.

Nardwuar: And how did she become your

called. That was a joke.

Nardwuar: On *Saturday Night Live*, they looked very impressive wearing those blue shirts. Is there a band costume or outfit?

Lily: There's not really a band costume. Sometimes they wear polo shirts. They're not all the same color. They're different colors.

Nardwuar: The bass player of your band. Who is it? He's really funky.

Lily: Uh, he's changed three times actually.

Nardwuar: He's a master of disguise.

Lily: It depends which gig you're referring to.

Nardwuar: I guess the guy



Illustration by Maynard

Nardwuar: "The most controversial thing she says all day is an aside about bombing Starbucks."

Lily: Ah yes, I remember that.

godmother? Like, how did you meet her? Was that through your dad?

Lily: She was best friends with my mother, actually. [laughs]

Nardwuar: And looking at the record, they've got a bit of nudity happening there, Lily Allen. A bit of nudity.

Lily: It's a very famous album cover. They're kind of mud wrestling women.

Nardwuar: There was a bit of Lily Allen nudity popping up, wasn't there? I saw a bit of Lily Allen nudity. Has there been any Lily Allen paparazzi nudity?

Lily: Not paparazzi. But yes, there has been.

Nardwuar: Why was there Lily Allen nudity and will it appear on a record?

Lily: Why is there ever nudity? [laughs] Why not?

Nardwuar: What was involved in that nudity?

Lily: My boob.

Nardwuar: In what circumstance though?

Lily: Uh, in a picture.

Nardwuar: Somebody was like, "Hey Lily" and you were like, "Hey?" Was it inspired by The Slits? I guess that's what I'm getting at.

Lily: No, it wasn't inspired by The Slits.

Nardwuar: Lily, you have your band, The Lilyettes?

Lily: No.

Nardwuar: I thought they're called the Lilyettes?

Lily: No.

Nardwuar: You kindly called them The Lilyettes?

Lily: No, I call them the Lilettes.

Nardwuar: The Lilettes, okay.

Lily: Once. But that's not what they're

on *Saturday Night Live*.

Lily: Uh, who was the bass player then? A guy called Pete Martin.

Nardwuar: What are his credentials and who is in your band? There's quite a few members; it's a revolving cast. What does it take to get into the Lily Allen band?

Lily: Uh, work for very little money and work hard.

Nardwuar: You don't get much money with Lily Allen but you get enough money to go to In-N-Out Burger. Have you been to In-N-Out Burger on this tour yet?

Lily: Not this tour but we have on previous tours.

Nardwuar: At In-N-Out Burger, how do you order your burger, Lily Allen? There's a special secret.

Lily: Yeah, yeah animal fries. You can order fries "animal style," right?

Nardwuar: Animal Style, Which basically means?

Lily: I don't know 'cause I've never ordered it. But I've heard about it.

Nardwuar: Lily Allen, a quote. "I had an advanced vocabulary from an early age." This is what you have said.

Lily: I don't remember saying that.

Nardwuar: I was just wondering; what words did you know?

Lily: "Advanced."

Nardwuar: Lastly here Lily Allen, what do you think about the Oyster Card system in England? The Oyster Card.

Lily: [laughs] It's pretty pointless, actually. It's kind of a bit, um....

Nardwuar: It's for the Tube, a bit of background on it. Could you explain?

Lily: It's not just for the Tube, it's for the bus as well, and that's where it comes into being a bit silly, really. 'Cause you kind of get on the bus and you're meant to take it upon yourself to press it on the thing, and if you do, it charges your card and your account, and if you don't, you obviously don't get charged. So no one actually presses it and the London transport system is suffering as a result. So I don't think it is very good.

Nardwuar: And you love the transport system, too? I love the way you squeeze it in your videos and stuff like that.

Lily: Yeah, and actually a few weeks ago when I was in London, I forgot that I was the "famous Lily Allen" and I got on the bus. Shock, horror, it was quite amazing. People were very nice to me, though. They helped me with my bags on and off. I felt very special.

Nardwuar: What were you carrying, and hey you have a new bag to carry!

Lily: I was carrying sneakers.

Nardwuar: Well, thanks very much, Lily Allen. Anything else you want to add for the people out there at all?

Lily: Not really.

Nardwuar: Why should people care about Lily Allen?

Lily: They shouldn't.

Nardwuar: Well thanks so much, Lily Allen. Keep on rockin' in the free world and doot doola doot doo...

Lily: Doot doo. [laughs] Goodbye.

To hear this interview visit www.nardwuar.com

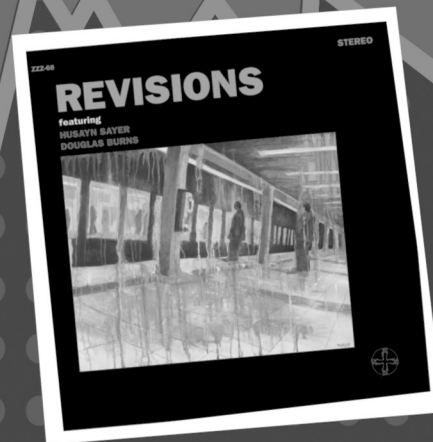
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SEAN CARSWELL

"Like I'm the idiot because I didn't dedicate my life to killing as many poor people as possible."

EITHER WAY SOMEONE LOSES THE TRAILER

This little bastard has been going like a three foot candle all night, burning my ass. His life's not my fault, but he's been taking that shit out on me every since Sandy decided to leave that group of engineers and hang out with me. I didn't know her. Well, not before she came into Shuttles, I didn't. I know her well enough now. I know enough to know that she's hanging out with me because I'm the only guy in the bar not trying to fuck her. And I want to get away from that little bastard, so I say to Sandy, "Wanna shoot some pool?"

Both tables were open when I asked, but don't you know it, as soon as we walk over there, that little bastard and his pal are dropping quarters into the other pool table.

I figure I can ignore them. Sandy's already gotten good at that. She works with these guys out at Kennedy Space Center. She confessed that to me earlier. I told her that, when I got out of college, I came back here to my hometown, and it seemed like all I could do was either work out at KSC or work construction. And I wasn't about to go out there. I hate everything that joint stands for. Because you know the Space Center isn't about space. Not really. I mean, they do send up rockets sometimes. They probably did send some guys to the moon at one point. But that's not the heart of the Space Center. Really, it's about making weapons, so-called missile defense systems, nuclear subs, that kind of shit. Sandy said, "I can respect that."

And so far, she has respected it. But this little bastard won't. I guess he thinks he has a shot at Sandy. And now he's had too much to drink. It kills him that this girl he's had his heart set on is shooting stick with a carpenter like me, and he's not gonna let it go. Right after he limp-wrists the break and barely spreads any balls across the pool table, he says, "Hey Sandy, what do you call the moisture between two white trash people when they have sex?"

Sandy shrugs. She can see this guy is pissing me off. I'm supposed to be the white trash guy in this scenario.

I don't know if this guy gets it or not, but he answers his own question. "Relative humidity."

Sandy lets out a little laugh. Embarrassed, like. The little bastard and his little engineer buddy are cracking up. I'm just glaring at him. He sees I'm not laughing and says, "I'll explain the punch line to you later."

But I get it. And if anything is flying over anyone's head, it's the realization of danger flying right over that little bastard's. These are the scientists I hate the most. Talking to me like I'm some kind of moron. Like I don't get his stupid fucking jokes. Like I'm the idiot because I didn't dedicate my life to killing as many poor people as possible from as far away as possible.

I get back to ignoring him. I let Sandy break. When the balls don't scatter much, I use my next turn to break them up the rest of the way. A couple of balls fall in the holes. Sandy tells me to shoot again, but I don't. I don't wanna follow slop. I let her shoot and pick up a conversation from earlier, when she was telling me about her parents' divorce. I tell her, "I know a lot of people whose parents got divorced when they were young. It's tough."

The little bastard says, "Do you know what a tornado and a white trash divorce have in common?"

And that's it. The last fucking straw. I put my stick on the table. I take two steps and face off with him. I say, "Go ahead. Say the punch line."

He's eye to eye with me, but in my mind, he's small. He's quivering. The term "punch line" has just taken on a whole new meaning for him. The joke is over and he's trying to talk himself out of this, but he's still smirking like he's got one up on me. I've got my first six punches mapped out in my head. And it doesn't take a rocket scientist to know what's gonna happen next.

—Sean Carswell



Illustration by Brad Beshaw



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**Dan Monick's
Photo Page**

Crenshaw Blvd. with Dave G, Summer 2007.

For most of my life, I thought of my body as merely a convenient way to move my head from one place to another. I was lucky growing up, having inherited my body type from a long line of scrawny female relatives. While the fact that I also inherited myopia and uncooperative hair didn't do much for my teenage social life, I was comforted by the fact that I could eat all the candy and cake I wanted without putting on weight. As a result, I didn't give a shit about exercise.

I continued to not give a shit about exercise all the way through my twenties. Who needed exercise when you had books to read, records to buy, and rock shows to attend? I was still active: I danced at shows, rode my bike to work, and walked my dogs. I figured that would be enough to keep me happy and in shape for, oh, the rest of my life.

LIVE SLOW, DIE OLD

PUNK ROCK AND EXERCISE

BY JENNIFER WHITEFORD

ART JUNK BY AMY ADOYZIE



Wrong. So wrong.

Somewhere around my thirtieth birthday, things started to change. I put on weight, felt pissed off a lot for no reason, and got winded walking up stairs. I still biked, danced, and walked, but those activities didn't feel as good as they used to. I knew my body was, as the writer Julia Alvarez deftly put it, "not mine for free anymore." But there was no damn way I was going to start exercising.

Because exercise blows, right? We all know that. Exercise is for people who don't mind wearing spandex and headbands and white running shoes. For brainwashed freaks who talk about their "runner's high" and drink flax shakes and go to bed early. There was no way I was going to get involved in all that, no matter how fat and miserable I managed to get.

the Oprah Winfrey Show. It was time to turn off the TV. And call my friend Pam.

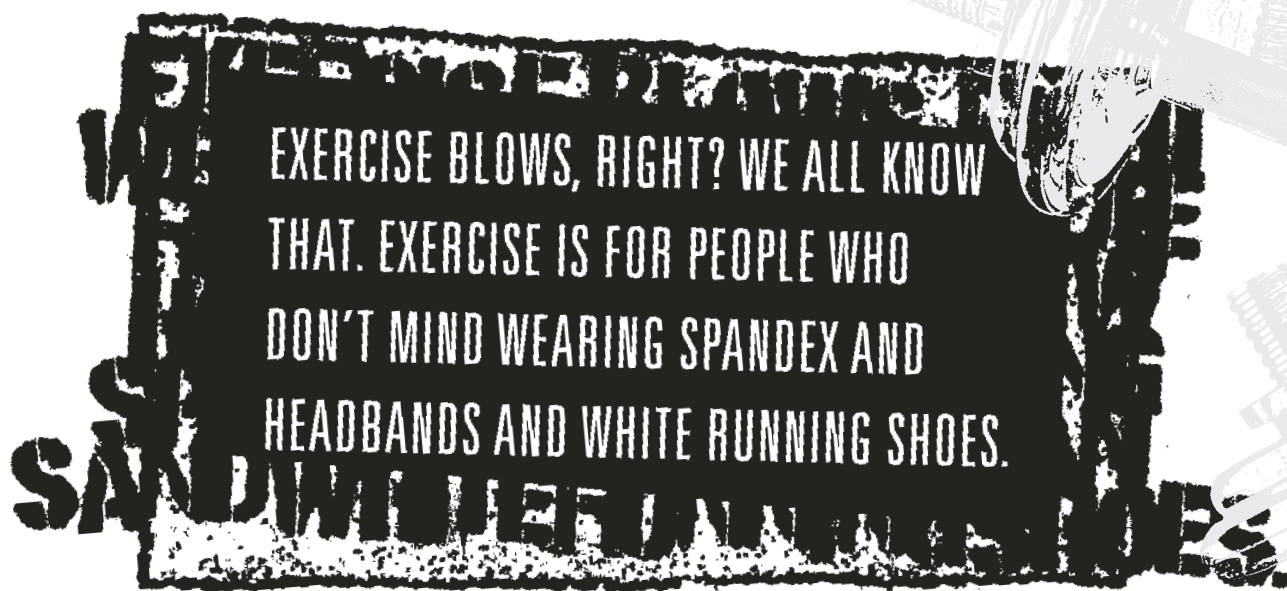
"Hey, Pam? Are you, like, still going to do that women's Learn to Run class? Is it too late for me to sign up? Do I need to buy new shoes?"

The Learn to Run class was my perfect entrance into the world of exercise. It was based on interval training, so we added a minute to our running time every week. Even though most of the girls in the class worked in offices, wore pink, and cooed over each other's gigantic diamond engagement rings, I still felt like I belonged. I could actually run. And by the end of the class I could run for half an hour without stopping.

When I started to run a few times a week and discovered that I liked it, I couldn't help wondering about the correlation between my

about the reasons behind his choice to stay so fit. "I think that some of the reasons are good, healthy reasons and some of them are maybe somewhat immature, to be honest," he said, laughing. "Here's an immature one I'm not so proud of: it's kind of my revenge against all the jocks from high school because they're all bald and fat and working eighty hour a week corporate jobs that are giving them ulcers and heart disease and, for a thirty-eight-year-old guy, I'm in pretty good shape."

Dan is not the only one who harkens back to his high school days when thinking through his desire to be fit. Hallie Bullit, of the NYC pop punk band The Unlovables, is also an avid exerciser. She runs, does Pilates, works out, and dances. Hallie has always been a dancer, but she didn't really get involved in other forms of exercise until she



Then it was February, the coldest, crappiest Canadian month. I had the day off from work and spent most of it on the couch reading, getting up only to turn over whatever record I was listening to. At some point I turned on the TV and promptly fell asleep.

When I woke up, disoriented, dehydrated, and cranky, the TV was still on. Oprah Winfrey sat smugly on a couch with two young amazons who I didn't recognize. I squinted at the TV for about five minutes before they were identified as Venus and Serena Williams. I rolled my eyes at their over-the-top outfits and burrowed a little deeper into the couch.

Then they started talking about getting younger girls into sports. About how exercise raises women's confidence in themselves and makes them happier and more powerful. About how physical fitness can do a lot for a person's self image.

Oh shit, I thought, feeling fat on the couch. *I'm actually being affected by something on*

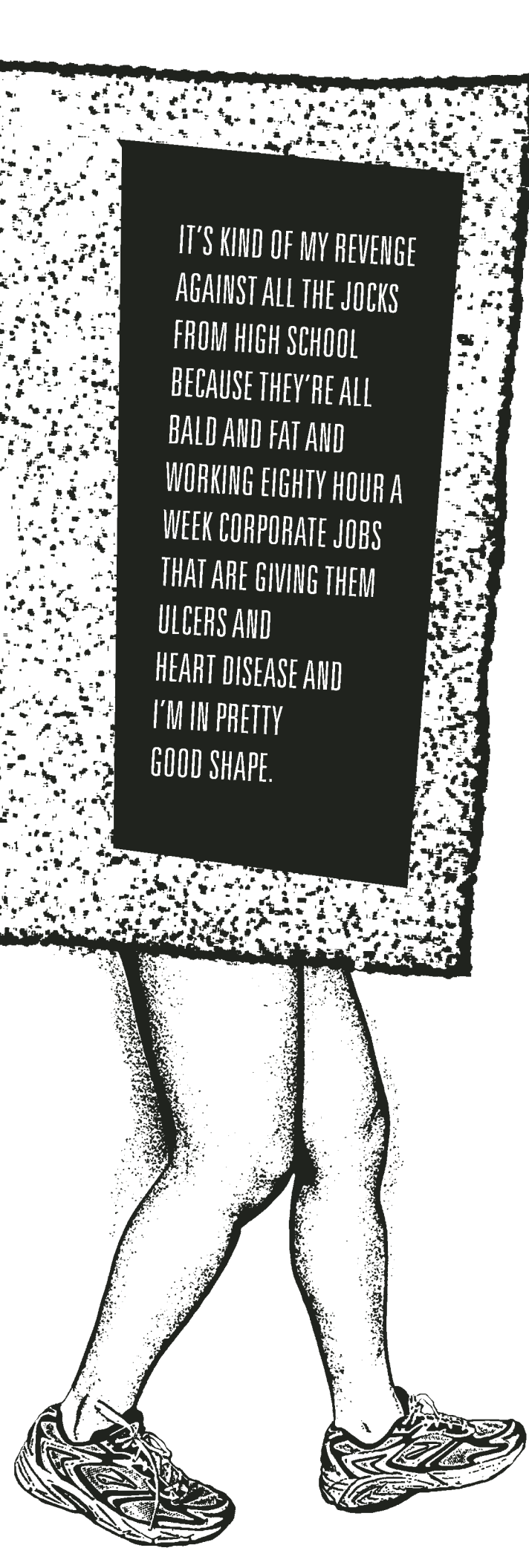
identity as a punk and my newfound love of exercise. So, is exercising and keeping fit a punk rock thing to do or not? While arguably healthy choices (I'm thinking vegetarianism, straight edgery etc...) have long been associated with punk rock, they seem to be more politically based than decisions made for personal health and fitness. Exercise, on the other hand, is more personal than political. Rather than getting bogged down in my own definitions and reasons, I decided to interview three punks who have been fit for way longer than me.

First I asked Dan Yemin, of Paint It Black, Kid Dynamite, and numerous other seminal hardcore bands, about the links he could see between punk rock and exercise. Dan works out four times a week doing a routine of weights and elliptical training. He used to run almost daily before he realized that it was too hard on his joints. He's starting to consider going to a yoga class that a bunch of other thirty-something Philly punk rock guys go to. Dan had clearly thought a lot

was in her mid twenties and her roommate decided to run a marathon. Now in her late twenties, Hallie is a self-described "fitness freak." When I talked to her about coming to exercise later in life, she thought back to her teenage years.

"I really hated, *hated* P.E.! I was that kind of classic kid who was always picked last for kickball," she said. "I can't remember any one of my P.E. teachers ever being encouraging in the slightest. Now, as an adult, to—really, in a lot of ways—be such a jock, it makes me think I could have been excelling at all this stuff when I was younger."

There is definitely something punk rock about hating gym class (or "P.E." as you Americans say). Phys. ed. represents everything that punks tend to rally against: joining in, competition, following orders, being a part of a team. It's no wonder that most of the people in the punk scene who I spoke to about exercise came to it later in their lives. It makes sense that this acceptance came after they'd gotten over

A black and white illustration of a person's legs from the knees down, wearing sneakers. They are holding a large, rectangular sign with a rough, torn-edge border. The sign contains text in all caps, slanted upwards from left to right.

IT'S KIND OF MY REVENGE
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FROM HIGH SCHOOL
BECAUSE THEY'RE ALL
BALD AND FAT AND
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the knee-jerk anti-fitness sneering that is understandably bred around the time puberty hits and phys. ed. becomes unbearable.

Dan touched on this as well. "My immediate experience is that sports are the defining factor for boys in American culture." When I asked for more of an explanation, he continued. "It's like, if you're not into sports, you're pretty much non-existent; you're a pariah. And kids in the States, even with little league sports, are raised to be pretty competitive, which means they tend to be pretty intolerant of people who aren't good. There's a big chunk of time between the ages of eight and thirteen where, if you suck at sports, you're getting yelled at and humiliated."

As a Canadian, I wondered, are things different up here? After all, my own high school didn't even have a football team. Neither did my university. I was only required to take two phys. ed. classes in my entire high school career and I took "general" level phys. ed., which was basically a class of uncoordinated girls playing lackadaisical volleyball games just to earn the credits with a bare minimum of effort. We rarely even worked up a sweat. Yet, on the weekends I rode my bike for hours to get to friends' houses. I danced like a maniac to Blondie albums in my bedroom when my parents weren't home. I walked for hours through downtown streets with my friends as we went from record store to record store. But I wouldn't have considered any of that to be exercise. And I never would have played competitive sports. Even without a big time high school football team spawning future frat boys and bubbly cheerleaders, I had a fairly well-honed hatred for the athletic teenagers who walked the halls of my suburban high school.

To further answer my Canada question, I looked to fellow Canadian, Grant Lawrence, lead singer of west coast punk icons The Smugglers. Though he spent most of his teens and twenties with an aversion to jocks, Grant started to enjoy exercise and sports once he had a solid decade between himself and high school. Now in his mid-thirties, Grant works out, bikes, kayaks, and also plays goalie on the musician-heavy hockey team The Vancouver Flying Vees. I asked him if he ever got any flack for being a hockey-playing punk, or if hockey is just so universally accepted in Canada that no one would ever think to criticize. "I have never personally gotten grief for accepting sports again," Grant told me, "but I wouldn't say that hockey is universally accepted in Canada. In every town, there are

outsider nerd kids who have been teased by the bullies who, likely, are also hockey players. Those outsider kids likely hate hockey and everything it stands for. Hopefully, like me, they can come around eventually."

Grant also chimed in on the punk versus jock question. He talked about his interest in physical fitness "book ending" the seventeen years he spent playing in The Smugglers. As a kid, he says, he played lots of sports and even has a fond memory of annihilating a notorious jock/bully in a foot race. But our old friend puberty intervened again and Grant's brief time as an athlete quickly ended. He shared Hallie's professed hatred for phys. ed. classes. "I began to loathe gym with a passion," he admitted, "hated the jockular attitude of the inevitable bullies who would end up at the top of the adolescent sports food chain, and I quit it all outright. I have never been a big guy... kinda short, hereditarily bad knees which would always dislocate playing sports, and I wore horribly nerdy glasses. When I started getting teased for the way I looked and played, I said fuck it, and drifted towards the arts."

Here we have a chicken and egg type conundrum. Do punk rockers abandon physical fitness because it's not cool and doesn't fit into their punk values? Or are they driven away from it by the teasing and competitiveness of the jocks and bullies? There seems to be a pervading attitude of "I'll reject you before you reject me" that keeps punk kids from getting involved in exercise and sports during those horrid, horrid teen years. And who can blame them?

Grant wasn't alone in his decision to say "fuck it" to phys. ed. and move on to rock'n'roll. "I just bought that whole bill of goods," Hallie told me when I asked her a similar question: "*I'm a girl who's artsy so I'm not going to be good at this.* It was easier to just believe that and not have to try. I was definitely afraid of failure as a kid when it came to trying something that no one ever told me I could be good at. It was like, *I'll just stand here and look like I don't give a shit. That will make the whole thing less painful.* And I didn't like the kids who played sports. They were the kids who were mean to me, so why would I want to do the thing that they were into?"

Dan says that he didn't start exercising until he turned twenty, an age that places him happily out of the high school world. But is it any easier to integrate physical fitness into your identity as a punk rocker than it was to integrate punk into the world of high school athletics? "I think, as punks, we're supposed to be more conscious,

right?" Dan asked me. I agreed and he continued, "Although the typical stereotype is like, Live Fast Die Young; real self destructive. But I think those of us that survived that—if you haven't lived fast enough to die young, then you're a thinking person and you've survived, so you develop more of a long term perspective."

Grant also speaks from an older and wiser perspective when it comes to sports. "By the time I got back to hockey, all those trappings of locker room bullshit were gone," he says. "The bullies had mellowed and humbled. The nerds had gained self-confidence. Playing at age thirty felt like playing at age ten again—the same feeling of exuberance and fun. We all just had to get through the bullshit insecurities of our teens and twenties, both the jock assholes and the art fags." I don't doubt his statement at all, given my own ability to make nice with the crew of engagement-ringed, office job girls who I started running with. The desire to be fit and the experience of running made us less likely to harp on high school style differences, and more likely to just relax and enjoy ourselves. And what with exercise being an easy ticket to increased self-confidence, there was no reason for the competitive, bitchy attitudes of yore.

Truthfully, I felt more social confusion when I tried to explain my newfound attitude towards fitness to my punk rock friends. Try explaining how much you like getting up early, putting on white sneakers, and getting all out of breath and sweaty to people whose forays into fitness consist mainly of biking home drunk from the bar. People may not directly hassle fit punk rockers, but there does seem to be a universal confusion about it. Hallie describes this Does-Not-Compute attitude when she talks about getting up to run while on tour with The Unlovables: "When we're on tour and we're staying at some punk house and people see me coming back from my run, I get some of the strangest looks! But I can't tell how much of that is *Oh you freak! You exercise!* or if it's like, *Oh you freak! You played a show last night and are about to spend seven hours in a car and that's what you wanted to do with your morning? Go running?*"

And yet, even if there are some who would peg exercise as not punk rock, something about physical fitness is unavoidably attractive for those who participate. "I get somewhat of a high from exercising," said Grant. "I believe in its healing power for mind and body. I remember when touring with the band I had an expression: *the healing power of rock'n'roll*, meaning that if I ever had, say, a head cold or a sore back or whatever, I would climb up on

stage, physically freak out, sweat all the snot out, get the blood pumping, and inevitably I would get off stage and feel way, way better. I've experienced the exact same thing with hockey."

Hallie, who's non-rock day jobs have had her performing on Broadway and, more recently, teaching dance classes, has some unique reasons for staying in shape. "I am a dancer and an actress so I actually don't have a choice. It's sort of professionally expected of me that I be in shape." But she admitted to feeling lucky that fitness is something she enjoys fitting into her otherwise hectic schedule.

For Dan, as well, fitness has become an automatic part of his life and identity. "I just didn't feel in any way masculine when I was younger and it sucks to not feel like you possess any masculinity. So I think working out is just kind of a way of reclaiming that." I wondered if things were different for us girls. Dan agreed that a gender discrepancy probably exists, "Women feel like they're expected to stay in shape so that they'll be attractive to men. In a kind of twisted way, this means that women in the punk scene might not get made fun of for exercising, whereas with guys it's not considered punk to take care of yourself."

I was thinking about this gender divide when, during my conversation with Hallie, we discussed the possibility that women might have a different experience with physical fitness than men. "Some of my punk rock friends are in really poor health," she said. "Really, really upsettingly poor health. Mostly guys, but I think that's because our little scene here is made up mostly of guys. I would be interested to know if punk rock girls on the whole are in as bad shape as punk rock boys. I kind of doubt it."

So what is a fit punk to do when he or she wants to get friends into the groove? Telling someone that they might want to get off their ass is a fairly delicate subject to bring up, even in typically brash punk rock circles. As Hallie said, "You feel like if you say, 'You should be in better health,' you're lecturing or on your high horse or whatever, so I never mention it. You don't want to sound like you're judging someone and it can't sound like it's about weight or a million other things that we're not supposed to talk about or notice. 'Cause saying something about someone sitting on a couch for hours and hours of their life, that makes you an asshole!"

Assholes or not, there's no getting away from the fact that another benefit of exercise is the increased foxiness that results. If all those other practical healthy reasons don't move us to, well, *move*, then maybe we need to succumb to vanity just a little

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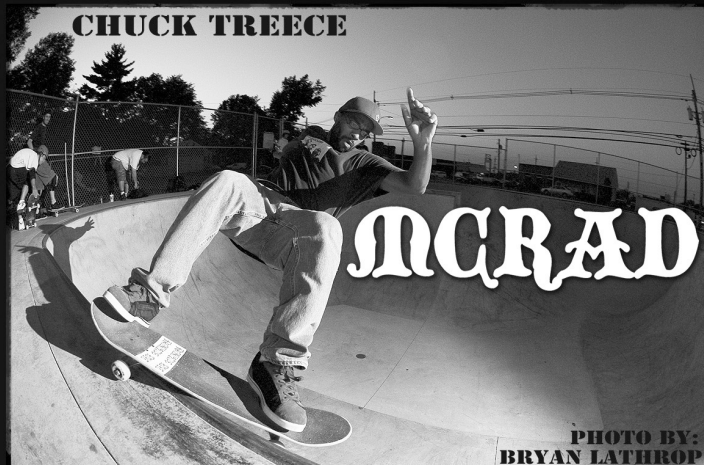
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bit. You know, for the sake of our health. As Grant puts it, "The aesthetic of not having a massive beer gut is a nice bonus." Looking good can often turn into feeling good, which never hurts anyone. Dan went on to tie that element of improved self confidence into being a performer, "To feel proud of your body, or at least not ashamed of it, is a huge factor in feeling comfortable in front of people."

Not to say that being a fitness buff saves you from the potential humiliation that we all remember from gym class. For instance, when I started running, I tried to keep the dork factor at bay by refusing to buy clothes designed especially for running. I hit the streets in my *Rock for Choice* T-shirt and a pair of black shorts. But when the weather got hotter and my runs got longer, I had to suck it up and admit that the easily sweat-logged natural fibers were no longer my friends. Now I wear the unnatural "wicking" fabrics and I'm comfortable, even in the heat. However, all that comfort doesn't stop me from feeling dorky when I get dressed up in my running clothes. Hallie agrees that "the running gear is pretty heinous." We commiserated over the remarkable ugliness of white and yellow running shoes. She laughed, "There's a degree of horribleness to all of it. The women's stuff especially! I'm sure that's part of the weirdness when people see me playing a show the night before in whatever cockamamie outfit I've put together, but then I wake up in the morning and put on my little running uniform!"

Grant added another level to exercise-induced humiliation by ending our interview with this story: "I once got my arm caught in my iPod headphone wires while riding a stationary bike at the gym. The iPod went flying out of the cup holder and hit the guy beside me in the side of the head. I attempted to catch the iPod, slipped off the seat of the bike, and fell into a cactus in the corner. The guy had me kicked out of the gym for 'throwing his iPod at me for no reason.' I was pulling thorns out of my hand for a week."

As for me, the benefits of getting into shape turned out to drastically outweigh any lingering uncoolness that I may have once associated with exercise. After I'd been running regularly for several months, I started to notice huge changes in predictable and not-so-predictable areas of my life. First, I realized I had way more energy than I'd had before and I stopped being in a bad mood all the time. My skin cleared up, I stopped craving junk food all the time, and I lost fifteen pounds. And I can't say for sure, but I'd be willing to bet that it was regular exercise that kept me from getting overly emo when I went through a break up last year. Though I've tried a few other forms of exercise like yoga and swimming, I really like running because I can do it anywhere. I even brought my gear to this year's Punk Rock Bowling Tournament in Vegas. Running also doesn't cost anything to do, at least after you get your sweat-wicking,

high tech, ridiculous-looking running outfit. And if nothing else, running gives me an excuse to be alone and listen to an hour of uninterrupted music before any of my other daily responsibilities need attending to. And for me, being anti-social and listening to loud music is still punk rock, even if I'm doing it in white shoes.





MANGES

Interview by Susan Chung • Photos by Hopper
Layout by Uri Garcia



From their small town on the Northwest coast of Italy, the Manges have managed to carve out a place for themselves internationally in punk rock. Guided by the spirit of the Ramones, and teaming up in the past with the likes of the Queers and Jon Jughead of Screeching Weasel, they have made their name by heeding their callings as musicians, bringing their heartfelt sounds around the world to you. Whether playing songs about love or hate, their mellifluous vocals combined with a harmonious assault of guitars, hit viscerally, elevating them above the rest in the European pop punk field. Live, their sets are fast, fresh, and fun, and the smiles on the faces of their committed fans reflect the love of music right back with equal sincerity.

Andrea: lead singer, guitar player
Mass: bass player, backing vocals
Richie: guitar
Manuel: drums

Susan: We (Americans) missed you guys. It's been almost five years since you've been out here. Did you miss us?

Andrea: The fact is, yes we did. We wanted to come and we took this good chance. Most of the music we like comes from the United States, so being here is a really good opportunity to be in touch with bands, people, and places that have the history of the music we like.

Susan: What are the biggest misconceptions Americans have about people in Italy?

Andrea: Well, yesterday I was told something like, "You guys should go back to making wine and killing people." I said, well, "Americans are pretty good at that too. Not making wine, but killing people, you're huge in that. We do it in our own place, but you export it."

Susan: What do Italians think about Americans?

Andrea: One is that you like everything big. And it's true. Another one might be that you really have a big sense of your own nation, like you've got American flags everywhere; stuff that we don't really do. If we open an Italian restaurant in Japan, we're going to put the Italian flag on that, but we don't need it in our own place. It's my house, it's in Italy, I

don't need my flag. And the other one is that you guys are funny, and that's true. You guys are funny.

Susan: Who are the Manges?

Andrea: We're not professionals, so we all have regular jobs. Apart from Richie—he is actually a painter. He just left his job a few months ago.

Richie: I'm unemployed.

Andrea: He is *going* to be a painter. Actually, he's just an asshole sitting on his couch. [jokingly]. He paints really good stuff. I've got a regular job, a cat; what can I do? Manuel is a bartender and Mass works in an auction house. They sell ancient weapons: stuff from the Second World War to far in the past. It's got everything. They sell all over the world.

Susan: Is Manges a last name in Italy?

Andrea: No.

Susan: Every time I look for your stuff on eBay, I get this football player named Mark Manges, so I thought it was a last name.

Andrea: I saw his picture, too. But no, we chose the name looking through the dictionary. We found the word "mange" and we thought it sounded good, but we wanted to have the "s" at the end of the band's name like the Ramones, and that's it. The fact that it's a last name here works for us. We've

gotten in touch with a few people named Manges. They had no idea about punk rock or what we were doing, but they wanted to buy merchandise.

Susan: Your band started in 1993. In the early '90s, did people look at your Ramones T-shirts and leather jackets and say "Who are these weirdos?" or was it already cool?

Andrea: No, it wasn't cool at all. It still isn't that cool.

Susan: 'Cause out here MTV has "punk" bands and it's "cool" now.

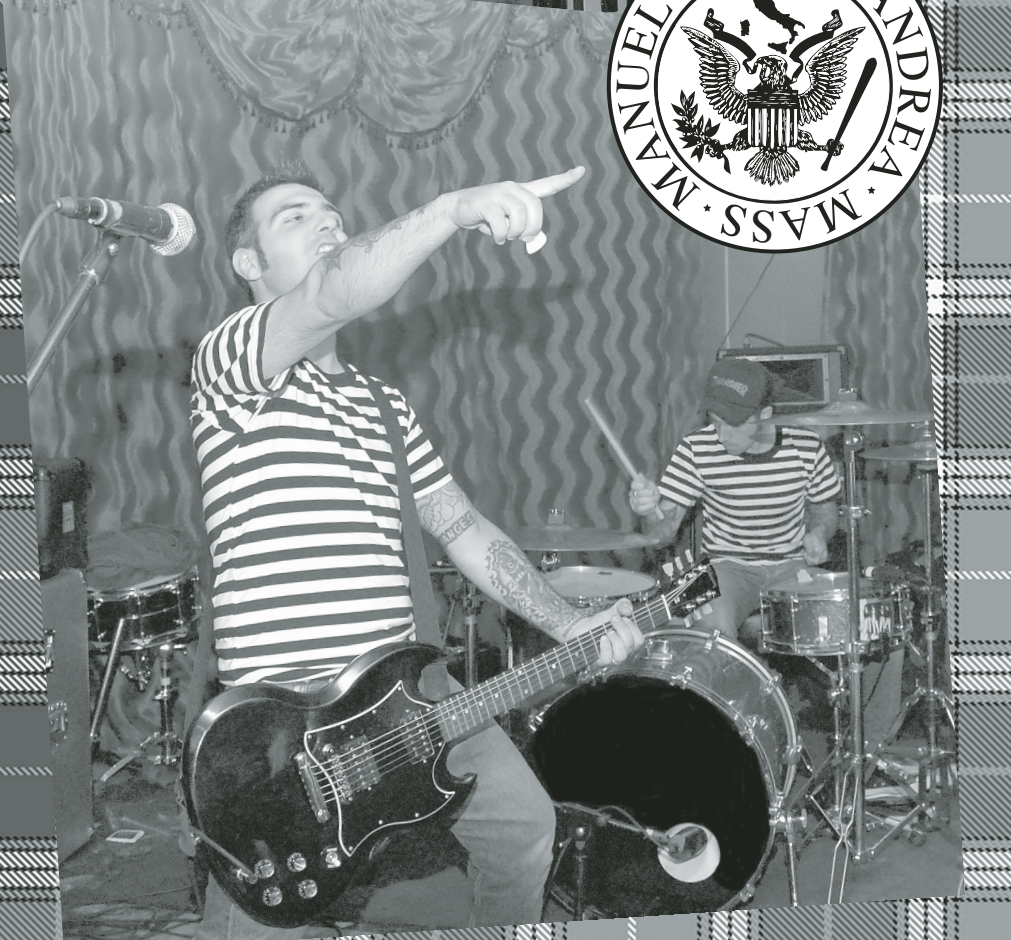
Andrea: Actually, MTV has a lot of pop punk as well in Italy and the American bands are huge, but the kind of pop punk that we like—that has been influenced by the Ramones—is not really something huge. But we get respect in the Italian punk scene. The Italian punk scene in the '90s was all about hardcore and there were a lot of politics, so being inspired by American pop punk bands at that time was not something people did. There was a lot of grunge at the time and everybody was into Nirvana and Pearl Jam and all of those bands. When we started in our own town, we had been the first punk rock band there and this worked well for us, somehow, because people were just surprised: four

**"We use our free time...
not being professionals"**





MANGES



guys who didn't play very well, we got on stage and had fun, smiling, and it worked. In the rest of Italy, we got connected with bands in other towns. At the time it was like, "You play hardcore, I play pop punk, I've got my own shows and audience and you've got your own. Let's trade." We still feel like a part of the punk scene, but every style has its own fans. It's really different. These guys (referring to the rest of his crew) are mixed. He (Mayo) was the singer of a very huge Italian band of the '90s and he's our road manager and a good friend.

Susan: How did you get exposed to punk?

Andrea: I listened to the Ramones. I was listening to all kinds of rock and heavy metal and the first time I listened to the Ramones I said, "I really like this band. I really like this sound." I bought my first Ramones album and I didn't know it was a punk album. I went to a friend of mine and said, "Hey I've got a Ramones album" and he said, "They're a good punk band." I said, "Are they punk? Okay..." Actually, I met them (the rest of the Manges) because of the Ramones. They saw me in town with a Ramones T-shirt and they wanted to start a band inspired by the Ramones. Mass found my number somehow and they asked me to be in the band. They didn't know I had a guitar, but we were lucky because they had bass and drums. So we started to rehearse. We started together and the lineup is still the same apart from the second guitar. It felt like a team from the beginning.

Susan: What aspect of the music got you interested?

Andrea: I already felt like a misfit. I already felt like that even when I was listening to rock music, and I didn't really fit in with the mainstream stuff, the disco clubs, and all of the people I was meeting in my life. So I got into being with the few people I felt good with. It all started with a little bit of alcohol, drugs—stuff like that—like everybody does at sixteen. And, actually, we felt really good about punk music and the punk philosophy, whatever that is [laughs]. It was really cool for us to play squats, trade stuff with other bands, and trade shows. Inviting bands, starting a little scene in our town, and playing for the first time out of our town was exciting and it kept going. I feel very lucky.

Susan: What bands did you get into after the Ramones?

Andrea: When we started, we were all fans of the Ramones, the Misfits—the only popular bands that were known in Italy—Descendents. We had a lot of the history of the '80s punk in Italy, but we had no idea there was a punk rock or pop punk scene going on at the time. We heard about Lookout Records and Screeching Weasel in '95. That was an exciting surprise for us. When Green Day got big, Lookout Records had the chance to promote their bands in Europe, so actually it was the first time we heard about the Queers or Screeching Weasel. We were into all kinds of music: oldies, rock'n'roll of the '50s and '60s. We are music fans, so we have always been curious about it.

Susan: Were your parents cool about it? Are they okay with it now?

Andrea: They didn't really get the point that we are a band. They still feel like, "You're going to America? You guys have fun..." But in the last few years, they have been looking at our interviews in Italian magazines and they're actually starting to believe that we are a band. We show them the records, but they still feel like, "Is it in the record shop down here?" "No, it's not." "Okay, so you guys, uh, have fun with your friends." We had to make a few choices that led us into not having a real big career. We still have regular jobs. We use our free time to go to England, and record, and not being professionals.

Susan: It used to be believed in America that if you followed all the rules, you'd end up in the right place, but it's not really like that anymore so people are comfortable doing what they want to do. I don't know if it's like that in Italy.

Andrea: Here (in America), it's easy anyway to live without having a regular job. You can get a part time job or maybe you can get a job while you're not touring and then go tour again. Anyway, you can have a flat on your own. In Italy, it's different. The economy is really different, so once you have a job and you've got a house, you've got to stick to them absolutely. You've got no choice. It's not really easy. There's not a lot of work for people, so it's not really easy to find a job. Actually, I'm thirty-three, and I've been missing my good chances to have a career.

thought we could get more shows and fun. We ended up working too hard and stealing food at the supermarket, so some of us moved back after a few months.

Susan: Tell me about your hometown. Is it spelled La Spezia or Las Pezia?

Andrea: La Spezia. But on merch, ads, and stuff related to the band and the club, we often write Las Pezia. It sounds funny and exotic in Italy. Also, the Ramones misspelled the town's name in the *American Band* book and we are so devoted as fans that we decided it had to be changed. La Spezia is a town of about 100,000 people, but the punk scene is quite big because of what we started. A couple of years after the Manges started, the guitar player left the band and formed the Peawees—they are a very good rock'n'roll and punk band—so we have these two bands working hard in town. We have a club, called Skaletta, where all of the Manges have worked. I worked there for three years as bartender, art director, and promoter. Mass worked there. Manuel is there every day, and Richie worked there. So the club feels like home for us. And the Peawees singer started another club in town. That club does shows in the summer and the Skaletta club does shows in the winter, so there's a big punk scene and many bands have started. People from Northern Italy come down to see the shows because they know the club is small, but it's cool, and they say, "I'm going to go to La Spezia because I know I'm going to have fun."

Susan: Are there a lot of sailors in La Spezia? I heard there was a naval base.

Andrea: There's a big base there. Actually, it's not as big as it was before because times have changed and there's no cold war anymore. They're moving all the military stuff to the South of Italy because it's closer to the Middle East. But we still have a lot of American stuff because we are your allies. You have your base in our country.

Susan: Some of your more recent songs have a military theme. What's up with that? Do you write all the songs?

Andrea: No, I write all the music, but the lyrics are made mostly by Manuel the drummer, and me. I was writing a lot of the romantic stuff in the past, and our drummer's lyrics are quite better than what I can write. I really feel like he's giving this style to the band. He doesn't speak good English, but he writes some. He doesn't care about the music, he just writes it like a poem and gives it to me.

Susan: Does he write it in English?

Andrea: Yes. In very bad English. I work on the lyrics and when I write the music, I take all of the pieces of paper—he doesn't have a computer, he just writes it down on paper—and I come up with the songs using his lyrics. Most of the time, it's like this. Or sometimes, I feel like I wrote some good lyrics and if the band agrees, we're going to use my lyrics too. So it's about half and half from me and him. And the military stuff is just because we

yesterday I was told something like,

"You guys should go back to making wine and killing people."



I'm doing what I want to do, so I'm happy anyway. But I don't have all the time to be in the band as I had before. And the kind of music we play, it gives you no chance to be a professional, not in Italy. I think here it's the same, but here, it's just easier to keep going with your life.

Susan: What's your job?

Andrea: I'm a receptionist in a company. I can speak English at work, which is my only skill.

Susan: How did you learn and get comfortable with English?

Andrea: We just studied a little bit at school, and in '97, me, Mass and Manuel moved to London. Being in the band and listening to music has been helping a lot. It's not my first language, but I'm used to speaking English anytime I get out of Italy.

Susan: Why did you all move to London in '97?

Andrea: We moved to London just to leave home, stick together, and go where we

Susan: What are some of the best shows that you've had at your rock club, some of your favorite bands?

Andrea: We've had the Queers, Even In Blackouts, our friends the Kowalskis from New York City, the Jack Saints from San Francisco. We've had a lot of American bands and many European bands come through the club when they tour Italy. It's not big enough for big bands because the room is small, but there are some bands that get less money but play our town because they know that they're going to have fun and they know us, so, actually, it's cool for us.

Susan: Are there big cities nearby that also have punk bands?

Andrea: Yeah. Genoa is about 100 km from La Spezia and they had a good scene.

Susan: Are you all originally from La Spezia?

Andrea: Yes. Me and Manuel's family are from an island called Sardinia which is right in the middle of the Mediterranean Sea, but we were born in La Spezia.

are really into movies and war movies.

Susan: Like the song "My Rifle"?

Andrea: Yeah, that one is from *Full Metal Jacket*.

Susan: The first and only time I went to New York, I saw Kitty and the Kowalskis play and I noticed that she had your sticker on her guitar and I wanted to tell her that I love the Manges too, but I was afraid to go talk to her...

Andrea: No, she's so nice...

Susan: I know! I should have. Shortly after that, you guys did the 7". How did that come about?

Andrea: We met the Kowalskis in 2002 because we released a split with a band called the McCrackins from Canada on a label called Amp. They invited us to do a tour in the States and Ontario—that was our first U.S. tour—and the guy from Amp Records hooked us up with the Kowalskis. We did that tour opening for the Kowalskis. That's how we met Kitty. We spent twenty-five days with her and the band, and they

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I said, well,

**“Americans
are pretty good at that too.”**

**Not making wine, but killing people,
you’re huge in that.”**



had this guy who was not in the band—he was the sound man and road manager, like the fifth member of the Kowalskis—who wanted to record us, so one year later when we had the album ready, we flew to New York to record with him. And Joey Ramone died two or three months before and we felt really bad about it. We spoke and said, “We should go to New York.” I felt like I wanted to honor the memory of Joey Ramone, so we said, “Why don’t we go and record the album with Guru?” which is the guy from the Kowalskis. We went to New York, went to Joey’s birthday bash—the first since Joey died—went to CBGB, and spent ten days in New York. During the day, we were recording the album. Kitty was there and we wanted her to sing on our album. We decided to play the *Goonies* theme song from Cyndi Lauper, and she had been singing more stuff with us so we said, “We’ve got these songs. We should release a single”—because we love to release singles—and after a few years, we took the chance to do that.

Susan: How did it come about that Jon Jughead toured with you guys last time?

Andrea: We met Jon in our hometown because he had been posting messages on the internet saying that he was going to be traveling across Europe and wanted to find people to spend time with and help him find a place to stay. I spoke to Ben when

Screeching Weasel released a Manges cover—“I Will Always Do” in 2000—and I knew Jon a little bit from speaking with Ben about it. I wrote Jon and said, “If you want to come to our town that would be fine, stay with us, no problem.” He said he would come, so I met him at the station and that’s it. He spent a lot of time with us in our hometown. He was writing a book at the time; he had this laptop. He spent time writing the book and drinking wine. He felt good with us. We asked him to do a guest appearance at our show in our hometown and the kids went crazy. We had only one rehearsal, then the show, and we had fun so we said we should do that again. The next year when we were planning the U.S. tour, we asked him if he wanted to be with us in the lineup and he said yeah.

Susan: What’s up with the *Vengeance Is Mine* 7” cover?

Andrea: It’s a picture from a Russian prison. There’s this girl, her name is Alix Lambert. Mass has been in touch with her because he takes care of the graphics and art stuff. Manuel used to collect books about tattoos, prison tattoos. Two days ago in San Francisco, he saw a guy and he said, “You’re a hooligan in England.” And the guy said, “Well, yes, how did you know?” I wouldn’t have even thought about it, but Manuel, his passion is tattoos. We wanted

to do a video for the “Vengeance Is Mine” song using Alix’s pictures and film that she took in Russian prisons, so maybe we’ll release the video. I don’t know; we’re doing DIY stuff with the videos. We really do not try to have professional videos released.

Susan: Who wrote “Rumble in Chinatown”? (lyrics: *I met her in a club downtown/She left me drunk in Chinatown/My new tattoo is 10” big/Chinese name of a Chinese bitch/Chinese name of a Chinese bitch...I take it in stride*)

Andrea: That was me and him (Mass).

Mass: It was about that film...

Andrea: *Big Trouble in Little China*.

Mass: We are big fans of that movie.

Andrea: We wanted the song to have something to do with the movie and I was thinking about a girl I knew...

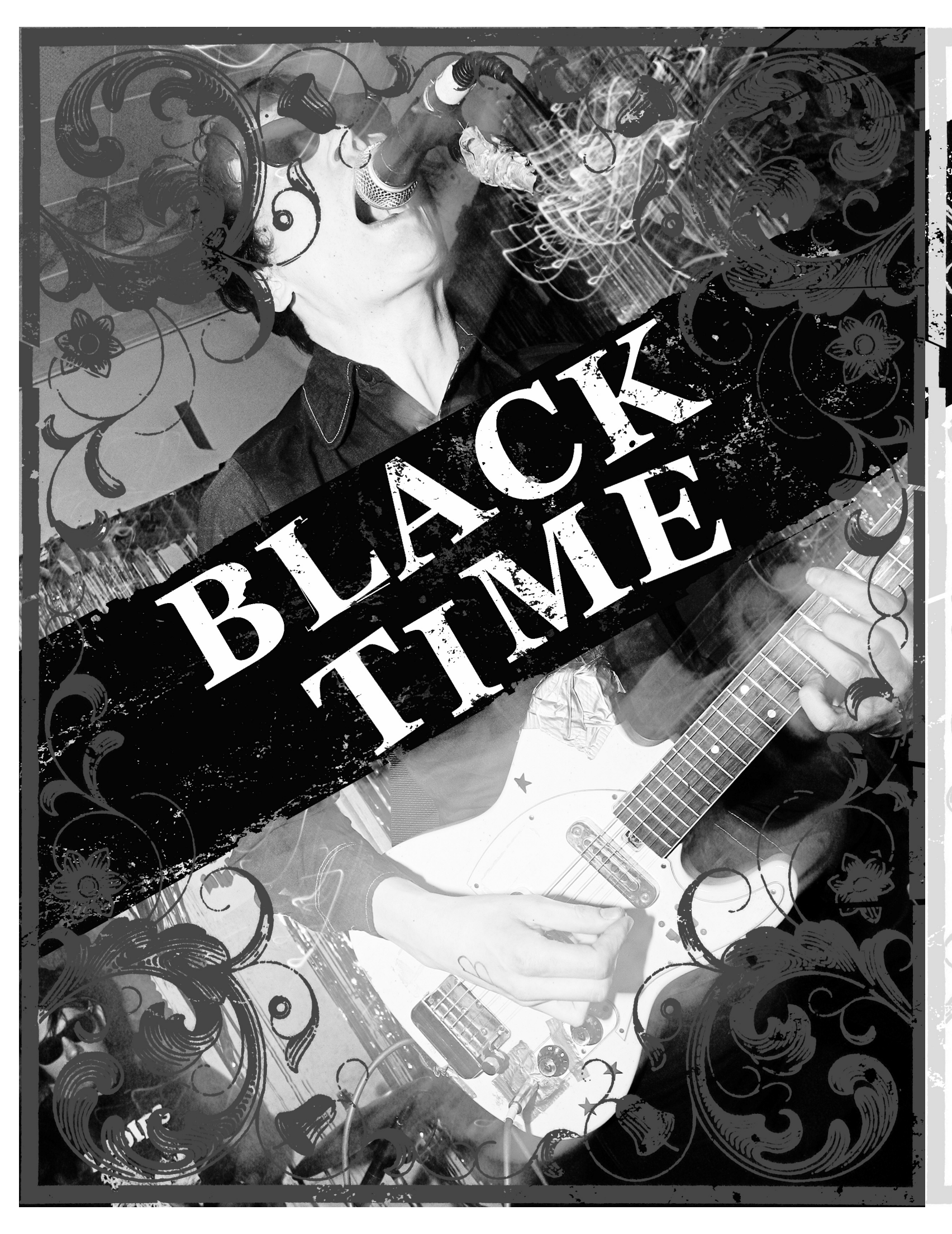
Mass: You didn’t tell me that!

Susan: What’s next for the Manges?

Andrea: The first thing that we will do in the autumn, hopefully, is to release another 7” with Mayo on vocals, so it’s going to be Mayo and the Manges. We had Kitty and the Manges and it’s going to be Mayo and the Manges. He actually sings on the *Go Down* album. The “Wonder Wheel” song, that’s his vocals.

www.manges.it
www.myspace.com/themanges





BLACK TIME

INTERVIEW by MOR FLEISCHER
and RYAN LEACH
PHOTOS by TIGER LILY
DESIGN by KEITH ROSSON

I found Black Time's first record, *Blackout*, in the oldies section of Los Angeles' Amoeba Music. I thought for sure that it was a fluke. At the time, I was on a hunt for Los Angeles punk rock records no one had heard of. And these clever guys! Naming one of their songs "Catholic Discipline" and quoting Black Randy on the back cover! I thought I found some long lost gem. With a smile stitched on my face, I took the record home. I put it on my turntable, hit play, and waited. I listened and listened and listened. The "Catholic Discipline" song was not a Catholic Discipline song; Black Randy was nowhere in my hearing range; and all the songs sounded like the same fucking band, over and over and over. (Kickboy, where are you?)

Well, you know what? All the tracks were by the same band—Black Time! And you know what else? My smile never faded, because the songs were some of the best I had ever heard. *Lo-Fi Garage Soup for the Manic-Depressive's Soul!*

Fast forward to 2007. With two full-length albums, a split 7" with the Husbands, and a hand full of other singles out for your listening pleasure, Black Time refuses to disappoint. Ryan Leach and I had a chance to stand up outside in the cold with guitarist/vocalist Lemmy Caution and drummer Mr. Stix—just a half an hour before the band's first show in Los Angeles. —Mor Fleischer

Behind LiLiput, Black Time is the second greatest Dada rock 'n' roll band ever, and, along with Miss Alex White, the most promising group on In the Red. —Ryan Leach

Ryan: Okay, so it's your first time in the beautiful United States of America; I'm just being facetious. Can you tell us—the benighted Americans—when you guys and gal got together?

Lemmy: Well, the first record was done in 2004—and then we started playing shows. We got our first gig sometime around Halloween 2004; we just had a party with some friends of ours. We've been playing since then. Black Time has been around for about three years and a bit. I can't count. No, actually—'cause it's not November 2007 yet—so we've been playing for two and a half years.

Ryan: What were you guys doing previously? Were you playing in other bands?

Lemmy: Yeah. It's pretty much Lisa's (Black Time bassist; AKA Janie Too Bad) first band. But we (Lemmy and Lisa) had a little project before called the Quickies that lasted for just a month. I've been in a bunch of bands. I was in a band in England called the Action Time, which was more of a mod/soul/punk thing. I did a band called the Hot Wires and Glenn (Mr. Stix) was in some bands before.

Mr. Stix: I was in a band called Police and Thieves.

Mor: Good name!

Mr. Stix: Definitely. But they were sort of starting to break up and then I met Matthew (Lemmy). We were both drunk at the same place. We didn't actually meet that day; we met the day after.

Ryan: How did you come across an American who hadn't really played bass before—and decide to make her your bassist?

Lemmy: She lives in London. Actually, I originally met her at an Action Time gig. She was a DJ on a college radio station in Denver, Colorado—Radio W1190. I think she just got one of our singles in the station and was playing it on the radio. A few weeks later, she was on holiday in London and was looking at a local listings thing and found out we (Action Time) were playing; she came to the show. Lisa introduced herself and we just kept in touch. I mean, this was years ago. And then she ended up moving to London to do some further studying. We all live in London now. She ended up getting a job there, so it was a bit of a chance meeting, but we've been friends for years.

Ryan: Did she kind of learn as she went with the bass?

Lemmy: Yeah. The band we did before before, the Quickies—it was almost like a weird art project where we only had people who had never played in a band before or were playing an instrument that they'd never played before.

Ryan: Yeah, yeah. Like Alex Chilton's *Like Flies on Sherbet*.

Lemmy: Yeah! I played drums 'cause I'd never ever touched a drum kit in my life. My friends Robert and Jenny—they kind of played bass and guitar 'cause they'd never done that before. My girlfriend was playing keyboards 'cause she's never been

in a band before. And the band only existed for a month. We had a list of rules—one being that we'd form the band on the 14th of January and we'd split it up on the 14th of February. We did a tape and a bunch of shows, but we just wanted to see how much we could achieve with a set amount of time and rules; and some of those rules were all the songs had to be about a band breaking up and all the songs had to be written within ten minutes.

Mor: I know the whole Black Time thing was kind of a theme band. Is that why you changed your name to Lemmy Caution?

Lemmy: I have a stupid name in every band I'm in. I like stupid punk names, you know? I've always liked Billy Childish or Darby Crash or Tomata DuPlenty. I like the idea of being this destructible character wherever you are. I don't really do music most of the time. I work a boring job and I like the idea where it's—like—I've got this other life where I'm just recording angry records in my apartment. And I've got a stupid name and I'm doing these stupid songs.

Mor: I know you recorded your first record on analog. Do you still record on analog equipment?

Lemmy: Yeah, it's still exactly the same. My 4-track has the most limited means imaginable. It's just a 4-track cassette player.

Ryan: Like an old Tascam or something?

Lemmy: Yeah. But it's not even that good. It's like an Akai or something.

Ryan: A knockoff!

“I like stupid punk names, you know? I like the idea of being **this destructible character** wherever you are.”



Lemmy: Yeah. It's not even as good as a Tascam. It was donated to me by the bass player of my old band. It has opened up new worlds for me. I've never had a chance to do my own recordings before. I've always been in bands where we've had all these ideas about how we wanted things to sound, but we couldn't really translate that sound in a professional recording studio where you've got some producer working with you in his fifties: a guy who plays in a blues rock band or something.

Ryan: He recorded a Level 42 album.

Lemmy: Yeah, exactly. He just talks all the time. It's better to fumble around yourself and get sixty percent of your recordings done accurately—from what you've got going on in your head—then rely on someone else who will only get it done with ten percent accuracy.

Ryan: Yeah, agreed. Everyone we know has received your record in some enigmatic way. Like Mor found your record at Amoeba in the oldies section under the “B miscellaneous” card a couple years ago, right when it came out. And Larry Hardy (In the Red owner) told me you came to his attention in a weird way.

Lemmy: Oh, I don't know. I don't want to trip up Larry's story! I just sent him a record. I just sent out a bunch of records to people I admired—bands and labels. I don't do it for feedback; I just want to use it as a form of communication. I never really heard back from all the other records I've done. I heard nothing from Larry at all. But this band the Hunches (also on In the Red) came to London and I really liked them. And I was talking to them—I think Lisa knew Ben (drummer of the Hunches); she introduced us—and she said, “This is my friend Lemmy. He plays in Black Time.” And Ben said, “Oh my God! Larry loves that record.” I thought he was bullshitting me.

Mor: Didn't Larry tell you that Lemmy didn't put a return address on it or something?

Ryan: Yeah, yeah. He couldn't find your address. I was interviewing Larry for *Razorcake* too and I asked him what he had coming up. He said he was putting out this band I had probably never heard of—Black Time. And I said, “Hell yeah. I know who Black Time is. My girlfriend came across them in this really fluke circumstance.

She probably got their record before you did!”

Lemmy: Yeah, she probably did.

Ryan: There were only a handful of people who knew who you were.

Mor: The original pressing of your first record was really small, wasn't it?

Lemmy: Yeah. You got one of the 500 records pressed. It was probably a promo I sent out. Someone I sent it to was probably like, “Oh, what's this shit? I'll take it down to Amoeba!” [laughs]

Mor: [laughs] If they did, they didn't know where to file it!

Lemmy: I really like that idea, though. I think we're in the last generation where that's going to happen. I think because of the internet, people know about everything instantly now. When I was a kid growing up, you had to take a risk on a record because it looked cool or something stuck out about it.

Ryan: And you want that tactile object. You want a record. The internet destroys that for a lot of people. I only like records, no other formats.

Lemmy: I'm with you on that one.

Mor: Tell me about the change to CD, because I read you don't like CDs. And Larry put out your first record on CD and your second one as well.

Lemmy: Yeah. I can understand the reasons for it. He's running a label and everything.

Ryan: So tell me about your broken wing. You were supposed to be out here earlier. Did you fall off a skateboard or something?

Lemmy: No. I wish. [laughs]

Ryan: You've got to come up with a good story.

Lemmy: Yeah. I was masturbating or something.

Mor: Don't you run the Myspace page?

Mr. Stix: No. That's me. I've created a monster.

Lemmy: He's the skateboarder.

Mr. Stix: I would like to say that he whipped out the skateboard and fell down the staircase, but it wasn't that glamorous. Although you can print that!

Lemmy: I have a really bad combination of being really, really clumsy and I'm really short-sighted. I just can't fucking see a thing. I was packing the drum kit away and I fell off the stage; I fell on my wrist really hard. Although I'd like to say I was doing a really great drum

solo out of my head with—what's an American beer?—Sparks or something. And the drum kit exploded on my hand.

Ryan: You were on PCP.

Mor: How did you meet the Husbands?

Mr. Stix: We met them last week!

Lemmy: [laughs] That's true. I had mailed them one of our LPs. I was just a fan of their music. I asked them last year as well, but they had other commitments. We had to find another band to tour with, because of gear and everything. So we just thought about bands that we liked. I don't know if they had heard of us before, but they agreed. They're great people and we've had fun.

Ryan: They are. Sarah from the Husbands is in another band called Her Grace The Duchess and I DJed one of their shows. I've become really accustomed to promoters and bar owners fucking me over on a routine basis, but she—a member of a band on tour—had the grace to dip into her own group's money and pay me. That was one of the nicest things anyone has done for me recently—at least in terms of the seedy world of promoters and rock'n'roll. The world of ubiquitous conmen.

Lemmy: Yeah, they're awesome girls. And they're a great band.

Ryan: And one of them is missing a tooth! That's fucking hot!

Lemmy: Yeah, Sarah. She's fucking rock'n'roll.

Mor: That's another story of injury. Maybe she slipped on a banana peel?

Lemmy: No. I'm sure she's got a proper story. She got cold clocked by somebody or something like that.

Ryan: And you guys are doing a split single together?

Lemmy: Yeah, it's on sale tonight. We just did a split tour? A label from Chicago called Show And Tell put it out. I can't believe it—here we are on tour with them and we have a record out with them.

Mor: Are you going to put out another full-length album soon?

Lemmy: Yeah, I gave Larry from In the Red a tape of references a few days ago. It's not quite done. It's a bit of a weird record. It's going to have a lot of slow, dirge-like songs on it.

“You want to make it
big in London?
Leave the
instruments.
Buy the hair
products.
Do loads of
cocaine.”



Mr. Stix: The album is called *My Broken Wing*. [laughs]

Lemmy: It's a concept album!

Mr. Stix: With a gatefold sleeve of your wrist.

Mor: I love your concepts. Ryan and I really like “Mystery Shopper” off of your new album.

Ryan: That's one of the things I really like about you guys—your concepts. I mean, there's the Goddard reference and I really like that 'cause his movies have—at least a lot of them—anti-capitalist overtones and I hate capitalism with a deep passion.

Lemmy: Yeah, yeah.

Ryan: And number two: I really like your ethos. For instance, on the back of your first album, you reference Catholic Discipline and Black Randy—Los Angeles is missing that. In fact, the guy you met just a few minutes ago, that's my friend Gabe from the Starvations and Fortune's Flesh. That guy is a real anomaly. He's one of the few people in Los Angeles who really embodies that early Chris Ashford-recorded and released Germs single. Los Angeles doesn't have that anymore. People think that's around, but it's not. I consider you more of an L.A. band than just about anyone else around here. Conceptually you come closer to matching the description I mentioned earlier than anyone I know in L.A. outside of Gabe.

Lemmy: It's similar to London. It's one of these cities everyone expects to have a great scene...

Ryan: Isn't it really expensive?

Lemmy: Yeah, it's really expensive. It's one of the top three most expensive cities to live in. I think the order is New York, Tokyo, and London. Touring bands come to London thinking there's this really amazing scene—because in the past it had a really great scene just like L.A. did—and it's really dead. There's a really small scene of about ten people. There are a lot of bands—it's just that all those bands are made up of the same ten people. For instance I play in a lot of bands, Glenn (Mr. Stix) does too. It's a very small thing.

Ryan: You find that in Los Angeles too. L.A.—it costs an exorbitant amount of money to live here. And look what's currently coming out of Memphis. Jay Reatard pays something like \$250 a month in rent. The scene in Greenwich Village was similar in the '60s. The Velvets and the Holy Modal Rounders came out of there. It cost nothing to live there. Now nothing happens there 'cause the price to live there has gone through the roof.

Lemmy: There are no rules, though. New York—it's a yuppie hellhole, but there might be some cool isolated thing you don't know about. But, yeah, I think it's easier in some place like Memphis where there's cheap rent, cheap places to rehearse—cool venues.

Mr. Stix: You want to make it big in London—leave the instruments, buy the hair products, do loads of cocaine.

Ryan: That's the Sunset Strip! That's where the Roxy and the Whisky are. That's where

the Germs would get kicked out, where the Screamers played.

Lemmy: Yeah. I went to Oki Dog yesterday!

Ryan: Yeah! The Masque is still around. I heard it used to be a storage facility where Christian films were stored in the '80s. You have to go to the First Baptist Church where Jeffrey Lee Pierce and the Gun Club took photos. It's off of Sunset.

Lemmy: Yeah. Is that the cover of *Miami*?

Ryan: No. That was taken in Santa Monica, right near the beach. The Baptist church is on that *Early Warning* collection of songs. Jeffrey's holding a gun.

Lemmy: Yeah, I know that one! There might be some sort of energy lingering.



THE LOVE ME NOTS

INTERVIEW BY KAT JETSON

PHOTOS BY KAT JETSON AND GUSAN MAIORAMA // LAYOUT BY LAUREN MEEGORE



If you like your vocals sultry, keys in the form of a Farfisa, drumming primitive, bass diabolical, guitar fuzzed-out, and your martini shaken not stirred, the Love Me Nots are probably your new favorite band.

Tipping their hat to garage rock nuggets circa 1966, these cool cats and kittens hailing from the desert are the most stylish DIY band on the planet! Okay, not sure about the planet, but definitely from Phoenix. And even though it might be their striking black and white/Emma Peel-esque package that's piqued your interest, it's the quality of their music that make the Love Me Nots more than a fashion flash in the pan.

What began as a side project has now become a full-time gig itself, thanks to a whirlwind of collective musical inspiration and accolades from a slew of glossy and fancy magazines clamoring to give their two cents praise.

Once the band settled in at the club and drinks were in hand, we began our marathon interview at the Auto Zone parking lot (high class) where a certain member openly admitted to loving Foghat and Adrian Zmed in a three-minute time span. Also discussed, and surely of interest, is Christina's security nightmare of a purse, the stuck-to-a-window life expectancy of a Haribo gummy bear, and of course, a pool full of kittens. And ascots...

Nicole: keys, vocals

Jay: drums

Christina: bass

Michael: guitar

Kat: Did you go into this project knowing that you wanted to have something visually appealing, as well as musically appealing?

Nicole: I didn't—not at first. I never thought I'd be in a band where it took more than a couple of minutes to get ready for a show.

Michael: I've always liked bands that had a great stage image. Not necessarily matching, but something that appealed to the eyes.

Nicole: I took Michael's word for it that we needed some sort of memorable look.

Michael: Coming from a design background, I had an idea of what I thought might look cool. Nicole and I drew up the rough ideas and the band seemed cool with it.

Nicole: Michael came up with the bolder graphics and the black and white thing. So we came out to Hollywood one weekend and went looking for cool clothes for the band.

Michael: There was nothing.

Nicole: We didn't find one single thing. So we ended up sitting at this Brazilian restaurant; drinking wine in direct sunlight for hours, and drawing dress ideas on the napkins.

Michael: We came back to Phoenix and gave the napkins to this costume designer there. She made the first ones. Nicole's mom made one of the early ones too, actually.

Nicole: Now everything's black and white everywhere. Even on Ebay there's a ton of stuff to choose from. It's weird. We get a lot of our dresses on Ebay and have them fitted and worked on until they're just right.

Kat: How much of a role do you think the visual aspect of your music attributes to getting people interested enough to listen to the music?

Michael: I think it helps to have a striking package. It sort of separates you from the crowd.

Nicole: This critic told us that our press kit jumped out at him from the pile on his desk, so he just opened ours that day out of all of them. That can't hurt.

Michael: As long as the music can back it up.

Nicole: Yeah. The look just gets you in the door, then you have to play...

Kat: Do you worry that you'll literally be painted into this black and white corner? Sort of like one expects the White Stripes to always wear red and white.

Michael: I don't think so.

Nicole: Nah. Well, maybe.

Christina: It's good to have a look that people can match up with the music in their heads. They remember it. But I'm getting sick of wearing the same colors all the time.

Nicole: Hopefully we'll branch out into some new stuff. And some new boots... God, I need new boots!

Michael: I'm not worried about it. As long as we keep some sort of monochromatic look, it doesn't matter what the color scheme is.

Nicole: I know we'll do something new for the next album. We just haven't agreed on what the new look will be. Maybe we'll all dye our hair blonde or something.

Kat: What's your attraction to playing this type of music?

Nicole: When Michael put on his old Animals' LP last year, I could not get it out

of my head. The light bulb went on, and it's still on. Must be the killer organ parts, the awesome vocals...

Michael: I just love the sound of a certain kind of fuzz guitar and organ together.

Nicole: When I graduated from a synthesizer Farfisa sound in my last band to a real Farfisa organ in this band, my head almost exploded. It was so cool.

Michael: And there's an element to garage rock and even more refined garage, like The Animals, that just hits me. I'm a big Sonics fan, too. It's raw.

Nicole: Definitely. The Animals stuff is a little deeper and darker at times. More soulful than your standard garage stuff. You can hear the blues in it. I'm from Chicago. There must be some old bluesman stuck in the back of my brain somewhere. With the beer-soaked



bratwurst and the Cubs...

Christina: I just like it 'cause it kicks ass!

Nicole: It's funny; a lot of what our other bands do has a little retro vibe to it, as well. We just all have that in us.

Kat: Can you tell me what your first practice was like, and how things have sort of progressed from there?

Michael: Nicole and I actually met on MySpace.

Nicole: Yeah, sad but true. Michael emailed me on MySpace and said he was coming to see my other band play. I knew who he was from his other band, The Sonic Thrills. I was so nervous because they're such a good band. They were like my favorite Phoenix band at the time. They still are.

Michael: I was looking for a singer for this side project idea I had. I went to hear Nicole's band, and I was knocked out by her. Eventually, she agreed to it.

Nicole: It took a little time to make it work out, but we got it together. We started listening to a lot of old records and writing some stuff.

Michael: By the time all four of us got together, I had been playing with Nicole for a couple of months while we were writing the songs. And I'd played with Jay for many years in our other band, so I was comfortable with both of them. I already knew both of them had amazing abilities. I had only seen Christina play live, but was impressed by her when I saw her.

Nicole: I called her out of the blue and asked her if she wanted to do a side project with us. I felt like a total dork. But she basically said, "Yeah," and "What time do you guys want to practice?"

Christina: I thought it was just going to be this once-in-a-while thing—like a show once a year or something.

Jay: I only agreed to join because I heard Christina was going to be in it.

Nicole: We didn't think Jay would be into it. He's already in two other bands.

Michael: But when we all got together and started playing, Christina just had a natural feel for this stuff. She knew where all the hits and pickups should be without thinking about it. It just seemed very obvious. It was really easy.

Nicole: The whole thing sounded like a finished product, even the very first take of the very first song.

Christina: I was so nervous before the first practice so I decided to drink before I showed up. I was badmouthing everything, and then after the rehearsal they didn't call me for a month...

Nicole: We did try to call her, but there were something wrong with her phone or voicemail. We thought she hated us. It was a mess.

Christina: I thought they didn't like me, and they thought I didn't like the songs.

Nicole: Actually, we were totally blown away. All the stuff we'd been hearing in our heads just came to life.

Michael: It takes great players to be able to do that, and they're all great players.

Kat: You mentioned that you practically wrote half your set at your first practice. What do you think attributed to your music inspiration with this group of people, and consequently, your pretty rapid rise in success?

Nicole: Really strong drinks and really old instruments.

Michael: Playing with great musicians is the key to it.

Nicole: These people don't do anything half-assed. Even when Michael makes a martini or when Christina makes a Bloody Mary, all the ingredients have to be exactly right and then they throw it all together and it's perfect. It's just like that with the music, too.

Michael: We're all fans of primitive music.

Nicole: It's simple, chord-wise, but you have to play the hell out of every single note. You have to sing the phrases like that one sentence is all you get. So it might be primitive but it's taxing.

Kat: What do you think has attributed to your rather quick success?

Nicole: Our stupid dresses. Okay, they're not stupid. I love them, but it's aggravating when a reviewer gets all distracted by the fact that there are girls—ooh, live girls!

Michael: Sometimes they forget to review the music.

Nicole: Even in this day and age people are still surprised to see girls who play rock at a serious level. That, and the look of the whole band together get a lot of attention, for better or worse.

Michael: I think the rapid rise of this band can be attributed to our promotional work. We do almost everything ourselves in this band—the art, the contracts, everything.

Nicole: Yeah, we work our butts off on the business side of things.

I DON'T HAVE TO LOAD
THEIR GEAR INTO A
VAN AFTER THEY'RE
DONE PLAYING.

Daily. I think Woody Allen said 99% of success is showing up, right? Well, the Love Me Nots try to show up everywhere you look. We make sure of that.

Kat: Do you think with the advent of downloadable and online everything there's a missing link in music? There's nothing really physical to collect or cherish. No flyers, posters, fan clubs... Do you think there's any way now to compensate for that sort of loss?

Christina: Well, with MySpace you can reach 10,000 people with one posting.

Kat: What television or movie role do you wish or think you could play?

Michael: Jack Bauer (in 24).

Christina: Tura Santana from *Faster Pussycat! Kill! Kill!* If I had boobs...

Nicole: Someone in a spy movie. I need an evening gown and a gun. Or at least some microfiche or something. Although, I always wished I was Grace Kelly in *Rear Window*.

Kat: Have you seen the new Bond movie?

Jay: Like, five times so far on the plane. It's a good movie.

Nicole: [Pointing to Michael and Christina]: These two hate to fly. They're scared to death every time.

Michael: We're asking for drinks before we even get in the air.

Christina: And I always get stopped at security.

Kat: Because of the cucumber in your pants?

Christina: Yeah, my cucumber.

Nicole: She has this furry purse with a chain on it. The security people hate that purse.

Kat: Oh, I see it over there. Wow! You could walk your pet with that chain.

Nicole: That's probably why she gets stopped all of the time—they think it's alive.

Christina: They take everything I pack. Even this lavender oil I had, which was like two drops of liquid. Meanwhile, Jay brings in this huge Naked Juice and doesn't even get stopped.

Kat: Complete these sentences: It would be awesome to hear one of our songs _____.

Jay: With a twenty minute drum break in the middle.

Christina: In Greece. On a beach, coming out of a boom box.

Jay: You said Greece and I thought you meant the movie.

Kat: *Grease 3*, maybe?

Jay: Or with Adrian Zmed in *Grease 2*. My favorite line in that movie is, "Tonight, we bowl."

Kat: Like it's so serious.

Nicole: I'd like to hear one of our songs as the title song for the next Bond movie. "Break My Heart" was totally made for it!

Michael: I'd like to hear one of our songs sung by Eric Burdon from The Animals. And then on the B-side of the split 7" it would be us covering an Animals song.

Nicole: "Inside Looking Out." That's the song we'd have to do.

Michael: Eric would have to sing "Alley" from our record.

Kat: If I found a \$100 bill right now I'd _____.

Christina: Buy alcohol.

Kat: Or maybe you could buy your Faster Pussycat boobs.

Jay: [Joking] I'd bring it to lost and found.

Kat: Awww...

Nicole: Maybe that's why you never get stopped at airport security.

Michael: [Pointing to the van] Gas for this thing.

Nicole: I'm sure there is a drive-thru in our future tonight. And tomorrow, and the next day... A hundred bucks would buy a lot of tacos.

Kat: When I'm on tour I really miss _____.

Christina: Nothing. I don't like home. I love being on tour and experiencing something new every night. I wish I could do this forever.

Nicole: Me too, but you can only eat at drive-thrus and gas stations so many times in one day. That's the only thing that bugs me about it. And finding Wi-Fi hotspots in places like... Bakersfield.

Michael: My shower at home. It's a great shower with one of those huge, plate-sized heads.

Nicole: Jay always brings his pillow.

Jay: Yeah I do. So does Christina.

Kat: We like it when the audience _____.

Nicole: Drinks. That makes club owners happy, too.

Michael: Likes us back.

Christina: When they wear black and white. And when they dance.

Michael: And then helps us load the van. Without dropping anything.

Jay: There's an audience? We like that. That's enough.

Kat: The coolest bit of random information I know is _____.

Nicole: That in 1912, the Titanic sunk and Arizona became a state. I don't think the two are connected though.

Michael: There is so much useless crap in my head. You can still be hung for stealing a horse in Arizona.

Nicole: I think that's just a rumor. That would be like, capital punishment.

Kat: What cover band would you want to do just for a one-off show?

Michael: The Animals.

Nicole: Ooh, the Seeds.

Jay: [Pointing to his belt buckle, which says "Foghat"] I got this buckle today. I'm always talking about Foghat. But actually, it would be Cheap Trick. When I was twelve, I learned how to play drums by playing along with *Live at Budokan*.

Christina: The Cramps.

Nicole: I don't think I could pull that off.

Kat: What do you admire about a band that's not your own?

Christina: I don't have to load their gear into a van after they're done playing.

Michael: Their ability to write a good song.

Nicole: Their ability to get along with each other even after they write a good song and go on tour together.

Kat: Have you ever played "fill the pool"? Basically, the idea of the game is, what would you fill a pool with if you had a ton of money? For instance, I would fill the pool with Fluffernutter.

WHAT DO YOU THINK ATTRIBUTED TO YOUR PRETTY RAPID RISE IN SUCCESS? REALLY STRONG DRINKS AND REALLY OLD INSTRUMENTS.



Michael: Kittens.

Nicole: You can't do that. You're allergic to them.

Michael: Then crisp, cool, blue water with a case of Modelo and six limes next to the pool.

Nicole: I'd fill mine with red gummy bears.

Kat: Like, Haribo?

Nicole: Only Haribo.

Jay: You're into Haribo.

Nicole: Totally into it. Stick a gummy bear on the window of your car and it'll stay there for a year.

Kat: Is that a known fact?

Nicole: We've tried it.

Kat: What happens if it's a leap year? Will it stick that one extra day every four years?

Nicole: Uhhmm... Yes.

Kat: [to Jay] What about you? Would you fill the pool with ascots? I know you're not wearing an ascot exactly, but...

Jay: It wants to be an ascot. I just can't find the right ascot.

Kat: Is this the only one you wear?

Jay: It's like a ghetto ascot. Christina was supposed to bring me a

Pucci one. It's blue. I was going to spring it on your guys. Blow your minds. You know, with a little color.

Kat: Any plans to add some color?

Nicole: This album is *Black and White*, so we're trying to keep that visual going, but then who knows?

Kat: Maybe Dynasty blue and gold is in your future?

Michael: It's going to be a totally different thing.

Michael: Like gray. Gray and white.

Kat: So adventurous.

Michael: Then the one following that will be white and white.

Kat: No more white.

Michael: Just decreasing the amount of black from the black.

Jay: I go shopping, and I just don't want to think about it anymore. Everything I'm looking at is black and white and it's driving me insane.

Kat: [to Michael] By the way, that's a really nice guitar you play—the white Mosrite.

Michael: I love it. It's the right sound. I have a lot of really cool guitars and I've tried 'em all in this band, but that one is the one that works.

Kat: You know, the Ventures were endorsed by Mosrite, and they're known for their Mosrite guitars, but I read that they recorded all their stuff with Fenders.

Nicole: We need to get endorsed by Mosrite. Can you still do that?

Kat: What song that makes you dance or get emotional do you wish you had written?

Michael: For dancing, it would be "Cecilia," by Simon and Garfunkel. It's got that great drum beat. [Nicole starts singing the song.]

Nicole: It's a great song. He shuffles all over the room when he hears it. I've witnessed that. I always start dancing when I hear "When Doves Cry."

Michael: Yeah, I'm not much of a Prince fan.

Nicole: Pfft! Yeah right. Christina definitely is not a Prince fan.

Michael: I have about 4,000 Prince songs, 2,000 of which have never been released.

Kat: I think it's pretty amazing. He's a Jehovah's Witness now.

Nicole: Oh no.

Michael: That's gonna ruin everything.

Kat: Seriously. Like, Apollonia—she's Christian or something now. How do you become religious like that? You were hot and now...

Jay: She had a great body, too.

Michael: Oh, for emotional, I'd go would be Leonard Cohen's "Hallelujah."

Nicole: You like a lot of Jeff Buckley, too.

Michael: Another emotional song is X's, "Come Back to Me." That song she wrote for her sister when she died.

Nicole: I wish I wrote "Summertime."

Michael: From *Porgy and Bess*, right?

Nicole: Yeah, but...

Michael: Janis Joplin covered it.

Nicole: We just love Janis' version. It's truly mind-blowing. But really, anybody can do that song and it's always amazing.

Jay: [to Nicole] What about Sanjaya?

Nicole: All right, maybe not him, but everybody else could do it.

Michael: That's the one you wish you wrote?

Nicole: Yeah. Think of the royalties on that thing!

Jay: That tends to factor in.

Michael: "Happy Birthday," if we're talking about royalties...

Kat: I hate that band Wolfmother, but they have a song in a really popular video game now called *Guitar Hero*.

Nicole: Oooh, video games. We need to get one of our songs in a video game.

Kat: Your music needs to be in a James Bond movie and a video game!

Michael: I wish I had written that James Bond riff.

Nicole: We just saw that guy who wrote the riff.

Michael: Vic Flick.

Kat: Is that his name?

Michael: Yeah.

Nicole: He's this old guy now... Look him up on YouTube.

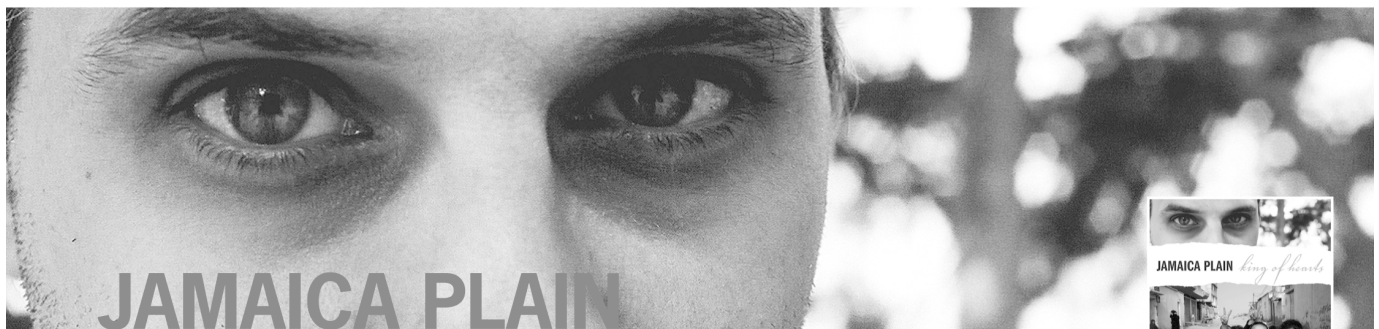
Michael: He actually takes out this acoustic guitar that he wrote the song on. And it's this guitar you just can't find. I know a lot of guitars, and when he said what it was, I looked it up. It's a totally unheard of. Big hollow body...



THE REBEL SPELL

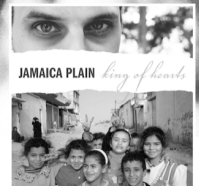
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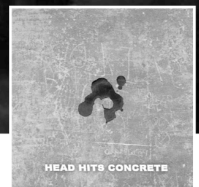
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Nicole: He plays it all quiet at first and then he really gets into it, making it really twang. And that's it. It just takes on this life.

Michael: The whole planet knows that riff.

Kat: Speaking of, what are your cell ringtones?

Jay: Cheap Trick's "Hello There." My wife, she had some atonal piano ring on her phone that was driving me insane. So when she was away I changed it to Black Eyed Peas' "My Humps." And we were out walking, taking a stroll down the street and she was like, "What the hell?" It was just blasting. She was really embarrassed by it. It worked out well for me.

Nicole: I haven't figured out how to download ringtones yet. Sad, but true. I have this stupid, marimba-sounding, two-note, really annoying thing.

Kat: That's pretty great. The problem with the cell phone ring is that you only get twenty seconds and you just want to hear whole thing after that.

Jay: [to Kat] What's yours?

Kat: "It's Not Unusual" by Tom Jones.

Jay: That's great. I'd do "What's New Pussycat."

Michael: You know what? A lot of people have credited Jimmy Page with playing some of the guitar parts on that early Tom Jones stuff, but it was Vic Flick!

Kat: Really?! And the interview comes full circle.

I WANT TO, JUST ONCE, PLAY WELL AND SOBER ON STAGE AT THE SAME TIME. HAVEN'T DONE THAT YET...

Jay: That doesn't sound like Page at all!

Michael: Well, I think he's on that really high-end stuff. Early Page sounded like that. He was a huge session guy in England.

Jay: You know he played with Screamin' Lord Sutch and all sorts of people before the Yardbirds. Everybody played with him. Ritchie Blackmore, and I think maybe Jeff Beck did. Everybody came through Screamin' Lord Sutch.

Kat: He's, like, the portal into super-stardom.

Kat: If you could live in any other era, when would it be and what would you be doing?

Jay: I'd have to say 17th century England during the Restoration, where it was perfectly acceptable for a heterosexual man to be an ascot-wearing dandy in a powdered wig. But then I'd have to wait three hundred years for Foghat to appear, so it's not even worth it.

Nicole: I don't think I'd go back in time. I'd go forward. And then time travel back to wherever I wanted to go that day. I have this crazy time travel obsession. Everybody makes fun of me because two of my favorite movies are *Highlander*—you gotta love the Queen soundtrack—which technically isn't exactly about time travel I guess, but sort of, and *Somewhere in Time*.

Michael: I'd go to the mid '60s in England.

Nicole: Yeah!

Michael: The greatest music of the 20th century was made then and there.

Nicole: Not including Foghat.

Kat: What's one thing you want to do onstage that you haven't done yet?

Jay: Play a twenty minute drum solo in the middle of a song.

Nicole: Lean over and play Christina's bass strings while she does a backbend and plays my keys. We tried it once and Michael wasn't impressed. We'll have to do it sometime when he's not expecting it—in front of millions of people.

Michael: I want to, just once, play well *and* sober on stage at the same time. Haven't done that yet...

Christina: I want to open for the Cramps.

Kat: What, if anything, has being in this band awarded you?

Jay: An excuse to wear ascots.

Nicole: Two Farfisa Fast 3 organs. Not one, but two. One is for parts. Actually, I'm shipping it around the country for our far-away tour dates. No one has this particular organ. They're impossible to find. It was a total Ebay score to find two of them...

Jay: Yawn.

Michael: Worldwide recognition. If you count MySpace friends anyway...

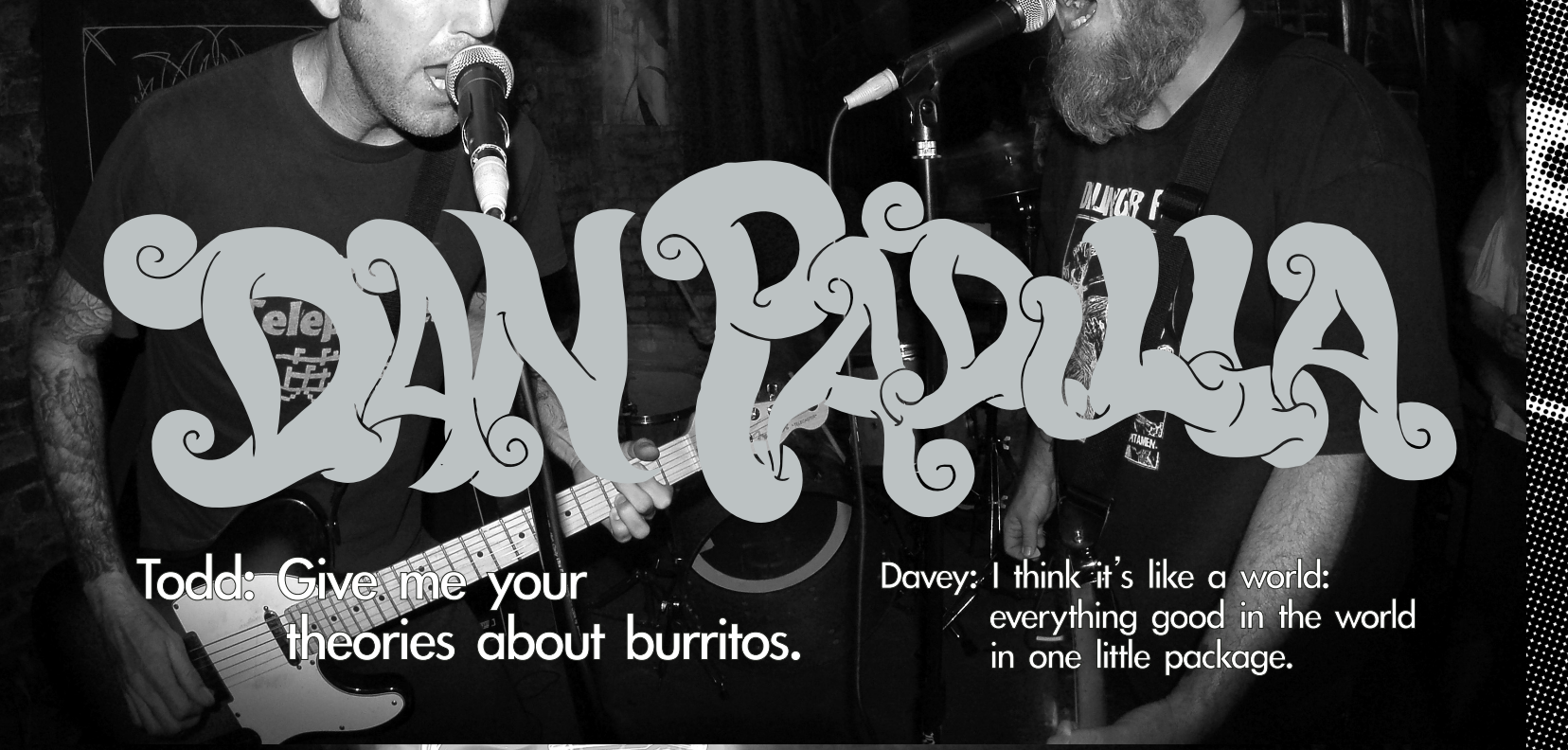
Christina: Touring!

Michael: And playing with three super-talented musicians.

Kat: Any last words?

Nicole: Thanks for sticking through this whole night at our show to interview us. Even after four bands and your date fell asleep in the car and we all ended up standing out in a cold parking lot in the middle of the night... I think it took about five hours to get it done, with all the interruptions, right? Sorry about that. Next time we'll just meet for breakfast or something.

The Love Me Not's:
www.myspace.com/luvmenots



DAN PADULA

Todd: Give me your theories about burritos.

Davey: I think it's like a world: everything good in the world in one little package.



Photo by Shanty Cheryl



DAVEY PADILLA

Dan Padilla is a band, and it is also a man. This interview is with the band. I'll come right out and say it. I feel bad. I really think I hurt these dudes' feelings. You see, I've known Davey for about a decade and met J. Wang several years back, and they're solid gold. Davey and J. are also in this band called Tiltwheel, who are one of my favorite bands of all time and, if you've been reading Razorcake for more than a couple issues, have correctly figured out that they've been one of the musical guiding lights to this zine since day one. So, yeah. I fucked up. Even though I don't believe it myself, just by asking a certain question in this interview—a question of perceived superiority of one of their bands over another—I did a bad thing.

You see, all this shit, this zine you're holding in your hands, and those bands that you hopefully go see, if we're doing things right, none of this is a competition against one another. It's not only active rejection of a consumer-based society at large, but actively creating a culture that's so far under the radar it oscillates between liberating and crushing. It shouldn't be on the backs of others—especially our friends—nor should it carry all that attendant bullshit of who's better, what's best.

Started in Escondido a couple years back, Dan Padilla is three dudes: gruff voiced, bright-guitared, and sneaky-melodied. Dan Padilla is the musical embodiment of their hallowed San Diego burritos: it's all in the intimate details, the obvious love of what they do, and a generous amount of talent. They're much more than just base ingredients slopped together and hosed over with nacho cheese, but a tightly folded world of music in and of itself. Davey's own words about burritos, self-applies to this band. They're "everything good in the world in one little package."



Interview by Todd Taylor
Photos by Shanty Cheryl and Todd Taylor
Layout by Uri Garcia

Photo by Shanty Cheryl

Gene Doney: Drums
J. Wang: Guitar, vocals
Davey Quinn: Bass, vocals

Todd: What song did you lose your virginity to?

Davey: I don't even know if there was music playing. I bet you five bucks it was Attitude Adjustment or some shit like that. Might be Bad Brains, too. It was so fucking long ago.

Gene: Mine wasn't a song. *Hellraiser* was on. That was pretty rad.

Todd: How'd you come up with the name, Dan Padilla?

Davey: Did we go through other names? That was the craziest thing.

Gene: Keystone.

J.: Me and Gene, when we first started jamming together, Keystone was dirt cheap at some place, and we kept buying Keystone and getting horrible drunk off of it.

Davey: We tried Fugazi Osbourne, too.

Gene: But there's a cover band in DC.

Davey: We didn't think of AIDS Frehley until a couple days ago. Dammit. We were born too early.

Todd: Why the name Dan Padilla?

J.: Dan Padilla is a dude in Tampa, a good friend of ours, and we were all wasted trying to think of a name, and me and Davey stayed up all night, drinking: nothing was going on. It was daylight. We were out of our minds and Davey just said it. "Let's name the band Dan Padilla." Dan Padilla's our friend. He robbed some banks because it was fun.

Todd: Allegedly?

Davey: No, he went to prison for it. [to J.] You didn't tell me until the bowling tournament three years ago and I've known him for ten years.

Todd: Didn't you realize that he was gone for a bit?

Davey: No, 'cause he lived in Florida. I was talking to him, and he said, "Yeah, man, when I was locked up..." And I was like, "What were you locked up for?" He got caught on bank number seven.

J.: It was the weirdest thing because you could never, ever imagine this dude robbing a bank.

Davey: He didn't take none of that prison bullshit home with him or anything.

Gene: Didn't he say he wanted to do it until he got a nickname? He finally got one and got busted.

Davey: The Backpack Bandit. He was all bummed out. He kept reading the newspaper about the robberies and got pissed off; they didn't give him a name yet, so he got himself a backpack. I think he read all these different—five to ten—ways that he could rob banks. He wasn't a junkie. He didn't need the money. He said he just did it to do it: a social experiment or something like that.

J.: The only time he's ever said anything to me—but I know he did go to jail—one time he had robbed a bank, came home and had the money in a paper bag and stuck it on top of the refrigerator and totally forgot that he put it up there. The girlfriend came and found the money. "Oh my god, there's a bag of money!" and he's all, "Oh, I wonder where that came from?" Pulled it off like \$3,500 magically appeared on top of his fridge.

Todd: Two of you are in another band, Tiltwheel. Why the formation of Dan Padilla? Why pull Gene into the fold? Why another set of songs? And how is it different?

Davey: [to J.] We did Dan Padilla before you were in Shitwheel.

J.: I wasn't in Tiltwheel at the time. I tried to get Gene to start a band six years ago. 'Cause I knew he played drums.

Gene: I was in retirement.

Davey: How about this? Gene, why didn't you do it for so long?

Gene: Couldn't find anyone to play with. And lazy. Actually, I had a really shitty girlfriend who was totally selfish and didn't want me to do anything.

J.: I finally got him to play and I talked to Davey before. "Hey, Davey, you wanna play? Do a band?" He was, "Yeah." So Gene and I jammed for awhile and we tried to figure out what we were going to do. He was super rusty and I had no idea what kind of sound, as far as guitar, I wanted. We started with acoustic, trying to play really loud; it fed back really bad and was horrible-sounding. That was two years ago.

Todd: Why start another band?

Davey: It wasn't like it started as another

band. J. was done with Altaira because they broke up and they went to Japan after they broke up.

J.: I started writing a bunch of stuff towards the end of Altaira that didn't fit in with that band. I always wanted to play with Gene and finally got him to start.

Gene: I played with Todd (Price of Altaira) first.

Todd: Davey and J., what do you get differently out of Dan Padilla? Why don't you fold Dan Padilla into Tiltwheel... besides the fact that you'd be assing Gene out?

Davey: Because we both want to be Hootie.

J.: It's the singer/songwriter versus recording artist thing.

Davey: I don't know. I have so much fun in Dan Padilla and it's easy. There's no drama. Shitwheel—in my own head, not with band members—the fourteen, fifteen, sixteen years, or however long we've been doing this stupid thing, it's nice to be able to not have to write songs and not have to be the fuckin' guy who's gotta come up with

This kid's fighting the freedom of speech to have a shirt that's a hate shirt at a public high school.



all of this shit. It's not like Shitwheel's like this job or anything, but when it comes down to songwriting time, that gets to be kind of rough. You start getting down on yourself when you're writing. You have your own quotas to meet, or whatever.

Todd: It has its own weight, its own expectation.

Davey: You're right. It has its own weight and it's a fuckin' huge weight sometimes. J. and I get along all the time. We always got along.

Gene: I think it's another reason for him to get wasted on Thursday and not just Tuesday.

Davey: Me, I just like playing music, so I'll start a band anytime with anybody. Even at the camp (The Power Chord Academy, a rock'n'roll summer camp), I started a band with these two kids. We played two shows and wrote a song. It was rad. You gotta stay busy somehow, just to keep from sitting around watching TV.

J.: We've never had any weird shit about any kind of band stuff because nobody gives a fuck whatsoever about anything, pretty much. We're all fuckin' old.

Davey: Seriously. "What are you doing

today?" "Starting a band." It's so weird to see people who put so much time and effort into doing something that's really easy.

J.: For the Dukes of Hillsborough / Altaira split CD, I wrote a song that had no idea of vocals for it. I thought it was good, as far as the way the song was written and the guitars and shit. I was like, "Maybe we should get Davey to come up with something for this song." We recorded it and Davey came down from Escondido to San Diego.

Davey: Did the shower thing, where I was writing the lyrics in the fog on the shower. But it had the melody. Then writing the rest of the lyrics in the car on the way down.

J.: Nobody had any kind of idea of what the song's vocals should be like or anything and then Davey started singing. We lapped his vocals and did another track on top of it. "Fuck, that's so rad."

Davey: [laughs] That was pretty rad, wasn't it?

J.: [laughs] I should know. I wrote it.

Todd: Here's something that Tiltwheel's taught me over the years. There are things

that aren't overt in the music itself, but hanging out with you guys and knowing you guys personally, is that you have a lot of resistance—politically, emotionally, and personally. When I listen to *Hair Brained Scheme Addicts*, eight years after the fact, the songs are still relevant.

Davey: Well, it's not like, "Fuck Thatcher."

Todd: How do you personalize your resistance without diluting it, without it becoming too transient? Any time I'm in with the "normal population," like, say, an airport, I feel alienated from most of those people. They *believe* in commercials, set their lifestyles around their core principles.

Davey: I did a thing (Power Chord Academy), get with kids and ask the kids, "Who here has an iPod?" Every fucking hand raises. There was always one kid whose hand didn't raise and they get the high five. But, seriously, that what's they believe in. They get sold on these things. I'm not being iPod-specific. We have a friend that buys every kind of Nike shoe there is. Loves Nike.

J.: He's a cool dude.

He's got the right — freedom of speech but he's still a fuckin' asshole.





Photos by Todd Taylor



Davey: But people get caught up in that shit. People get caught up in brand names. And, even when get involved with music people, they get so caught up in genres. “What kind of band are we?” “What kind of band are you?” You’ve got to label it. It used to be that the suits labeled everything and now the people label it.

Todd: Democracy.

Davey: It’s fucking weird.

J.: Everything I write—I have beliefs about things—but my mind changes all the time. Especially political views. “I feel fuckin’ strongly about this!” about something right now. And in two years, I’d be like, “You’re a fuckin’ idiot. You didn’t know anything about it.” As far as songwriting, I’ll call people out for being an asshole, but as far as giving solutions, I have no solution to any problems. We just wrote a new song about a kid in the Northeast that got tons of media press for wearing a shirt that says, not “Homosexuality Is a Sin,” but something similar to that. This kid’s fighting the freedom of speech to have a shirt that’s a hate shirt at a public high school. He’s got the right—freedom of speech—but he’s still a fuckin’ asshole. That’s why politics are so fucked up. Politicians are covering their shit from two years before and sugarcoating everything. They made mistakes, they changed their mind about something, or something happened and it rubbed their face in it. Everybody’s human. We know shit’s fucked up, but try to solve problems with the way you believe?

Gene: I think we like to have a good time. I think we all have kind of the same views. At times, I don’t really have the same ones, at least not as extreme, but I think I’m more extreme about other things that they would probably think are pretty stupid. It’s fun to listen to them arguing, even when they have the same views. They’re kinda yelling at nobody.

Davey: I like complaining about people who don’t exist.

Todd: If you don’t address politics directly—you guys like to drink—people will dismiss you, like, “Oh, they’re just a bar band. They’re just knuckleheads.”

Davey: At the same time, I know me. I’m not completely one hundred percent politically driven. I’m not one hundred percent emotionally driven. I’m not driven by baby, baby, baby. Not exclusively. But when you’re fucked up in the head and drink a lot and have crazy ADD and stuff, all that shit’s just a big whirlwind in your head anyway. Something you write; pissed-off politically about something, but you’re not specific, you’re just writing. How many times have you been loafing around and you feel fucked-up? When you’re happy, you never question why you’re happy. When you’re fucked up, you always ask yourself why you’re fucked up. Sometimes you don’t even know. You get a state of melancholia. Lyrics can be the same sort of thing. J.’s song about his granny, “Mamie Is Free,” I’ve been reading those lyrics.

J.: My grandmother, I think it was ‘91—my grandpa died when I was young—she came home from church and there were two people

in the house and they tried to kill her; stole my grandfather’s guns. They thought that they probably had killed her.

Todd: How’d they hurt her?

J.: They shoved her in a furnace closet and locked her in there. Then they went up the road and ended up murdering a family of four and burning the house down. My grandfather’s guns were part of the murders and my grandmother had to go and testify that they were the same people. It always bothered me. It was probably the most serious song I’ve ever written, but that was really, really off-kilter as far as us as a band.

Todd: How are you going to feel about performing that song to a bunch of dudes with their shirts off, drunk off their asses?

J.: It doesn’t matter. It’s done.

Todd: That’s important because I don’t think people casually observing you see the texture of what you guys do. Yeah, you’re having fun. We’re retards. It’s a celebration.

J.: Did you just call your friends retards?

Todd: Yeah. I say that affectionately.

Davey: Bad Religion has great lyrics and their fans are the biggest bunch of dipshits in the fucking world. “Bwwwwgaahhh! Date rape!” How do you do that? You’re going to sing a song about your granny? First off, you fucked up by trivializing it into some stupid punk rock song.

J.: That’s my only solution to something that’s bothered me for a fucking long time.

Davey: I was on his case. He was telling us this story when we were on tour; we were driving past the turnoff to his granny’s.

J.: We went right by where all this shit happened in Mississippi, which is out in the middle of fucking nowhere.

Davey: It’s where the Highway 61 crossroads is—Robert Johnson. (Robert Johnson traded his soul to the devil there for guitar-playing genius.) It’s just on the other side, diagonally, about thirteen miles from a college. It’s plantation-ville back there.

Todd: Davey, you and your wife Annie have gone on a lot of peace marches, right?

Davey: We went on a few. There’s a lot of political action in Escondido, but that’s been so disheartening because nobody’s learning anything from it. But, maybe something will come up. The Hazelton thing, they shot that immigration law down, which is a huge victory for us in Escondido because that means that that shit ain’t gonna happen there, either.

Todd: Hazelton is a person?

Davey: Hazelton, Pennsylvania is where they tried to deny renting apartments to illegal aliens, for a citizen to get a fuckin’ roof over your head.

J.: The landlords have to check. They end up getting fined if they rent to illegals. (Hazelton proposed an act to impose a \$1,000-per-day fine on any landlord who rents to an illegal immigrant.)

Gene: They were encouraging people to rat on these landlords.

J.: A bunch of towns in Texas were basing their whole systems on what was going on in Escondido at the time.

Davey: The Feds shot it down. Now they’re

digging so deep now. Now they're using the stereotypical, "Mexicans have a bunch of cars and a bunch of people living in one house." So they're trying to say that the single family home has to actually be single family. And that's what everybody calls it: single family home. It's completely white and nobody realizes it.

J.: I want one.

Davey: I have no idea, but I will speculate from the speculum that it's a whiteboy term, a racist term, because there are people who live communally. Irish people live communally.

Gene: That law, everybody knew it was a Mexican thing, but what if you're from Germany? It doesn't make any sense at all.

Davey: That's the bullshit thing about it and there's no way to enforce it without it being racist. Now what they're trying to do is have this no overnight parking thing in Esco.

Todd: Pasadena's that way.

Davey: In our house alone, we have four or five cars, so what are we going to do? That's totally targeting the Mexicans. They passed a law that says you can't park on your lawn, which is fucking stupid anyway. You should be able to park on your lawn.

Todd: You own it.

Davey: It's your lawn. You could pour buckets of shit on your lawn, but you can't park on it.

Todd: What do you guys disagree about the most?

Gene: "Pizza or burritos?"

Todd: Give me your theories about burritos.

Davey: I think it's like a world: everything good in the world in one little package.

Todd: Every time I go out of the Southwest for any period of time...

Davey: It's awful...

Todd: ... the burritos suck, except Chicago.

Gene: Where in Chicago? They put nacho cheese in everything. Everything else they have there is really good.

Davey: Nacho cheese sucks. It's not "nacho" and it's not "cheese." Burritos: it's like shitting on your own toilet. You might have a comfortable seat, but the water temperature's off. It could be the same color toilet, everything. Something's wrong.

Gene: We put hot dogs on pizza.

Davey: Take a pizza crust and pour nacho cheese on top of it and bake it, then throw hot dogs on top.

Gene: A deconstructed pizza.

J.: "Dude, we gotta go somewhere. We're not going to fucking have a good burrito for a month." The last thing we do when we leave, get a burrito, and when we get back to Southern California—it doesn't matter if you're in California or anywhere near the Southwest—until you get Southern California and get a fuckin' burrito. San Diego, specifically, is burrito heaven.

Todd: So, do you think that Dan Padilla is the second fiddle to Tiltwheel?

Davey: Yeah, I do. [laughter] That's fucked up. That's rude. Interview's over. That bugs me, dude.

J.: That's an awful question.

Todd: It's not a question I believe in.

It's cool to be old and not have any aspirations because you can call people out on stupid shit



Photo by Shanty Cherry

Davey: We get enough of that in your reviews.

Todd: Well, you have two-thirds of the same people. You're a three piece. I'm just doing math.

Davey: We're individuals.

Todd: Individuals that are doing two things....

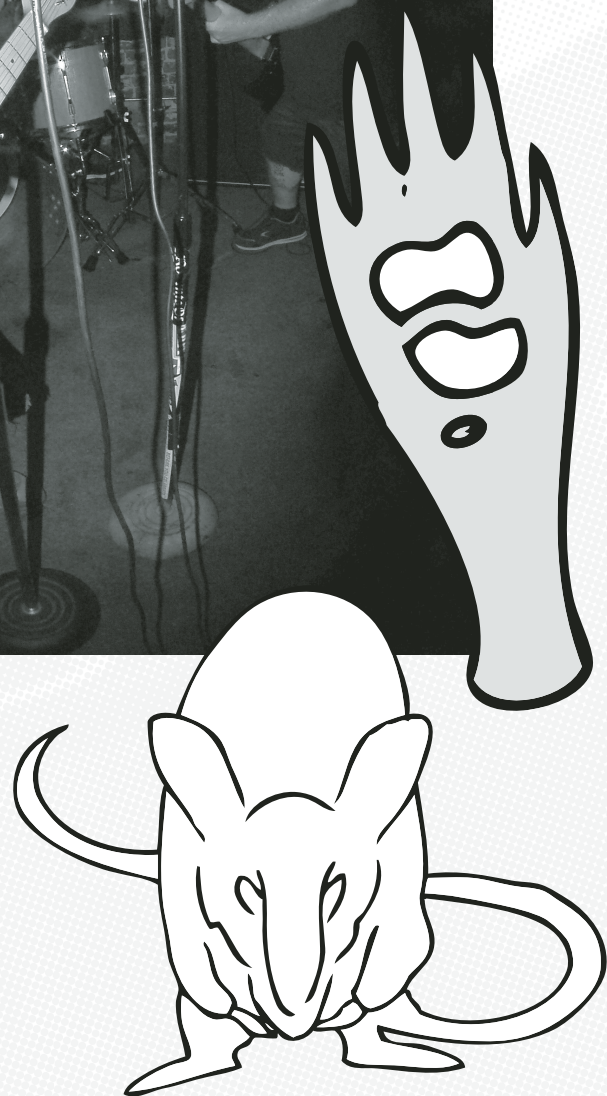
Davey: Do I watch TV and jerk off like I'm in Tiltwheel or Dan Padilla? No.

J.: Paddy (Costello of Dillinger Four) asked me the last time we played Triple Rock. "So, what are you guys doing? Why don't you just do it? What don't you just be one band?" I don't think it was ever created like that.

Gene: a totally different style of drummer.

Davey: The music's totally different.

J.: Songwriting's completely different. Davey writes shit that I could never even think of.





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Davey: That's the hardest thing for people to get to realize: I don't give a fuck.

Davey: I can write shit he writes.

Todd: So, Gene, how does this compare to your other bands?

Davey: Yeah, like Time?

Gene: This one actually does something, I guess. I played here and there. Mostly, I didn't play for a long time because I couldn't find anyone. I played in that old band forever and it just didn't do anything. It was fun. We did that, but after that, I couldn't find any friends to play with. That's why I think it took a long time for me to play with J. because my roommate at the time; met him (J.) at the bar. "Some dude from Florida who was wearing a Small Brown Bike shirt says he wants to play." "So? Whatever. I don't know him." But then J. started playing in another band and we started being friends. After that, it was easy. I get kind of nervous with people I don't know who wear leather jackets and stuff. It's weird.

J.: For the record, I never really wore a leather jacket.

Gene: No, but every other band—whether Chicago or L.A.—the leather jackets scare me away.

Todd: Is it liberating to be in what most people would consider a dead end band? You guys are older. You have no "musical aspirations."

J.: It's awesome.

Todd: This is not a backhanded compliment. There's no expectation posed on you by other people.

Davey: That's the hardest thing for people to get to realize: I don't give a fuck.

J.: I'm super happy. We're all older dudes. The whole thing about all the shit when your parents are, "What are you going to do? Are you going to do this?" "Yeah. We fucking did it."

Davey: "What are you going to do? Be a punk rocker your entire life?"

J.: If you can keep doing that and be happy and doing what you do and people still care—there's not that many of them, apparently. By record sales, there are six hundred fans of certain bands. It's cool to be old and not have any aspirations because you can call people out on stupid shit sometimes.

Todd: What's the best compliment that you guys have received... and accepted?

J.: It's a joke that nobody gives a fuck. Then, every now and then, somebody will actually say, "Man, I listened to that song and I really like it." This is the only thing that I give a fuck about, is doing all of this shit. When somebody who you respect—someone who does something that you hold in high regard—gives you a compliment about it, then what I've been doing is worthy. I got wasted with Phil from The Dukes of Hillsborough. When we first started, there was this song that Dave Disorder (ADD Records) put on a compilation, and Phil was



Photo by Shanty Cheryl

sincere about telling me that he really liked the song. "I'm not into the music that you do. At all. But, that song's so good. I can't stop listening to it." I think he's an awesome dude who has integrity and plays in a rad band.

Gene: It's a pretty big compliment from him. It doesn't seem like that guy likes anything.

Davey: You know what I like, compliment-wise? I like when people throw rad shows; someone opens up their house and they know who we are. They know that we're going to come in and leave beer bottles everywhere. Every time Paddy or Erik (of D4) makes a special effort, those are compliments that don't even sound like compliments, but, to me, they do. For somebody to let you play: I just think it's really cool. It's not like somebody saying they like your band; it's more like what we do for other bands that we like.

J.: It's really nice to go and be able to tour the U.S. and actually have good shows.

Todd: You have a nationwide family.

Davey: It is a family. That's the best thing about Fest. That's when all the family can get together and be awesome in one place for once. It's so fucking cool. We never had that whole festival thing here in the States, like England does. So we don't have a Glastonbury or a festival season, but we have Fest. Fest—six years this time—ushers in so much of that, too, because everybody can get together. I know we don't get together and have a fuckin' meeting when the lights are off and shit, but refueling the fire and friendship.

Todd: What do you think about the most?

J.: Packing record orders. (J. runs Fast Crowd Records with Josh Mosh.)

Davey: If you don't like it, you should just quit doing the label.

J.: I love it, but I have to do it, and if you have to do it, it's almost like going to school.

Davey: You don't have to run a label. You could watch TV.

J.: Fuck you, man.

Gene: J. watches soap operas now.

J.: Fuck you, man. At least I'm not married.

Gene: I think about that a lot. About me being married.

J.: I've got a story for you. We were in Gainesville, Florida last year and playing at the Atlantic. Gene and I had to beg Davey to wake up to finish our set.

Todd: How many songs had you played by that time?

J.: Five.

Gene: Before that, Davey got a mohawk on stage.

Davey: James from Discount gave me a mohawk.

J.: It was a legitimate request. I had to walk over when Davey was sleeping during a show and said, "Davey, you gotta get up, man. We've still got three or four more songs to play." He got on stage when The Grabass Charlestons were playing—he got all excited and goes and sits on the stage where Grabass is setting up—and falls asleep, completely, during their entire set.

Davey: I was fuckin' tired.

Todd: Davey, I remember when you were traveling, doing sound and driving punk rock bands around the nation and you started getting bummed. There are now definite strata involved with punk rock. One is very fashion-forward, geared mostly to really young kids.

Davey: Radiation Gnat told me this awesome story about this kid who was in his shop, holding up A Global Threat T-shirt and a

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Global Threat CD and asking him which one he should buy. Nat's all, "Well, have you heard them?" And the kid's all, "No." Nat's all, "Buy the T-shirt, then." [laughter] Just fucking incredible. I was driving the retro bands around. I'm going out with The Threats in September.

Okay, I go to these shows and here comes Slaughter And The Dogs. There's the hero worship from the kids, for one thing. There are kids who are younger... who were born after the last metal record that whatever said punk bands put out, when all the punk bands went metal-core for awhile. Kids born after that, who are dressing like them, living this thing that they read about in books. I had this fucking crazy conversation with this girl at the school. She's all, "Darby Crash and Sid Vicious were so awesome." And blah, de, blah, ble, blah. I'm all, "They're fucking junkie idiot pieces of shit who died. What's cool about that? You like Jim Morrison, too? Like Led Zeppelin? They're the same fucking thing to me. Fuck them."

J.: I think *Led Zeppelin III* is a great record.

Davey: [in stoner voice] I just like getting stoned and playing with the cover, man.... So, I was telling these kids, "I'm an old man. Most of the punk rock shit you're talking about, I was there for." Now, today is, for me, the best fucking time for punk rock ever. I am having the most fuckin' fun. The people who we're bro'd down with and who are in our community are the best. The people making the music are fuckin' awesome.

Those poor fuckin' assholes, all they have is their consumerism. They have their Hot Topics, their three dollar patches, fifteen dollar shows, their fifteen dollar T-shirts, and they don't have what we have. And it makes me almost look down upon 'em. But, it makes me depressed, because these assholes are walking away with \$3,500, \$4,000 a night and they don't even give a fuck about it.

Todd: And they're often, like, "That's all we're getting?"

Davey: That's their attitude. And the kids are like, "I don't care. My mom gave me \$150 to spend on T-shirts." That's what we make in two days, and spending that much driving. I would rather see This Bike Is A Pipebomb or The Arrivals or Drinker's Purgatory be able to have that sort of money.

J.: To go on tour.

Davey: Without those flippant attitudes of these consumer-minded retards who are out there. That was depressing the fuck out of me.

J.: It's at a pace now—everything's fucking great, especially the shit that's underground—it's really rad to know that you can always be excited about something new coming out. You get bummed out and then, all of a sudden, there's an Off With Their Heads, Hot New Mexicans, and Future Virgins. "Fuck. Where'd that come from?" It's awesome to be excited and know there's going to be that Carrie Nations record that comes out.

Davey: I did meet a lot of cool kids with a lot of good ideas, but, for the most part, if they spent an hour out of their three hours a day putting up

their hair reading a newspaper or listening to a band they've never, ever heard of...

Davey: Doesn't it suck when meet a punk rock kid who hasn't heard Dillinger Four? "God, you poor, dumb bastard."

J.: You know he'd like it, but it just hasn't been marketed right.

Davey: And, of course, I'm not the person who's going to feed that idea of listening to that into your head, because I'm not MTV. I wish I had a pocket of my favorite records all the time. I guess I could if I had an iPod.

Todd: Here's the thing that bums me out is that the underground: in a lot of ways, it has failed. If J. wants to put out a record and make enough money to put out the next record, he runs the risk of being called a sellout if he charges what it cost to make and ship that record. Or, internally, you feel bad. "Man, it almost costs five dollars to make and send this 7".

J.: "I don't want to charge you for it. Just take it." We do small shit. "Let's press 500 7"s, and if they sell out, then we'll press more." Or to put out a nice, full-color, thousand-run CD, it costs \$1,400. Everybody knows that. Just under a \$1.50, at the most. So, you've got these companies manufacturing 100,000 copies at a time, trying to figure out marketing and stuff.

Todd: And owning the distribution system.

J.: And charging seventeen dollars at a record store. There's a huge gap from us actually making a profit, selling them at shows for five dollars—which, there is a profit there, even doing advertising and paying for the recording. Var of No Idea still charges seven, eight dollars for LPs and CDs and they put ninety percent of their costs into that record. People just don't get it. There's a gap, and that's why everything's separated, because it's people who actually care.

Todd: It's such a fine line both ways, too. If I love a band, why should I go into debt for them? Doesn't make any sense. My whole philosophy is sustainable yield. If you really want to go with me through all Razorcake's math, I'll go through it with you. But we win because it's out there. It didn't exist before. That's awesome.

J.: I hope, just as far as interview-wise, people who are reading this understand cost, how much the cost of postage has increased as far as sending out media and records. It's more than a twenty-five percent increase.

Davey: You're going to see that increase go across the board, so it's not going to be singling people out. Dude, every label, everybody who's ever wanted to put a tape out, put out a record, in our communities, they've been shooting themselves in the foot forever trying to keep the price of a 7" the same as it was in 1980. Now, "Fuck, I can't lose the money anymore on postage." The post office is making more than the label. Don't yell at the label. The band ain't making a fucking thing. The label isn't making a thing and the post office is making money. And the fuel companies.

J.: It's kind of hard to tell people how awesome this band that you love is, that

you've wanted to put out when you can't afford to send it to the places that you want, to tell them about it. After you make the copies and you send the band their copies that they deserve, send a couple records out for review, then put an ad out, the price that it's going cost you, per 7" is \$2.50. To send one 7" for \$1.50 is miraculous. You can do it certain ways, but it's usually going to cost you at least \$1.65 to \$2.13 to mail one 7". I hope people understand that.

Davey: Same thing. Guys at the bar bitch about paying two dollars to get into the bar to see the bands, but they don't bitch about paying \$4.50 a fuckin' drink.

J.: That's why twenty-one and up shows suck. You can put merch out all day long. Do you think some dude's going to pay three dollars for a seven inch when you can get one more tall can of PBR? I actually traded a 7" for a tall can of PBR.

Todd: What keeps you going?

Davey: The smile on the kids' faces. [Laughs]

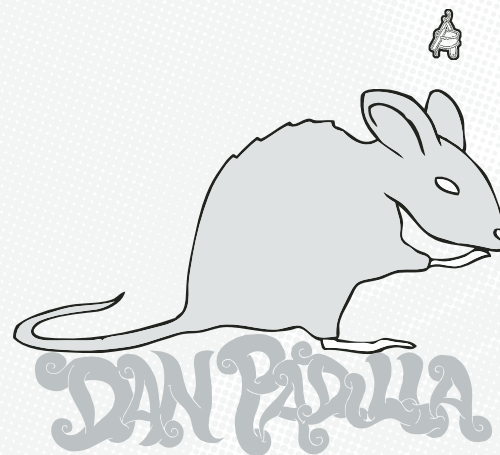
Gene: The love of the simple life. I just like to drink beer, mostly.

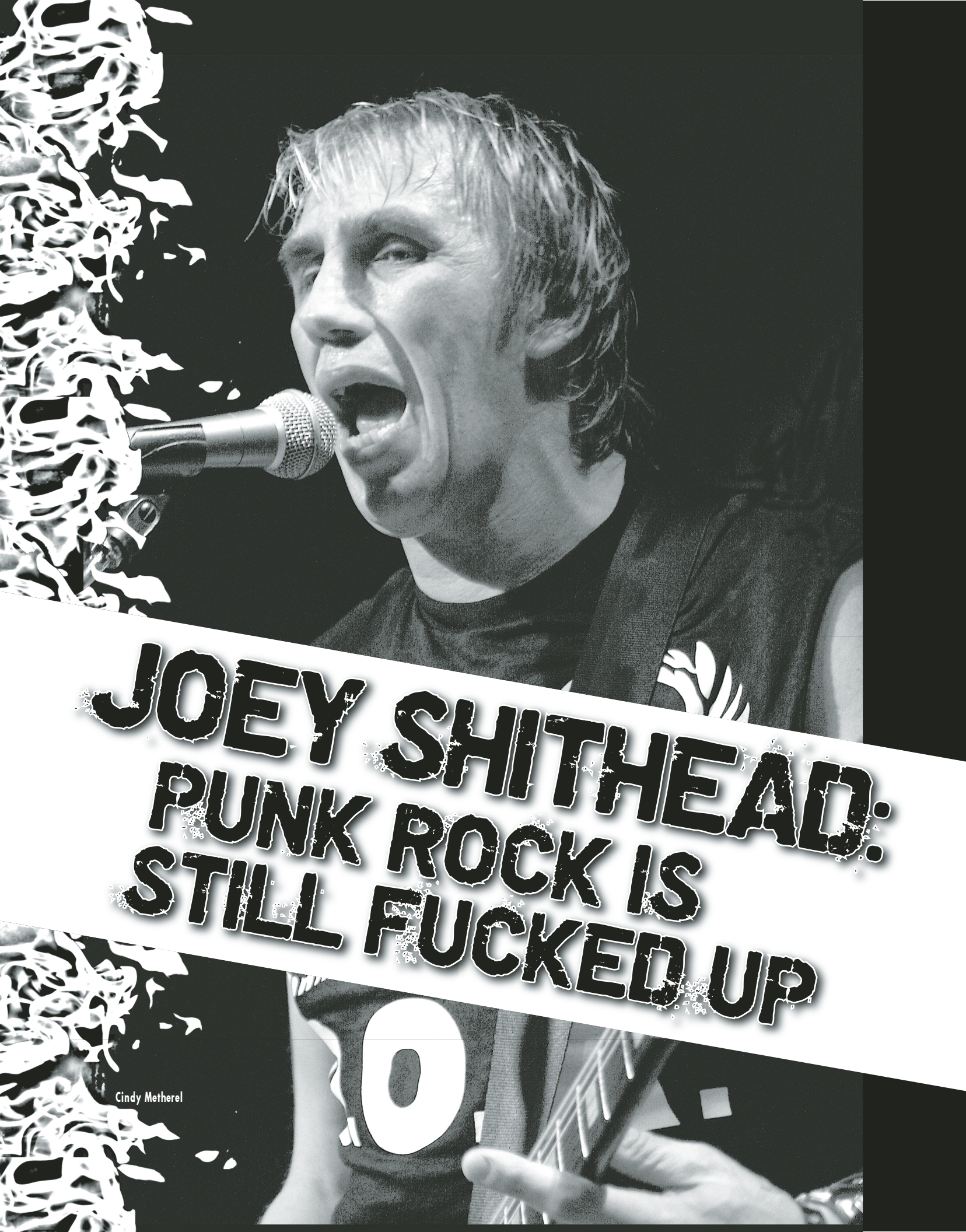
J.: I get really, really uneasy. It's, basically, now that I'm older, it's the only kind of outlet for anything whatsoever. That once-a-week, during the week when I can go and get fuckin' drunk with my friends and play music. I need that. I need some kind of outlet to be okay and if I don't, I'm a fucking asshole. It's true.

Davey: I get miserable and start being pissy towards everybody. It's like crack mixed with being a sports fan or something.

J.: It's going and hanging out with the dudes for one night a week and drinking as much beer as we possibly can before ten o'clock, when Davey's neighbors complain.

Davey: But, this is my argument, too. We may be hanging out with each other and drinking beers, but we're creating something in the process. We're not just sitting, watching football, and watching other people's laurels. What we are doing is justifiable. We destroy ourselves to put ourselves out there for you, the five hundred record-buying public. Buy the T-shirt.





JOEY SHITHEAD: PUNK ROCK IS STILL FUCKED UP

Cindy Metherel

AS A WHITE SUBURBAN PUNK GROWING UP OUTSIDE VANCOUVER

in the early 1980s, I took DOA's lyrics and album covers (like those of Crass and the Dead Kennedys) with a deadly serious, youthful intensity. I couldn't always figure out what they were singing about—I still to this day have no idea exactly what "Nazi Training Camp" is a metaphor for—but their political leanings were always pretty clear, and the angry declaratives at the heart of many of their songs ("I am the prisoner!") were usually more than enough for me to use them as I saw fit. If I wasn't sure exactly what they wanted to burn down in "Burn It Down," there was no shortage of things to choose from. I glowered through the halls of my high school, convinced that "You got to know who your enemy is." (I suspected it might be the vice principal.) DOA singer and guitarist Joey "Shithead" Keithley may not be

quite as slickly articulate as Jello Biafra, but he was local, a gifted sloganeer, and there was something in his gruff, no-bullshit self-presentation that really appealed to me... even though, as a middle class kid, I doubted I could keep up. "We want a world so free we can run wild," I read on one album cover, and I shuddered in fear, wondering what exactly DOA running wild in the world would entail. (Liquor stores would have to post armed guards).

When five local radicals, including Subhumans' bassist Gerry Hannah—an old friend of Joe's—were arrested in 1983, it was DOA that put things in perspective for me, issuing a single and doing benefit gigs to help "Free the Five," including with the 7" a letter Gerry had written from prison, calling attention to the Five's aims. I couldn't help but ask Keithley about such

matters, and to get his take on one of the most interesting and under-appreciated chapters of Canadian history—"When Punk Was a Threat." To crib from Jello's song (which mentions the Five)—where exactly did Joe draw the line back then? Now that he's the owner of a successful punk label, Sudden Death Records—a businessman, when you get down to it—did things look at all different?

As remarkable as the recent Pointed Sticks reunion is, it kinda puts things in an interesting perspective to consider that the Sticks' first gig was opening for DOA at the Quadra Club. Coming back after twenty-six years is something to remark on, but so is NEVER HAVING GONE AWAY IN THE FIRST PLACE. Joey Shithead deserves some sort of Punk Rock Lifetime Achievement Award.

Allan: In the dead wax around the label, for DOA's *Triumph of the Ignoroids* EP, there's a message scratched in—"The Pointed Sticks are Out of Luck, 'cause DOA are the Real Thing."

Joey: [laughs] They were pretty pissed off at that, and so was their manager, Steve Macklam. That was Ken Lester's idea, our old manager, and how I ever agreed to that I don't know, 'cause that was their single at the time, right. We did a lot of shows with them. Their first shows as Ernie Dick and the

**INTERVIEW BY
ALLAN MACINNIS**
PHOTOS BY CINDY METHEREL AND BEV DAVIES
GRAPHIC DESIGN BY LAUREN MEASURE

Pointed Sticks, at the Quadra Club, which became Club Soda and the Starfish and all that. And they got successful when Brinsley Schwarz or whatever was gonna produce them, they got signed, and I think some people got a little jealous that they were getting a lot of hype, right, but when you're young, I think that kind of thing happens with people. But, to me, when you look at it, the Pointed Sticks were the real thing for what they were trying to do, and so were DOA—one was a pop punk band, the other was a punk band. I always really liked the Sticks. I didn't see them too much in the interim. I'd run into Ian Tiles and Tony Bardach more than anybody else, but Nick, I hadn't seen for fuckin' ages.

Allan: Ian toured with DOA, right?

Joey: He roadied on our very first trip and he was goddamn useless, and ate twice his own weight in food and drank three times his own weight in beer, but other than that he was great. [laughs]

Allan: There's a great story in *I, Shithead* (Joey's autobiography) about the merch he made.

Joey: Aw, fuck, those buttons in Seattle. It's great. The top would pop off and the badge was gone. You'd just see these people.... when they get home, they'd probably go, "Aw fuck, DOA ripped me off for a buck!" [laughs].

Allan: There were also weird rivalries between DOA and the Subhumans, right?

Joey: Totally. We wouldn't do shows together at all, 'cause the two managers, David Spaner and Ken Lester—David had managed the Subs—were really good buddies, and what happened was, they were anarchists, and then Ken went into business and opened a yogurt shop. David called Ken a sellout, and at the same time Ken started going out with David's sister, so that made him doubly mad. So then we wouldn't play together on the same bill, because we're like, "We're not going to open for you!" and they're, like, "No, we're not gonna open for you, either, so FUCK OFF" type thing. I think the only time we got together was a fundraiser for the original release of the *Vancouver Complication* record (a compilation of the early Vancouver punk/new wave scene, originally issued on LP in 1977 and reissued by Sudden Death in 2005). Macklam and Grant (McDonagh, of Zulu Records) and (local musician) Phil Smith organized this show at O'Hara's and that was the only time we ever did a show with them.

Allan: There was some story in *I, Shithead* about you causing trouble for the Subhumans on the road.

Joey: [laughs] On their last tour, which kinda helped break them up, they were about two weeks behind DOA doing a lot of the same venues and the same towns and what happened, they had a bunch of shows get cancelled on them or the promoter would be really mad, because DOA had gotten fucked up with like, a riot, or we had once wrecked the stage, or the police had busted the place, and then the Subhumans came two weeks behind us and they're like, hey, "We're the Subhumans from Canada," and the promoters go, "Yeah, another bunch of fuckin' Canadians. Fuck off!" And that was

their last tour, so I'm afraid we're a little bit responsible for the break up. And then we snagged Wimpy to play bass in DOA. Band killer, band killer.

Allan: Sudden Death was not involved in the new Subhumans CD.

Joey: No, we weren't. We wanted to do the new album. Those guys are great friends of mine, especially Wimpy and Gerry. I grew up with them on Burnaby Mountain, like, within two blocks of each other—Dimwit, too, rest his soul. Maybe it was a little bit funny because I'd been in a band with Jon and Brian and they went, uh, "Well, maybe this is a little too close," or something like that. But

Allan: There was a CD put out, too, wasn't there, of Japanese bands covering DOA songs?

Joey: Yeah, we all just put two songs on there. There were seven bands, from Japanese pop bands to noise bands, doing DOA songs, including us. They were all different, no repeats, so there's like twelve different Japanese versions of DOA songs. It was just a riot listening to this, because they had the music down really well, and their singing is really good, right in tune, but with a heavy Japanese accent. It's a great record, actually. It's called *We Still Keep on Running with DOA*. Sudden Death has it on our website. Let's just say it hasn't topped the Billboard charts.

YOU HAVE TO HAVE CHAOS IN ORDER TO HAVE A GOOD DOA SHOW. IS WHAT I'M SAYIN'. THAT'S THE MATHEMATICAL FORMULA.

they're out on G7 Welcoming Committee in Canada and Alternative Tentacles in the States, and you know what, I couldn't think of two better labels to have a great band like that be on.

Allan: There are no hard feelings?

Joey: No hard feelings at all. Brian and Gerry and Dimwit and I, we were like the four amigos, and we started music together, and we did everything through high school and moved out of home together. We're friends for life. And the Subhumans are a fuckin' great band—on a par with anyone who came out from those days, from Black Flag to the Dead Kennedys to the Avengers.

Allan: DOA toured Japan in 2001. What were Japanese fans like?

Joey: Aw, fuck, they were, like, nuts, right? They were so respectful—it's funny. Well, it's not funny, I shouldn't say that, but, it's like a very respectful culture. I don't quite understand it. I'd have to know more about Japan, but, for instance, we were playing a show; one of the opening bands was on, and I was on the stairs, and all of a sudden these guys started fighting—these Japanese punks are having it out. I guess this was at the back of the hall, and the fuckin' band that was on stopped playing and the whole crowd turned around and stared at these two guys. No bouncers came and grabbed them by the collar like they would here. Then they walked outside, and of course, I walked after, because I wanted to see what happened, right? And they were both mad, but they stopped fighting and they bowed at each other and they went back into the venue. I'm going, like, "Ohhh-kay, that's a little different, isn't it?" Usually blood is the order of the day, y'know, some stupid and pathetic thing that we would do in our culture.

Allan: But Japanese fans were enthusiastic about DOA?

Joey: Oh, man. We had this show in Miyazaki, down south, and it's like tropical down there, right? We were amazed at how fuckin' hot it was. It was like bein' in Hawaii, almost, but when we went there, there were screaming people at the airport, going "DOA wah wah wah wah!" and it's like, "Oh my God; you've hit the home run in the World Series!" The fan devotion is amazing.

Allan: (Pointed Sticks guitarist) Bill Napier-Hemy was telling me about how one of the opening bands for a their show over there did some fairly obscure covers off the *Vancouver Complication* CD. How's that CD doing?

Joey: That one, because it was a benefit record, we ended up giving \$5,000 through a donation, and through the show, and through sales, to the Vancouver Food Bank. There's another accounting coming up—I gotta figure out how many more we sold and make another donation to them. It won't be \$5,000, but it'll be something. That one was a funny record, because a lot of people were really, really worked up about it when it came out. I think it's a fuckin' great record, right, but—and I knew this would happen—all the hype was totally concentrated in Vancouver, so people were going, "This is gonna be big!" and the sales went great for about three weeks, and then just completely slacked off, once the hype died down and the show was over. It's just kinda one of those things. When people do find it, you know, from out of town, they'll be like, "Wow, what a fuckin' great scene." I have a friend, Jack Rabad, who runs *The Big Takeover* magazine, and he goes, that's the most creative—he says it's the best scene compilation for this kind of music that ever came out. He's talking North



Dave Gregg, at the Smilin' Buddah, June 11, 1982, photo by Bev Davies

America, Europe, not just talking Canada. And whether that's true or not, y'know—because I'm from Vancouver, I'm inclined to agree. He's a musicologist, and he's been around—he's heard everything, so that's pretty high praise.

Allan: The CD release gig for that was incredible. I thought the Dishrags really stole the show.

Joey: I thought so too, because they were so nervous. It was just really funny. I went over to Jade (Blade, Dishrags guitarist and singer) and said, "How long since you played a show?" and she said, "Twenty-six years." And then I went over to Chris (Arnett, leader of the Shades and the recently-reunited Furies) and said, "How long has it been since you played a show?" He said, "Twenty-six years." I went, "Holy fuck. Don't you guys ever do reunions?" I mean, all these other bands have done reunions. The Subhumans would do a reunion every five or six years, in some form or another. I guess the Pointed Sticks were really only the other ones.

Allan: The Complication gig also got Randy Rampage back in the band (Rampage was DOA's original bassist, and was the original frontman for the metal band Annihilator. He's been in and out of DOA a few times).

Joey: It was really a funny a thing. We were playin' with Dan Yaremko for about two years, I told Dan we're gonna do a few songs with Randy for like old times' sake. Dan started—we did about six

songs with him and about nine with Randy. If Chuck (Biscuits, original drummer) had've been in town, it would've been great to have him there too, obviously, and I'm sure Jan (Rodgers), our current drummer (aka The Great Baldini), would have understood: this is the original guy type thing. Anyhow, it just went off like a bomb exploded. There was just a real connection there. Me and Randy—we've argued and bitched and I kicked him out of the band and all that kinda stuff, but he didn't hold a grudge against me, and it was just a good connection. And he's a total riot to travel with. He's a fuckin' nut.

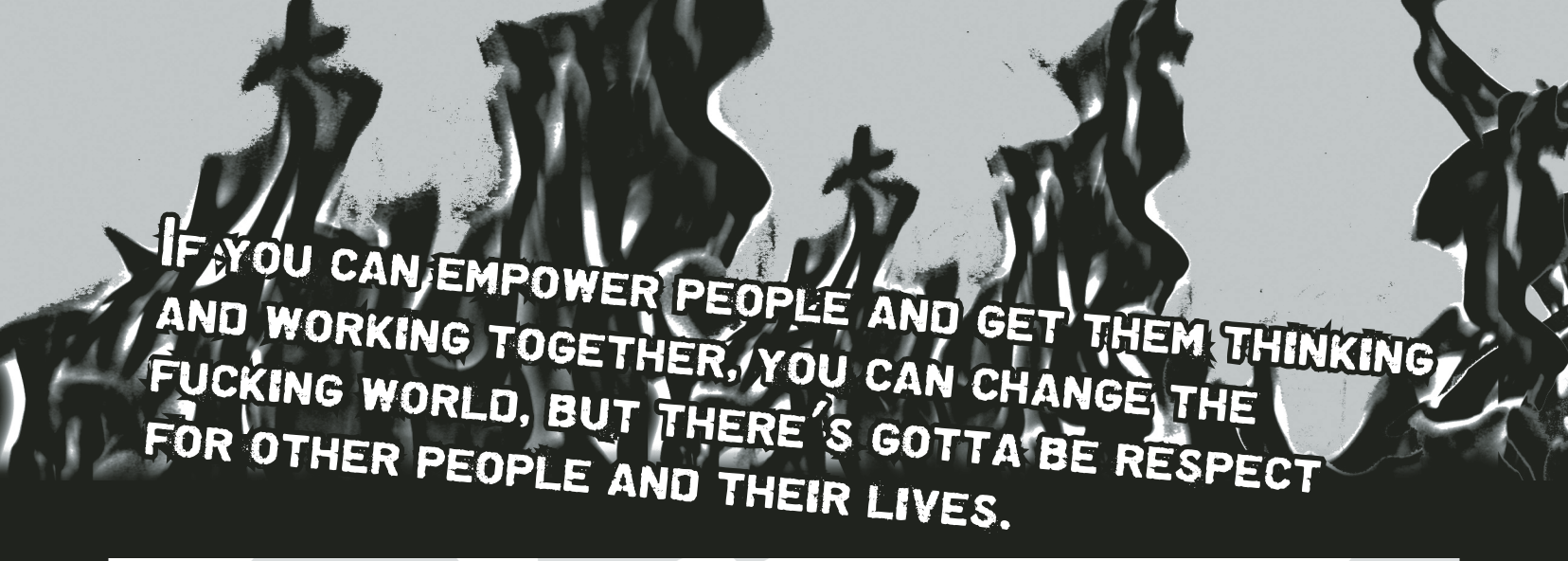
Allan: Any amusing tour stories for us?

Joey: All right—this is like a ten minute story, but I'll try to get it down to five. We were in Germany with Randy in Europe in 2001, right? We've just played southern Germany, and everything's good, but we have to play in Milan the next day, and it's about 1,000 miles and you have to go over the Alps. I get these fuckers up at seven o'clock in the morning and they all pile into the van. It's like one of these Fiat turbo-charged diesels, and they can really fly. I've got the thing rolling down the autobahn at about 160-170 kilometres an hour. I'm passing everybody except maybe the fastest Mercedes. And all of a sudden it's like BRRRRRAKAKAKAKAKAKA and I'm like, "Aw fuck!" I look out the driver's-side window and I can see blue smoke billowing out of

the tailpipe, right, so I know the engine's fucked.

I look over and I see this Esso sign, the only Esso sign I've ever seen in Europe, right, and I fuckin' barge my way through, across four lanes of traffic—'cause you're on the autobahn, the countryside, it goes for miles and you're just fucked. So I got off, and those guys kinda woke up and are goin' "What the fuck's goin' on?" I say, "Get out, get out, start pushing!" And those guys are jumpin' out on the fly—the DOA "men of action" thing—and we push the van up this hill to this gas station. The engine's just fucked—like, we poured some water in the radiator and it came out the tailpipe. We finally get the European equivalent of AAA out to look at the thing. It takes two hours, we're wastin' time, we've still gotta go like 800 kilometers, and the guy looks at the engine and goes, "Kaput!" We go, "YEAH! We KNOW it's fucked. We knew that two hours ago!" But they have to see that the engine's not running before they'll pay for a rental vehicle. So we call up the rental company. We're just waitin' waitin' waitin', and finally this middle age woman shows up with a minivan—a minivan, right? There's a baby seat in the back and baby supplies and all this crap. We go, "Fuck, how are we gonna fit in there?" It turns out that it's a religious holiday, so there are no vans for rent, everybody's rented them to go do these Catholic ceremonies or





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whatever. Anyways, we rip out the back seat and only take about half the stuff for our tour of Italy and we're gonna do six of us in the minivan. The dilemma is, there are only five seats and we've got to go across the Alps! Right away, I go, "Okay, I'll drive!" Rusty, the new guy, has got to sit in the middle with half his ass on the passenger seat, and every time I shift the gear I hit his cheek with my hand, and it's a five speed tranny, so this is goin' on *constantly*. Anyway, it's a fuckin' disaster, we get lost in Switzerland somehow, a tiny little country, a traffic jam in the Alps. It's getting later and later and finally, we get to Italy, and I phone the promoter, and it's this outdoor festival in this old rail yard. "Okay, where the fuck is it?" And we finally get there. We've been travelling for sixteen hours, and the guy is going, "Okay, *you're on in five minutes!*"

Allan: [laughs]

Joey: There are fog machines, and they're just pumpin' this shit out, and we can barely see each other—I can't see Randy on the other side of the mike—and there's major aggro between the bouncers and the crowd because they want to get up on stage and dive off, so there are punch-ups on the other side of the barrier. Anyways, we play the gig. The next day we get down to Rome, and we play this big show at this outdoor place in an old squat, in a big fort that was built for the defense of Rome in the 1840s called Forte Prenestino. It was the German headquarters in the Second World War, and it's been squatted.

Allan: Right.

Joey: This show is like 3,000 people, and the stage is one of these big flatbed trailers. We do really well in Italy, and the people there are just fuckin' nuts—it makes for a great time. So we're playing away, and things are goin' pretty good, and me and Jan are playing, and we're lookin' at each other—and we're like, "Where the fuck is Randy?" And we're hearing this bumbabumbabum from the bass, and all of a sudden, there's nothing. What he's done is; he's come around behind me while I'm singing, he's jumped up in the air, but he didn't realize where the edge of the stage was, and he's gone flyin' into the fuckin' audience with his bass. Later on, he claims, "If they had've had some gaff tape to mark the edge of the stage I wouldn't have fallen off," and we're like, "Aw, fuck, yeah

right, how many drinks did you have before you got onstage," type thing, right? [laughs]

Allan: [laughs]

Joey: So me and Jan are goin' "Where the fuck is he?" We launch into, like, a ten-minute version of "Folsom Prison Blues" to fill time so Randy can get back on stage. I look at him—instead of landing on the crowd, it parts like the Red Sea did for Moses, and he lands in the fuckin' dirt. As he's goin' down, he realizes that he's gonna break the neck of his bass, so he spins around and lands on his tailbone. He ratches his fuckin' tailbone.

Allan: Oh, jeez.

Joey: So we stay in the squat, and word gets around that Randy's injured 'cause he's bruised his tailbone. The Italian tour manager comes around, and we're all sitting there—Randy's all, "Auughh. I don't feel so fuckin' good," right? And we're kinda half-laughing, half-sympathetic, and the Italian tour manager goes, like, "I hear you have medical problem with your ass." So that became the watchword for the tour, "medical problem with your ass."

Allan: [laughs]

Joey: Just after that, then we went to Palermo and Sicily and we all got food poisoning, and we're stopping every hour and you've either got to puke or have diarrhea, so we all had medical problems with our asses.

Allan: You must be thinking at some point, "I'm too old for this."

Joey: The tour started in Poznan, Poland. There were skinheads hiding weapons around the stage, like bats and bricks and these sticks with metal objects in the end and stuff like that. We found the stash and threw them out so they couldn't kill each other while the show was goin' on, right? But a riot happens at the first show. The vehicle is totally fucked up the second day of the tour, so we almost miss a show in Prague. The third day we get held up at the border comin' from the Czech Republic into Austria, when it wasn't part of the EU, and we've got all of these Polish tapes and CDs 'cause a buddy of ours runs a record company there. We didn't declare them, so this guy fines us, like, \$10,000, and we missed the show, and it was totally fucked. This was the *start* of that tour. At that point I'm going, shit, this was supposed to happen when I'm twenty-five years old, not when I'm fuckin' forty-five years old.

It doesn't matter how long you go on, punk rock is still fucked up. [laughs].

Allan: Clearly.

Joey: But I still really enjoy it, because to me, that's, like, an adventure. If you go from place to place and everything's calm and easy, it becomes this faceless thing. The guy hands you a guitar and there's instructions on the stage—"Don't forget you're in Boise, Idaho, tonight"—y'know, the big shows, they have that, right? "Oh yeah, here I am." You're just puttin' on a show with no reason to be other than the fact that you're playin' these notes—it just becomes a mindless exercise. But when you gotta fight your way through this crap, it kinda keeps you alive. It keeps you thinking. If you don't have a challenge, it's just like old people who, if they can't read and work on stuff, they get Alzheimer's, right?

Allan: No danger of that here.

Joey: Not in the foreseeable future... both these stories will be in a new book that I'm workin' on. It won't be exactly the same as the other one, but it'll have a bunch of interesting stuff in it.

Allan: Do you have a title yet?

Joey: No—I've got a summary and I've got one chapter written. It probably won't come out 'til next year.

Allan: Another question from the old days has to do with DOA's old slogan, "Talk—Action = O." I'm pretty fascinated by the history of the Squamish Five. They went by the name Direct Action. I was talking to Glen Sanford, the filmmaker who made the documentary about Gerry, *Useless*. He says he saw around town variations on that, reading, "Talk—Direct Action = O." How much were you a supporter of the Five?

Joey: Well, just to clarify how that came about, "Direct Action" came before our slogan, because it was in 1979 and 1980 that two banks and three government buildings got firebombed, right? The police and CLEU—the Coordinated Law Enforcement Unit—they never really came up with an answer to that, or if they did they made some kind of side deal with whoever was involved and it never came out in public. Direct Action would send communiqués to (local newspapers) the *Sun*, the *Province*, and the *Straight*, and they called themselves Direct Action. And then we got the slogan, it was on the front of this anarchist magazine called

Open Road—a pretty good magazine—and Lester thought this is perfect for DOA, and we kinda just asked them if we can use this slogan, and they went, “Yeah, sure, sure,” type thing. It appeared on the back cover of *War on 45*, and then we started using it a lot after that. But to answer your question: well, if people are being really downtrodden, sometimes they gotta fight back, but to me, the most effective guy ever at fightin’ back was, Mahatma Gandhi, for example, or a guy who fought back against extreme conditions, and had peaceful protests that sometimes went violent. Look at South Africa and apartheid: Nelson Mandela. So, to me, that’s the kind of action where they would just take a strike and try to make the government change the rules, and to me I kind of always envisioned that, as opposed to going and blowing stuff up.

Allan: I really admired how DOA and other local bands rallied around Gerry, though. I mean, it sucks that people got hurt. But it was good to see the scene supporting its own.

Joey: Absolutely, we did lots of fundraisers for him and put out the *Right to be Wild* single. When we got the story, we were in Detroit. We were just sittin’ around, “Oh, what’s Gerry doin’,” and about two hours later Ken phoned: “Gerry’s been arrested on this highway in Squamish.” Then there was all this sensationalist news coverage. They had the cache of weapons they had stashed, or whatever. We didn’t know what was really true, so it seemed at the time that they would have a really hard time getting a fair trial. And that was a lot of the impetus for doing fundraising for them. Now, don’t get me wrong, the points they were making—talking about Litton weapons systems being morally wrong, about people destroying the environment and propagating violence against women—yeah, those were the right causes. They were fighting against things that were totally fucked. And people still are—this is the whole anti-war thing, anti-globalization thing, the degradation of the environment—these are things that, if anything, have gotten worse, not better. But I would not say then that I thought, “This is the way to go fight the man!” I never really felt that way, but I thought Gerry’s one of my best friends, and we should go support him. And they made some good points.

Allan: I actually interviewed Terry Chikowski, the guy who was blown up at Litton. I know Gerry wasn’t part of that, but still, it’s heartbreaking, because, I mean, I thought this would be moving to you in



DOA takin’ care of business with Randy Bachman, 1986, photo by Bev Davies

particular, because one of the main effects is he can’t play hockey anymore (DOA are known hockey maniacs).

Joey: Yeah. That’s a lousy thing, you’re takin’ a real chance, right. I mean, they phoned a warning in, but things like that are always screwed up, right? Someone diverts the phone call the wrong way or they don’t call in time or they don’t take it seriously, or whatever? You can’t take a chance on blowing somebody up. You gotta get a whole bunch of people to agree with you, to change things. If you can empower people and get them thinking and working together, you can change the fucking world, but there’s gotta be respect for other people and their lives.

Allan: I agree, but with songs like “Burn It Down,” is that what you thought back then, in the time after the Five were arrested?

Joey: I don’t know if I totally remember. Everything’s just kind of an impression as it goes by. It was a big event; we never had anything like this happen in Canada for years. It’s hard to say *exactly* what I thought then, but I don’t believe the violent aspect of it was right, and I don’t think I believed it was right at the time, to blow things up. If somebody’s right at your head with a gun, then, presumably, if you got a chance, you’ll try to knock that gun out of their hand, and disarm ‘em, or, who knows what you’ll do, but you’ll try and defend yourself. That’s an understandable action. But to go out and perpetrate violence: violence only begets violence. I guess that’s kinda my summation of it.

Allan: Jon Card was telling me that for awhile around that time, the Vancouver police were really targeting punks. He said that they actually kicked Ken Lester’s door in, looking for weapons.

Joey: Yeah, when that firebombing stuff happened, like, in ‘79 and ‘80, then mysteriously, you couldn’t play anywhere. All the clubs we used to play at like the Windmill and the Buddha and a few other ones around town, all of a sudden said, “No, no, no, can’t book you.” So then we started

doing shows at little halls out the ‘burbs. It was never completely confirmed, but the police suspected this as being the anarchist gathering place, and it got to the point where—I guess this is early 1980, late ‘80, or something like that, what’s now (Vancouver club) Richard’s on Richards was called the Laundromat, for about eight, nine months. I know a bunch of people who claim for sure that the police rented a place across the street, like, the CLEU guys, and videotaped everybody goin’ in or out, so they could get a profile of everyone who would go to this kind of anarchistic punk rock gathering. It was like a DOA show, right? But as far as being directly hassled—I kinda only vaguely remember the thing about Ken’s place, but I can see that happening.

Allan: Did you have any problems with being investigated or such?

Joey: I never got directly hassled. I mean, I wasn’t around town a lot. In those days we toured constantly. We always suspected our phone was tapped, that type of thing. Maybe it was, maybe it wasn’t.

Allan: There was a period right after that when the mood was pretty intense, locally. Where it seemed like shit might actually start happening, around the time of the “General Strike” single and just before.

Joey: I still believe that was a good period, when people really expressed themselves, and I was very proud to be part of that—and I still believe if you can upset the apple cart, that’s a good thing.

Allan: Let me ask you, then—what happened? I saw you representing Vancouver in the film *American Hardcore*, and their thesis seemed to be that one of the things that really caused the political energy of punk to dissipate, in the mid-‘80s, was Reagan getting elected a second time. I’m not so sure about that, but things certainly seem to lack an edge these days.

Joey: Yeah. I don’t think the artists are as powerful or as passionate—that was a unique time. But I don’t think that the politics of punk or hardcore punk—whatever you want to call

HOGAN-BEACH



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it—dissipated because he got elected a second time. Fuck, the one more term of Reagan was even worse! He became more obnoxious as time went on. It sorta like intensified the thing, right? I think what happened—why the hardcore scene split and changed—is that you started to get a lot of bands like the Cro-Mags, or whatever, that started to get a real skinhead thing. And not the S.H.A.R.P.s, but the dumb ones, right? And so that made for a period where—like, we were playing these shows all over the place where it's just like, fuck, we had nothing but fighting with these fuckin' guys, these racists, and sometimes they'd hold a mini-racist-type rally in front of the show. And I think at that point that's when a lot of people didn't want to go to punk rock shows anymore. Rather than getting pushed around in the pit and having a great time, and somebody would eventually pick you up if you fell, it changed and you'd fall down and somebody would try to put the boots to you. And I think that happened much more so in the United States than it did in Canada, 'cause I remember we had nothin' but fuckin' troubles in San Francisco, in Denver, in Houston, in a half-dozen other towns down there, where the racists would just come and start shit. To us, that was the antithesis of punk rock.

I mean, think of the shows we used to do here. It'd be the Pointed Sticks and DOA and U-J3RK5—that'd be a big variation! That's a quite a few years before '86-'87, but having this variation, and having a kind of fun aspect to it, and also a political liberalizing/ revolutionary nature, that drew in a lot of different elements that made it really, really interesting. When the music kind of hardened, when it crossed over to the hardcore and you got a bit more of the metal influence, and drew this kind of "dumb factor," shall we say, that made it a lot less interesting and a lot less pleasant to go to these shows. So that's, to me, kinda what happened. The whole underground thing about being political never really died. It's just never quite come to the forefront like it did in those days.

Allan: Right.

Joey: To me, that's kinda the message for younger artists today, that if you get these kinda pop punk bands and bands on the Warped Tour and MTV and Much Music—if they got off their ass and really pushed some stuff, if these guys kinda used the power and the energy the way guys like Jimi Hendrix did, when you're a really popular artist, you can change a lot of things. I think that if you have that ability, fuck, you should use it! I'm not saying they all don't. Some of them do. There was the whole Rock Against Bush and PunkVoter.com, which I thought was real cool. But not enough people are, that's what the problem is.

Allan: What about bands like Anti-Flag?

Joey: Anti-Flag, that's an interesting one, 'cause now they're on a bigger label. I haven't heard the new record, but I really doubt that they've changed their tune. I think they would keep promoting the same kinda causes that they have been. To me, that's a cool band, but for every Anti-Flag, there's a hundred bands that... [pauses]. I'm not really

a name-caller, calling somebody out, 'cause I know how hard it is to make a living at this, but it's almost like the '60's, where you just sing about cars and girls and trouble in school, you know what I mean? And just because they have a loud, obnoxious punk rock guitar, that doesn't make it punk rock. There has to be an unsettling, confrontational-type, I'm-gonna-fuck-with-you perspective to make it punk.

Allan: Do you think that the Squamish Five getting arrested had anything to do with taking the wind out of the sails of political punk? It wasn't a very inspiring thing to happen. Stand up against the man and go to jail.

Joey: No to me, because not long after that and the potential general strike thing happened in British Columbia in '83, and in '84 and '85 and through the '90s, for us personally, as DOA, we started going to Europe a lot, and the places we would play would be these big factories that punks and leftists and anarchists had squatted and turned into their own place and didn't pay any rent on, and they had these fantastic places where they'd have concert halls and workshops and little mini-schools and libraries, and we were goin', "Fuck, this is the way to go, if you could do this in North America," right? And it was really confrontational, too. We stayed in this one place in Denmark where you couldn't get in through the front of the building. You had to walk in through the back alley, and then climb over this wall, and inside the first wall was a big pile of rocks and bricks. I looked and said, "What's that for?" and the guy said, "That's our first line of defense, when the police come." [laughs]. Then we walked across this big, open courtyard and climbed up this big steel ladder, and went into the squat, and they could pull the ladder up and bolt the door closed. He said, "That's the second line of defence, when the police come—then we just rain this shit down on their heads!" Y'know, when they come to try to kick them out. And to me I went "Wow." And a lot of them were punks, or were slightly sympathetic to it. So in certain areas, it got *more* confrontational, and it had a real point. And like I said, these guys had a real productive nature to it—it wasn't just about chuckin' a brick or somethin' like that.

Allan: Is it still that confrontational?

Joey: Not so much anymore. The squat scene is not as big as it used to be. The music scene is the same as here, and the punk rock scene is still goin', but it's not as volatile. Things are calmer than they used to be, so things are not as much fun. We used to say, with DOA—our template for a good place to visit was like—we hated Sweden and we hated anyplace that was really organized, because



Photo by Cindy Metherel

there was no chance of chaos or anarchy. We always liked Germany, Italy, and England because the punks were always in some sort of confrontation or doing these anti-nuclear demonstrations, and you just kinda got caught up in it. You have to have chaos in order to have a good DOA show, is what I'm sayin'. That's the mathematical formula.

Allan: Tell me about the back cover of *Something Better Change*. What's the story there? (The cover shows a very pissed off guy charging a falling cop with both fists raised).

Joey: I don't know who took the photo, I don't know who the guy is, and I don't know who the cop is, but it's like when Charles de Gaulle came to Quebec in 1968 or '69 on St. Jean Baptiste Day, and went, "Vive le Quebec liberte," like, "Free Quebec," a "fuck you Canada" type thing, a riot broke out and I guess the RCMP (Royal Canadian Mounted Police) tried to bust it up and were unsuccessful, obviously, at least based on that photo, so Kenny came up and said, "Hey, it's a great picture," and it kinda fit in with the theme, 'cause the photo on the front is pretty cool—let's stick this black flag up on there, so you got the anarchist flag type thing, so it kinda tied in.

Allan: John Armstrong (Buck Cherry of the Modernettes) has the joke in his book, "How many punks does it take to change a light bulb?" And the answer is, "Punks can't change anything." Do you feel like DOA has

THE ALLEY CATS 1979-1982

In the mid-to-late seventies, the Hollywood underground music scene hung in limbo. It was a purgatory... glitter rock was over; the soulless thumping of disco ruled, and punk rock hadn't yet reared its spiky head. The Sunset Strip had seen its halcyon days a decade earlier, with acts like the Doors, Arthur Lee And Love and The Seeds, whose legendary live shows hung over the nearly deserted sidewalks like Dickensian specters: The Ghosts Of Great Rock 'n'Roll Past.

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Pleasant Gehman
May 2007

Pleasant Gehman is the author of "The Underground Guide To Los Angeles" and "Princess Of Hollywood". Pleasant's articles on rock n roll, American Pop Culture, The Arts, and Human Interest stories have been published in The L.A. Weekly, The Village Voice, and The Los Angeles Reader

The Alley Cats appeared in the film "URGH! - A MUSIC WAR" released in 1981 which featured many of the top punk/new wave bands of the time and was an international hit.

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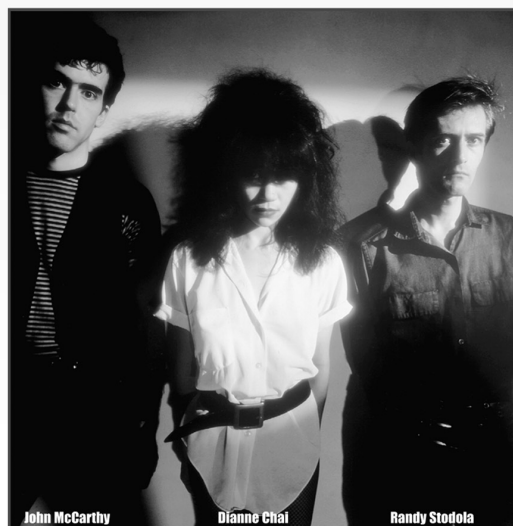
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THE ALLEY CATS 1979 - 1982

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8. THE HOTEL
9. WAITING FOR THE BUZZ
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2. TODAY'
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4. NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD - 2
5. ESCAPE FROM THE PLANET EARTH

Produced by Randy Stodola
Produced by Dan Kessel and David Kessel *

been able to accomplish anything politically?

Joey: John's a really funny guy and he's got a great wit and sense of humour and stuff like that, but, to me, comin' from being an activist for half my life or more, you *can* change things—it can be incremental, small changes, where you go out and do a kind action to help somebody, or you go out and you raise some shit. As far as things I've been directly involved in, I remember goin' to a bus fare protest with Gerry and I and a bunch of our people, and we sat there and blocked the buses on Burrard Street and stuff like that, and the bus drivers got fuckin' pissed off, and yelled and swore at us, and then we'd go on the buses and not pay, because of the fuckin' fare increase, and they'd all be mad. Stuff like that, to me, is really effective, because it got a lot of notoriety. I'm not sure if it slowed down the fare hikes, but it certainly made people a lot more aware that transportation for people without money is a right. How can you get to work if you have no money? How can you get to school? And stuff like that I thought was really cool.

Then there was one show we did—Randy Bachman organized it, I guess this was at the Commodore—I guess about '88, '87, maybe—it was us and Randy Bachman and a couple of other bands, maybe even 54-40, and it raised a bunch of money and the money went to Oxfam, and they used the money to help buy an ambulance to put in Soweto, South Africa. Okay, we didn't change the world, we didn't raise ten million dollars like Bob Geldof or something like that, but this is a way of showing people that you care, or if you do a little thing, that can help people along. I can't think of half the things we did. Another one we really liked—Terry Jacks was doing this thing, like about '88-'89, about pollution from pulp and paper mills in British Columbia, and about how cancer rates were higher in the areas with the mills and crustacean life was getting mutated because of the effluence in the water and the air. So we ended up organizing this benefit—Dale Wiese, it was actually his idea—and I contacted Terry, and, strangely enough, we ended up meeting with Bruce Allen, and we did this show with Bryan Adams, BTO, Terry Jacks and DOA, a *really* strange combo, and that helped create so much press. I'm not sayin' we did it alone, I'm not tryin' to claim this at all, but eventually even the (right-wing) Social Credit government tightened up the rules on the kind of effluence that could come out of the plants, or the amount. And, to me, that's kinda how you change things. People thought, "Wow, is that ever weird, DOA with Bryan Adams," and yeah, is that ever weird, but it had a very good effect, 'cause we were able to parlay Adams' superstar status into a good cause.

Allan: Is there any activism you're engaged in now?

Joey: For a few years there I was kinda involved in the anti-globalization stuff. To me, that was pretty interesting, tryin' to show people that free trade is one thing but what we need is fair trade. And it's kinda gone off the burner now, it's not quite as big an issue as it was, but I still think that's a pretty

valid issue, rather than having our workplace standards and our environmental standards being dragged down to the Third World level, we should try and help drag them up to ours and level the playing field that way. I think the big one that I've always been into, and it's coming back up again in popularity—I thought it had totally died off; people didn't give a fuck, they were too concerned with money—is the environment. And now all of a sudden politicians are all tripping themselves to prove that they're greener than the others. And this will probably be the Conservatives undoing. I don't know if it will be (Canadian Liberal party leader) Stephane Dion's saving, or the Democrats in the United States, but it's good that this is a big issue that this is a public. We're finally realizing that we've been fuckin' things up for a long time, and it's time we cleaned up our act. To me, that's something I'm going to try to get back into a bit. I haven't done too much with it lately, but I think that's the number one cause.

Allan: To go back a bit, you were sort of involved with plugging Warren Kinsella's book, *Fury's Hour*, in which he really trashes Gerry.

Joey: I think Warren pretty well misunderstood Gerry's actions and just sort of did a newspaper account of it. I don't know if he actually talked to Gerry.

Allan: No, he didn't.

Joey: Yeah. So I would say Warren made a mistake with that, and I'm sorry if I helped that along by participating in Warren's book, but Warren's a friend of mine Warren asked me to write a bit for the back of the book. I've known him for like twenty-five, twenty-six years, and most of the rest of the book, I thought, made sense, at least from the perspective that he was coming from. But I thought that was unfair, too, when I finally read the whole thing. It was kind of a rush-type thing. I went through the book really quickly and he said, "Give me a quote" and I gave him a quote. But anyways, I'm not gonna absolve myself and say, "Oh fuck, I didn't read that." I read parts of it. And I didn't think it was fair either. From a guy coming from a socially liberal background, he sorta missed the boat on that.

Allan: Let's move into the present day. What projects are in the works now?

Joey: I just started a subdivision of Sudden Death. I kinda wanted to branch out a bit, right, then we could put some stuff on like, y'know—'cause I like all kinds of music. Let's say I signed a country band, a jazz band, and a reincarnation of Benny Goodman in all of one week, and I sent the CD out and it's on Sudden Death Records, there's a weird aura to it that doesn't quite fit. So this is Joe JSK Media—like Joe Shithead Keithley. It's the same thing, the same staff, and basically we got the same approach—well, hopefully we'll improve our approach. [laughs]. "Not the same approach! Shit!"

Allan: Sudden Death is doing okay?

Joey: Yeah, it's doing great. The next thing I'm working on—me and Baldini are recording—is a new solo album called Band of Rebels. Joe Keithley Band of Rebels, or Joe Shithead Keithley Band of Rebels—it'll be one or the other. It's got acoustic guitar,

but it's very lively, and it's got ska in it too, right? The stuff we're doing tonight, the three songs, they've got a little touch of Eddie Cochran in 'em. It's a funny, rockin' mix, but I'm pretty happy with it. Sean from Profile and I have been workin' on it for a couple of months, and it's cool. It's taken a life of its own. We didn't know what the fuck it would be at first, but now it's honed itself into something that I think is gonna work, put it that way. Soon is *DOA: Punk Rock Singles*, twenty-six tracks, that's all the singles that came out on 7 inches. If there were splits, we didn't put those tracks in, it's just the DOA portions of it. And that runs from '78 to '99—I guess we haven't done any single vinyl in awhile, obviously. And there's another one I'm working on now that will probably be out by May, I'm hoping. It's called *Smash the State*, and it talks about some of the stuff you and I were talking about here, and it's a DVD of DOA from about '78 to '83. I've got all the footage, and I'm just goin' through it trying to pick out the best stuff. We're just gonna do live stuff—some great footage where people can see the original DOA firin' away, which to me was always a great time.

Allan: Do you feel like more of a businessman or a punk, now?

Joey: I guess a little of both. There's definitely a business sense involved in there—there couldn't help but be, otherwise we'd be bankrupt and out of business.

Allan: Do the two threads ever connect—being a punk and being an independent business person?

Joey: To me, the ultimate thing is for people to achieve freedom, and that's gonna take an awful lot of work, because we're not anywhere close. We're really constrained by the monetary system. By the banks, by the big businesses, and they run our lives. If people could take more business and more matters into their own hands and be more self-sufficient and deal with less companies... I mean, everybody pretty much ends up using UPS. Everybody ends up using something that was produced by Microsoft. And even though Bill Gates has a kind of egalitarian manner and is charitable and that kinda stuff, it's still a big, huge, obnoxious company that would squish any competition at the drop of a hat. If you think of anarchist theorists, that's the kind of thing where they would say, you work together within your own block to make things free, and then it spreads out through your neighbourhood, through your town, through your province, through your country. And that way people can achieve freedom and equality too. You gotta work. You gotta think for yourself, and be your own boss.

Allan: Any word on a new DOA release?

Joey: Probably when I get Band of Rebels done I'll start working on a batch of songs. In 2008, that will be our 30th anniversary, so there's a pretty good probability that we'll have a new album out by then, with Randy, myself, and Baldini playing on it. It'll take some sort of form—probably a DVD, some tours. We haven't really thought about it, but it's pretty inevitable that it'll come up. Holy fuck have we been playing a long time!



TOP FIVES

RAZORCAKE STAFF

Amy Adoyzie

Top 5 Bands I Saw in Chinars

1. Ten Bottles Heart
2. SUBS
3. No Pants
4. Queen Sea Big Shark
5. Blind Stereo

Art Ettinger

Top Five Most-Welcomed Recent Reunion/Comeback Shows

- The Connie Dungs
- The Pist
- Iron Cross
- Murder Junkies
- Reagan Youth

Ben Snakepit

1. ShellShag, *Destroy Me I'm Yours* LP
2. Tulsa, *Sour Digs* LP
3. Shang-A-Lang, *Error You Cannot Add Yourself as a Friend* 7"
4. Arrivals, *Marvels of Industry* CD
5. Pink Razors' new songs with Erin Tobey! Holy FUCK!

Chris Pepus

Top 5 Vincent Price Movies

1. *The Abominable Dr. Phibes*
2. *The Last Man on Earth*
3. *House of Wax*
4. *The Masque of the Red Death*
5. *The Fall of the House of Usher*

Constantine Koutsoutis

1. The New Dress at Lost and Found in Brooklyn July 27th
2. *Historical Fiction* by The Measure [SA] on CD
3. The awesomeness that was the beard I had up until two days ago.
4. *Hairstyles of the Damned* by Joe Meno (book)
5. Cutoff short-shorts are once again cool

Craven Rock

1. Tie: Seattle (city)/my friends in Seattle and Olympia (See ya'll soon. Hey Portland, I got some dirt on my shoulda. Can ya brush it off for me?)
2. Tom Waits, *Orphans* CD
3. *Doris #24* (zine)
4. *The Crying of Lot 49* by Thomas Pynchon (book)
5. *Listen Up #1* (zine)

Cristy C. Road

Top Five Doobie Summer Jamz [Daytime]

1. Tim Armstrong, *Life of a Poet*
2. Ken Booth, *A Man and His Hits* [Twilight]
3. Cypress Hill, *Black Sunday*
4. The Gaslight Anthem, *Sink or Swim* [Night]
5. At The Gates, *Slaughter of the Soul*

Daryl Gussin

- Canadian Rifle, *Hospitals* 7"
- The Arrivals, *Marvels of Industry* LP
- Reagan SS, *Bon Appetit!* 7"
- La Piovra, "Risacca" b/w "Danni Collaterali" 7"
- Princess Thunderstorm 7"

Dave Disorder

D'oh top five-erino, okilly dokilly doodilly

1. *Simpson's Movie*
2. *Simpson's Movie*
3. *Simpson's Movie*
4. *Simpson's Movie*
5. *Simpson's Movie*

Designated Dale

1. Tucson, AZ this past August. We're getting closer!
2. Karma smiling down upon me on eBay. Fuck you, shady Canadians.
3. Moldy Marvin's Rat Fink Car Show in Palmdale, CA. with

Blazing Haley.

4. Bill Florio's Donut Brigade. Be afraid. Be very afraid.
5. The Ramones' *It's Alive* film footage possibly coming to DVD this fall!

Donofthedeat

- My Wifey!
- La Fraction, *La Vie Revee*, CD
- Bad Religion, *New Maps from Hell*, CD
- Out Cold/Bill Bondsmen, split: 7"
- Fucked Up, live

Jason Donnerparty

1. Shellac, *Excellent Italian Greyhound* CD
2. Mr. Lif, *Mo' Mega* CD
3. Dead Baby Bike Race Party XI
4. The Aurora Roarers/Paper Dolls/One Eye/Jr. Porkrinds show at Cafe Racer
5. Richard James and the Special Riders, *Music for People Who Have Been Wrong(ed)* CD

Jennifer Whiteford

Top Five Books/Comics:

1. *Rose of No Man's Land* by Michelle Tea
2. *The Plain Janes* by Cecil Castellucci
3. *No One Belongs Here More Than You* by Miranda July
4. *Everything I'm Cracked up to Be* by Jennifer Trynin
5. *Love and Rockets* (issue no. 20)

Jenny Moncayo

1. Charles Shaw a.k.a. Two Buck Chuck wine from Trader Joe's.
2. Against Me, "Thrash Unreal"
3. Receiving a package from a reader with a T-shirt and a letter approving of my grandma almost hitting a bike cop with her car (See Top 5 Issue #38)
4. Leaving for Europe in a couple days.
5. Bouncing Souls, "Neurotic"

Jessica T

Top 5 Recent Automotive Playlist

1. Joy Division, *Substance*
2. Liz Phair, *Exile in Guyville*
3. Holly Golightly, *Painted On*

4. Various Artists, *Art Fein Presents LA Rockabilly*
5. Various Artists, *Louisiana Saturday Night*

Jimmy Alvarado

The Faboo Five

(no particular order)

- *Zorro in Hell* (play): Culture Clash can still skewer like no one else.
- Flamethrowers self-titled CD EP: Pure-bred rock'n'roll LAMEF, baby.
- Double Negative, *The Wonderful and Frightening World of LP*: Hardcore done right.
- Haiku d'Etat, *Coup de Theatre* CD: Turning hip hop into something Charlie Parker would dig.
- *Les Diaboliques*: a French film from 1955 that is a total must-see. Go figure.

Joe Evans III

- Dear Landlord/Chinese Telephones Split 7"
- Conquest For Death, *Front Row Tickets to Armageddon* CD
- Lefty Loosie, *100 Miles an Hour* LP
- The Arrivals, *Marvels of Industry* CD.
- Egghead, live.

Josh Benke

- Boys Club, *Girls of Today* 7"
- Romance Novels, *Another Summer* 7"
- Hex Dispensers, self-titled LP
- Slab City, *Tall Can* 7" and Reno Tour, live on the Roctocycle
- Brother Scott's wedding in Milwaukee

Julia Smut

- Hangin' with Ben and Jeff of Dreamer at VS
- *Home Prepared Dog & Cat Diets* (book)
- Smut Peddlers staying a four-piece (go Prospect!)
- The new TKO record store in Fountain Valley
- Riding my bicycle to work

Keith Rosson

1. Playing shows and hanging out with Pteradon and Shinobu—awesome people and amazing bands.
2. Criminal Damage LP

"My vagina is in mint condition."

3. Hanging out with Mike Delach again after seven years.
4. Cobra Skulls *Sitting Army* CD
5. Drunken, shirts-off cheerleading for Ugly Angels.

Kiyoshi Nakazawa

Top 5 pickup lines at the 2007 San Diego Comic Con

- I'll be your Jabba the Hut if you'll be my Slave Leia.
- Blow on my twenty-sided die for luck.
- My vagina is in mint condition.
- I wrap my penis in an archival Mylar bag.
- You remind me of a young Harry Potter

Kurt Morris

1. Making mixes I never give anyone
2. Hall & Oates, *Greatest Hits*
3. Patton Oswalt, *Werewolves and Lollipops*
4. Jeremy Enigk live at Chop Suey in Seattle
5. Pig Destroyer, *Phantom Limb*

Maddy Tight Pants

1. The Holy Land Experience (a Bible-themed amusement park!)
2. My new Japanese Ramones shirt
3. Ben Snakepit's new book
4. Red Raspberry Slushies
5. *Should You Encounter a Cougar* zine

Megan Pants:

Top 5 Memorable Things to Happen When Driving from L.A. to Milwaukee in Three Days or Less:

1. Having the perfect carmate (Daryl) to listen to country, "D.E.A.D.R.A.M.O.N.E.S." Pinhead Gunpowder, and Slayer all in the same day.
2. Having rad hosts Lavin (Vegas) and Luke (Denver) who knew of bars with lots of snacks and rounds bought by bartenders and awesome vegan restaurants, respectively.
3. Losing my mind while going through the Rockies after temperature changes of more than seventy degrees and altitude changes of over a mile.
4. Driving into tornados in Iowa at 3AM where the rain was so bad

we couldn't see the front of the car and had to stop for more than an hour with a bunch of stranded truckers at a gas station.

5. After starting to drive again after the storm finding ourselves on a "highway" that seemed to be a back road. At a stop sign we noticed that what had looked like small branches, leaves, and rocks were actually frogs completely covering the road. Daryl drove on slowly trying to swerve around them but it was still one of the worst feelings ever.

Mike Frame

- Tegan and Sara, *The Con* CD
- Public Enemy, *How You Sell Soul* CD
- The GO, *Haunted Beat* CD
- Bayonettes, live
- Parliament, Funkadelic SUMMER!

MP Johnson

- The Start, *Ciao Baby* CD
- Conquest For Death, *Front Row Tickets to Armageddon* CD
- Hank III live
- In Defence, "Boom Box Crew"
- Indian food

Mr. Z

Top 5 Bands Stuck in my Head:

- Dear Landlord
- Off With Their Heads
- Underground Railroad To Candyland
- Chinese Telephones
- Peeland-Z

Naked Rob (KSCU 103.3FM)

1. Akimbo, *Navigating the Bronze* CD
2. Turbonegro, *Retox* CD
3. Amplified Heat, *How Do You Like the Sound of That* CD
4. The Effigies, *Reside* CD
5. John Schooly, *One Man against the World* CD

Nardwuar The Human Serviette

1. Unlovable, *Heartsickle* CD
2. Pointed Sticks, *My Japanese Fan/Found Another Boy 7"*
3. Various Artist, *Gravy Presents Get It Smash It Volume 1* LP
4. Tranzmitors, *Tranzmitors* LP
5. Cub, *Betti-Cola* CD

Rev. Nørh

1. Len Price 3, *Rentacrowd*, CD
2. Bob Burns & The Breakups, *Terminal Breakdown* CD
3. Black & Whites, *You're the Only One* 45
4. John Schooley & His One Man Band, *One Man against the World* CD
5. Methadones, *This Won't Hurt...* CD

Rhythm Chicken

- Beastie Boys, *Check Your Head* and *Paul's Boutique*
- Against Me!, *New Wave* (Ramones, Replacements, Against Me!, odd but OK.)
- Ryan Adams and the Cardinals, *Cold Roses*
- Wool, *Box Set*
- Skull Time, self-titled

Ryan Leach

1. Captain Beefheart's *Trout Mask Replica*
2. Public Image Limited's *Metal Box*
3. Rest in Peace, Sherman Torgan; keep on trucking, New Beverly Cinema
4. Gib Strange for being Gib Strange
5. Anton Pannekoek's *Workers' Councils*

Sarah Shay

Top Five Acoustic Bands

1. Nickel Creek
2. Even In Blackouts
3. The Senate
4. The Lathe Symphonic
5. Defiance, Ohio

Sean Koeppenick

Top 5 Favorite Bands from Insubordination Fest-7/6-7/7/07

1. The Methadones
2. Teenage Bottlerocket
3. The Ergs!
4. The Riptides
5. Banner Pilot

The Lord Kveldulfr

1. Gasoline Alley in Royal Oak, Michigan (bar).
2. "2000 lbs." by Brian Turner (poem).
3. Upsetting a patron at one of the bars that I work at so much that he tried to get me fired and swore never to come back because I politely tore him to shreds in front of everyone for claiming that "all fuckin' Muslims should get out of America."
4. Watching (again) *The Legend*

of Lambeau Field (DVD). Testify, Lynne Dickey!

5. Hill's t/d (prescription teeth-cleaning dog food).

Tim Jamison

Top Five Vincent Price movies

- Abominable Dr. Phibes
- Dr. Phibes Rises Again
- Theatre of Blood
- Last Man on Earth
- Scream and Scream Again

(Editorial note: Yes two contributors did both independently turn in Vincent Price movie lists for their top 5s this rotation. Coincidences like this are one of the many reasons we love our contributors)

Todd Taylor

- Arrivals, *Marvels of Industry* LP
- Future Virgins, *Words & Sounds 7"EP*
- Dan Padilla, *Foosball Club* CD
- *Hiding Out*, by Jonathan Messinger (book)
- 3-way tie: Chinese Telephones / Dear Landlord split 7", Canadian Rifle self-titled 7", La Fraction *La Vie Révée* LP

Ty Stranglehold

Top 5 Band's Skateboard Decks

1. Big Boys (Zorlac)
2. Black Flag (Rip City)
3. Gang Green (Skull Skates)
4. JFA (Factory 13)
5. Smut Peddlers (Bat Skates)

Uri G.

1. Bad Tat practicing, live and recording
2. Tom Hamilton bobble head night! (fucking finally)
3. Kenny Lofton coming back to Cleveland
4. Playing air guitar to "Night of the Vampire" and "When Heaven Comes Down" by Grim Reaper while Jess stands there and gets turned on and bummed out simultaneously!
5. Towers of Hanoi live and Cheap Tragedies live

Hey! Person putting your reviewable in the mail: full album art is required for review. Pre-releases go into the trash.

RECORD REVIEWS



It was the musical equivalent to having a shotgun full of spaghetti blasted in my face. We American bastards didn't even know what hit us.

-Daryl

ADJUDGEMENT: *Human Fallout: CD*

Sometimes I enjoy reading the press sheets that come with CDs. In the worlds these sheets create, each band is on the cutting edge of true awesomeness and humankind's last hope for a good listen. The one included with this is no different. In it, one sees the words "genius," "unique," "superbly rocking," "masterpiece of hardcore," and "incredible" tossed around like mad. Sure, the band in question sounds no different than any other modern "hardcore" (metal) band that thinks down-tuned guitars and thrashy beats equals power—although to their credit they do attempt to address socially relevant issues, however poorly. Sticking to their native German to get their point across would've no doubt done wonders, but still, it's nice to have the sheet. That way I can escape the mediocrity coming from my speakers by pretending it's talking about another band, one that really is unique, incredible, and superbly rocking. Sure would've much rather have heard that band than this one. —Jimmy Alvarado (Engineer)

AGAINST EMPIRE / ISKRA: *Bring the War Home: CD*

Against Empire: The lyrics read like an anarchist band, but the music sounds like poor man's thrash metal. Iskra: The lyrics were strong, and I totally empathize with their championing of the first nations' cause. Their music, however—part metal, part Conflict-inspired noise punk—was pretty much a chore to listen to two minutes into the first song, and it didn't get any better. —Jimmy Alvarado (Rodent Popsicle)

AGGRAVATION, THE:

The Aggravation: LP

Most of *The Aggravation* is simple, snotty garage punk. It doesn't quite scale the gloriously ridiculous heights of Loli and the Chones—I think *The Aggravation* might actually be opposed to "Violence" and having "No Girls" about, whereas I thought Loli and company were always goofing on whatever topic they tackled—but it's good. I also like the two tunes that break from the pattern and mix in a bit of Wire-like ambition, especially "Olivier." I wonder where these gents are headed next. —Mike Faloon (Relax-o-Matic Vibrator)

ANGLEWORM: ...*Ruin Your Scene: CD*

Here's a tip: do your album cover by hand. Computer-generated covers just look like shit. Their lyrics most likely came from the diary of a thirteen-year-

old while their music (Leftöver Crackesque ska) shows hints of originality in spots. The low point of the disc is the pseudo instrumental track. Though punk rock isn't always about being in key, bands usually pick up the speed when they aren't pitch perfect. These guys, however, choose to be slow and out of tune. Shame on them. —Bryan Static (Triumph Of Life)

ANSWER LIES, THE / TULSA: *Split 7"*

Is that a tostada on a rampage? How would a tostada trim its mustache? The cover leaves us with many unanswered questions. The Answer Lies: Imagine that the Swing Ding Amigos listened to metal, sounded less Hendrix'y, and rolled around in a fine layer of dust and dirt, just like Pigpen. Zingy, tightly-wrapped, riding-bikes-is-rad punk. Not bad at all. Tulsa: It'd be "precious" if it didn't seem so gut-right. You could make an argument that this wouldn't be considered "punk" if you just root canalled the music right out of context (it's sorta folky, sorta indie, but anxious and asking all the right questions) and put it under the cold light of consumerism. But solely approaching the music like that would be missing the entire point of bands like Tulsa: it's all about heart, DIY trust, and great songs, much like Hot New Mexicans, This Bike Is a Pipebomb, and Almighty Do Me A Favor. Yep, real good. —Todd (Repulsion / Dirt Cult)

ARRIVALS, THE:

Marvels of Industry: CD

I'll be honest; I'd hear friends of mine talk about how much they love The Arrivals, but then I'd watch them at The Fest, and I just couldn't get into it. Down the line, I even heard a few more random songs, thought they

were pretty good. So I decide to really sit down with this record, and I get it now. These are melancholy anthems, not poppy songs about milkshakes—a record to help you take solace after overcoming daily struggles (making me realize why seeing them for the first time at a show like The Fest may leave you a little bummed). Plus, it kind of made me feel like a pirate. —Joe Evans III (Recess)

ARRIVALS, THE:

Marvels of Industry: CD

I have such high expectations for this Chicago band, so I was a little nervous about hearing the new songs for the first time. I was not disappointed, not even a little. The first track on this album, titled "I'm Sorry for Saying I'm Sorry," is one of those songs that gets crammed into your head when you're at work and you have to very sneakily listen to it from your mp3 player while you act like you are not listening to one of the best rock songs out this year. If you have the chance to see them play any of the songs from this album live, you need to skip whatever it is you are doing to go see them. They not only made a great album, but they know how to execute a stupendous show that will leave you with all those honey-dipped little feelings you hope for when you go out on a school night. I feel nothing but glory from this album. Nice job, gentlemen. —C. Marie (Recess)

ARRIVALS, THE:

Marvels of Industry: LP

Top ten of 2007. There can't be ten other records that eclipse it. No fucking way. The Arrivals have been flirting with making this LP for a long, long time and they hit the bull's-eye. (And

their first two LPs didn't slouch in the slightest. See cover of *Razorcake* #12.) You see, in a different time and place, they'd just be known as a well-loved, hard-rocking band. Their talent and passion is obvious. But in this modern world where people want their music to come through robotic filters and PR firms, to fit into a microgenre that'll be praised then reproached in the span of a year, they're an anomaly: a band who can just as easily play blues and blaze through covers of "Hot for Teacher," but have chosen the strongest voice—their own. With *Marvels of Industry*, both Isaac and Little Dave's voices seem more strident, the words blooming and booming from their throats, distinct and electric. I still contend that Ronnie's one of the best drummers I've ever seen; he's like a gorilla who both mauls and protects his kit; I swear he's got an extra arm tucked away somewhere. And with the addition of Paddy Costello of the perpetually "we're recording soon" Dillinger Four on bass, I think the Arrivals have written and performed America's next national anthem in fourteen verses. Well, for me at least. Wow. —Todd (Recess)

ATHRENO DY:

Crazed Development: CD

I did not know that this band had existed for a short period of time back in the early '90s. It's amazing that they went into the studio to record an album's worth of material before the break up. Vocals were not recorded for the session until 2005. This band featured the singer from Exhumed and leans towards the early grind meets death metal sounds, taking hints from Napalm Death, Terrorizer, and sounds like the current Japanese band 324. If I would have heard this in their heyday, I would have been all over this. Songs that average in the two minute range—not relying on pure speed—this band uses a bit of dirty power chords with short bursts of blast beats. Kind of a muddy sludge feel but you can feel the power of the music. The vocals are deep but not full-on cookie monster. I like that it has a sort of demo feel to it but with better production; not over-the-top but dirty enough to keep the madness in check. Great that this has seen the light of day. Co-released with 625 and De Rok. —Donofthead (To Live a Lie)

ATOM STRANGER: *Self-titled: CD*

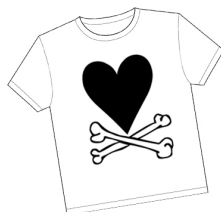
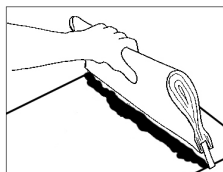
This was recorded in 1998, so it seems a little weird that it was just released for review. The CD starts off with weird electronic machine gun drumbeats and squelching walkie-talkie sounds. Then there are some passionless, monotone vocals, and stop start electronic drumbeats. There's really no melody other than the slight tunelessness of the singer. All the other sounds are atonal electronic noises: bleeps, blurts, and machine gun drums. It just goes down from there. The second song isn't just bad, it's unbearable. There is some kind of melody provided by a wah-wah bass sound and a guitar providing melody,

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you have ordered, and we have
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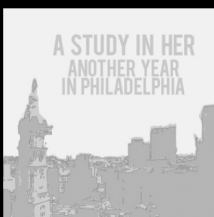
XXY001 • CD



With those scratchy vocals and bouncy rhythms, Jawbreaker comparisons are both inevitable and well-earned, but Dead Mechanical is quickly carving out its own unique niche somewhere on the border of post- and pop- punk.

A STUDY IN HER ANOTHER YEAR IN PHILADELPHIA

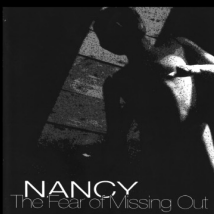
XXY002 • CD



Their fourth full-length album, "Another Year in Philadelphia" continues the intriguing life saga of wordsmith Constantine Nakassis, and living up to previous expectations, the band has become so seamless in their efforts, it is sometimes difficult to tell what was programmed and what was played live.

NANCY THE FEAR OF MISSING OUT

XXY003 • CD



Love and hope are lost and found on this record, and the life lessons are told with a solid rhythm section, sincerely intense vocals, and enough dual-attack guitar lines to keep the album in heavy rotation.

but it sounds like lame, clichéd, Nine Inch Nails-type guitar. The third song starts off with some crappy '80s synth and a farting bassline. I'm driving along while listening to this, and, at the same time, I think I'm smelling a sewage treatment plant. It's raining really hard, so it might be overflowing, and combined with this music, I'm starting to feel a little nauseous. —Jason Donnerparty (23)

AUTOMATIC 7: At Funeral Speed: CD

Photoshop is a beautiful thing for those willing to spend the time to work with it. It's a tool of the devil in lazy hands though. The cover art isn't offensive but it is boring and it could have been done better with a little effort. Jeez, sorry about that. Anyway Automatic 7 are from Southern California and I could have told you that with out looking at their address. There's something in the DNA of the band and the echo of Mike Ness in the singer that invisibly telegraph it. It's not bad by any stretch and these guys don't rely as heavily as a lot of their neighbors tend to on old Social Distortion clichés. They switch up the tempos and go places Social D don't venture. I can appreciate this. Hell, they even go so far as to lift a riff from Wilco's "Shouldn't Be Ashamed" on "Greasy (Revisited)". —Stevy (Mental)

AVAGAMI: Metagami: CD

In high school, I was a fairly religious, conservative Christian. Then I found punk rock and existentialism and it all went downhill from there. However,

I still believe in *something* up there, some kind of greater being than myself. After hearing this, I don't believe in any kind of god anymore. No god could allow such a horrendous thing to exist. Actually, that's not true. I still believe in god. But this is still horrendous. —Kurt Morris (Lens)

BATTERIES NOT INCLUDED:

On and On: CD

Ever heard a group of thirty-year-old Maltese punks rocking out? Me neither, until now. Turns out they're making a pretty decent racket—sounding at times like early Vindictives or, when they start rolling out their punk-infused ska/reggae stuff, Against All Authority, if either of those bands had to contend with kicking it out as a three piece. The bummer is, while the songs are generally good and all, they do have a tendency to drag on way longer than is necessary. Still, I could imagine (and one would hope, egads) that there's not a huge ska-punk resurgence going on in Malta right now—it's pretty clear that they're not attempting to bring some cash cow to market and are playing this kind of stuff solely for the love of the music, and that carries a lot of weight around here. Decent outing of "Ring of Fire" as a hidden track. —Keith Rosson (Reciprocal)

BERT SUSANKA:

Onward Christian Slater: CD

This is what people who came of age in the Upper Midwest™—and therefore took the Replacements "Tim" and

"Pleased To Meet Me" albums as emotionally resonant collections of wry lamentations and bittersweet celebrations of our uniquely desperate dead end existences, except that we also imagine that they all drive around listening to KROQ all day, and the weather is always nice, and the females are attractive and abundant, so they shouldn't really be all that desperate, which is why they substitute "cute" and "clever" for "emotionally resonant." It also kinda reminds me of Frank Zappa, in that it appears to be the work of some intellectual sort who is operating under the misconception that i have an infinite amount of time blocked off to sit around and listen to him be brilliant. Most of the songs sound like the type of thing that you get pre-loaded to your hard drive when you buy a new Dell® computer, and you listen to out of curiosity, and go "huh, that wasn't all that bad—kind of interesting, really" so, you know, there you go. The second track is called "I'm Going Fishing" and the thirteenth track is called "Let's Go Fishing," which strikes me as the biggest sequencing gaffe since the first Rolling Stones album put "Now I've Got a Witness" a few songs ahead of "Can I Get a Witness." Huh. BEST SONG: "Onward Christian Slater"

BEST SONG TITLE: "The Trip That Needed to Be Took" FANTASTIC AMAZING TRIVIA FACT: "The Trip That Needed to Be Took" is the first song i am aware of to feature the line "And who would be there? Norbie! And worse yet, it was his birthday" although i'm really not sure why that line doesn't crop up more often. SUPER ULTRA FANTASTIC AMAZING TRIVIA FACT: The "Norbie" in the song is run into at a place called "Pasquale's." Amazingly, i ate at a place called "Pasquale's" on my birthday last week. Doo DOO doo doo DOO doo doo... —Rev. Nørb (Cornerstone RAS)

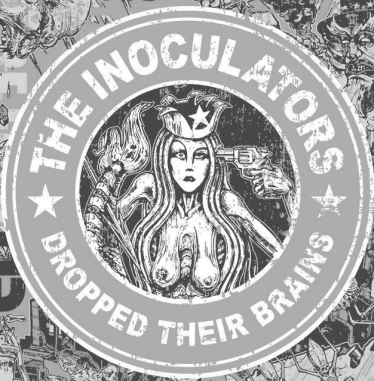
BESMIRCHERS:

Besmirch and Destroy: CD

I'll give it to the scum rockers. They let you know right up front what you're getting. You see tunes like "Daddy's Little Fuckhole" and "Pussy and Smack" and you know what you're in for. Fans of later GG, Mentors, and Meatmen will dig it. —Mike Frame (Steel Cage)

BLACK MARKET FETUS / WASTE0ID: Split: CD

Wasteoid: insane grindcore, short songs, totally raging. Very well done for you grind heads. Black Market Fetus is a little more straight ahead metal. A few tunes even remind me of Kreator at points, a very good thing. I hope I didn't get the bands mixed up. It's kind of hard to tell who does what from the artwork. —Mike Frame (Six Weeks)



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BLANK STARE:

Suicide Violence Cowards: 7"

Raging and pissed Kangaroo Records-style hardcore here. Fans of Bury The Living, Milkman, Dead Stop, and Spazm 151 are going to want to be all over this. —Mike Frame (Refuse)

BOB BURNS AND THE BREAKUPS:

Terminal Breakdown: CD

I saw this band a few times and they kinda sorta reminded me of Teengenerate in the same way that Bum covering Teengenerate kinda sorta reminded me of Teengenerate, if Bum were a three-piece from Stevens Point, WI and the singer played a hollow-bodied guitar and wore glasses and stuff. I always thought they were pretty cool, but not necessarily "have an album on Gearhead" kinda good, since, in my eternal small-town hick-dom, Gearhead still seems kinda upscale to me. Whatever. In any event, i started listening to this CD at work, and, as expected, i didn't really have any outright complaints with it, but i often found my mind wandering ("wandering" in this case meaning "concentrating on my work"), which i mistakenly thought was a sign that the album was failing to hold my attention ((above and beyond it registering that "Rip it up" exhibited the same general sonic heft of some of the less weighty numbers off of the first Saints album, maybe, and "Thunderbird" was pure Leg Hounds emulation, which i guess i have mixed feelings about)). As fate would have it, however, the course of my job duties required me to check the

sound effects levels of the video game we are developing relative to a "custom soundtrack"—that is to say, today's newfangled video game consoles allow the user to substitute their own music for the existing background music of the game, leaving the THUDs and WHACKs and AAAAAAAHHHHs intact, and i had to make sure that the sound levels of the THUDs and WHACKs and AAAAAAAHHHHs weren't katywangus when the user substituted their own music for our music. Simply because it was the nearest CD to me, i ripped a few Bob Burns & The Breakups songs to my test kit and spent an entire afternoon serenading the office with "I Hate the City" and "Don't Follow Me" ((along with miscellaneous THUDs and WHACKs and AAAAAAAHHHHs)), and, as the day wore on, i realized that these songs were a shit-ton better than i had originally given them credit for. "I Hate the City" evokes memories of the Kids at their best, maybe, and pretty much everyone who passed within earshot asked who the band was and remarked that they liked it, and, it should be pointed out, these are not people who would be inherently disposed to liking moderately trashed-out punk rock/roll. In any event, i can say without question that i have thrown more dynamite to this record than any other recording extant. Amen. BEST SONG: "I Hate the City" or "Don't Follow Me" BEST SONG TITLE: "Rip it up" if you're Little Richard. FANTASTIC AMAZING TRIVIA FACT: The band press

bio states that they've "played with everyone from The Riverboat Gamblers to The Leg Hounds." Who's left? —Rev. Norb (Gearhead)

BREAD AND ROSES:

Deep River Day: CD

God bless you, Todd, for sending me something that is so right up my alley right now. I don't know what has made so many punks set down their guitars and pick up mandolins, banjos, and fiddles, and stop drawing so much from Bad Religion and start listening to Merle Haggard, but I ain't about to look a gift horse in the mouth. Bread and Roses is right in the thick of this little revolution, playing music that isn't so much a combination of punk and folk, but rather folk music played with punk attitude and sensibility. And we're not talking Joan Baez, slow and heartfelt, Kumbaya-hippie-folk: this is foot-stomping, roof-raising, shit-kicking folk, with the feel of Irish drinking songs, bluegrass hoedowns, and mountain string bands in the mix. The overall outcome is a raw and earnest recording of a band I hope to god I get to see live some day. —Sarah Shay (Fistolo)

BUSINESS, THE: *The Truth, the Whole Truth and Nothing but the Truth: CD*

Building on the strength of their preceding "comeback" album, *Keep the Faith*, The Business pulled out all the stops with this one and unleashed one of the best albums of their career. All the key ingredients are still there—

topical, street-level lyrics peppered with odes to football and their hatred of dance music, delivered with a no-frills approach tempered by poppy edges—this time delivered with seriously loud guitars and a passion rarely seen since their debut, *Suburban Rebels*, a decade-plus earlier. A further decade down the road since *this one* was released, it still holds up quite well, and even its most dated track, "Southgate (Euro 96)," is such a catchy singalong that it doesn't really matter that a good chunk of their current audience is probably a bit too young to remember the failed penalty kick that inspired the tune. —Jimmy Alvarado (Captain Oi)

CANADIAN RIFLE: Self-titled: 7"EP

Sometimes, you can tell that even if the band's brand new, it's too good to be the first one for all involved. Chicago's Canadian Rifle borrows a couple of cues from The GC5: their gruffness is matched by their smarts and burlap sense of melody. With Canadian Rifle, I get the feeling that they've earned the words they're singing, have worked jobs that have broken a good many people, and they can hold their own against shit talkers face to face. (Could also be far afield here. Just speculating a hypothesis, is all.) Chew on this: it has all the earmarks of "street punk," punk made by the working class, but it has none of the confining boxes that bands who self-apply that moniker too often jump right into (being "of the streets," gang talk, pretending they're English by borrowing their dress and lexicon). At



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the edges and in the gaps of these songs is great invention. In the middle, it's as comfortable as a freshly baked chicken pot pie (or meatless equivalent). Great. —Todd (Squirrel Heart)

CAP'N KOPS:

Float Away to a Better Day: CD

I shouldn't blame Against Me!, but I kind of do. Thanks to those first two records, half the goddamn punks on earth seem to be going the route of the "solo acoustic artist." Case in point: Cap'n Kops (that's cute) and his 4-song CD-R. While I don't automatically disagree with the one-guy-and-his-geetar format (after all, those first two Against Me! records—as well as folk icons like Billy Bragg and, yeah, I'll say it, Dylan—are ceaselessly emulated and shamelessly ripped off for a reason), but when it's just one guy, rather than a whole band, the errors are so much more glaring. There's absolutely nothing to hide behind. There's no veneer, there's no distortion. You're on your own. So while the Cap'n's lyrics are generally a cut above other projects of this ilk, and they all have a nice anti-establishment thread running through 'em, that's about the only positive thing I can lay down. The guitar just plugs and plonks away and vocally he sounds like an atonal Justin Sane grumbling through a mouthful of Percosets, gauze, and duct tape. If you're going to feasibly pull off the folk punk, you're gonna have to dish out hooks galore and the kind of focused, pointed emotions that bands/

guys like Tim Barry, Chuck Ragan, and Sundowner seem to be pulling off reasonably consistently. Enunciation and passion can be friends, man. —Keith Rosson (Sharpie Fumes)

CEREMONY: *Scared People: 7"*

You know how Assholeparade seem to take exact equal doses from punk, hardcore, and thrash? Ceremony follow in perfect form. I saw this band live a couple months ago and it was fucking great. So intense, *sooo* intense, and this 7" maintains that level of intensity. They slow it down at parts but the raging never stops, and they finish it up with a Negative FX cover. —Daryl (Bridge 9)

CHEAP TIME: *Spoiled Brat: 7"*

Jeffrey Novak used to annihilate sound as a one-man band, tearing it up with more harsh fuzz and screams than even his Memphis peers. Real backwoods noise. But you could hear the song under the gravel; it wasn't just a mess. Then he toned down a little in the band Rat Traps, proving he could rip it up slower, and really write songs with hooks. Cheap Time is his newest band, continuing the Memphis sound with some Rip Off Records in there. Cheap Time is way less abrasive than the OMB, but also less than the Traps. They stir it up in a truer garage rock 'n' roll vibe, quick, tight, snotty—pure. It's poppy but still with that desperation that Novak seems to capture as good as anyone else, wondering what they are gonna do for work next week. —Speedway Randy (Sweet Rot)

CHUCK RAGAN:

Above the Flames b/w The Grove: 7"

CHUCK RAGAN:

Done and Done b/w Trenchfoot: 7"

CHUCK RAGAN:

Open up and Wail b/w Sound of a Gun: 7"

CHUCK RAGAN:

The Blueprint Sessions: CD

Chuck shows that less can be more, shows that being alone is a universal condition, shows that defiance can be a single flame, that it doesn't always have to be orchestrated fireworks bursting overhead. It can be one voice and a guitar. Aching. Rough-throated. Dirty-fingered from honest work. I believe he makes music that'll be heard the day after all the lights go out in the world; not just because it's acoustic, but because it's timeless. What he does to Panthro United UK 13's "Sound of a Gun" is downright haunting; turning a stormy anthem into a quiet, porch-rocking virus seeping tension. —Todd (No Idea)

CHUCK RAGAN: *Los Feliz: CD*

If you are looking for partying music, this CD cannot help you (though it is probably the best late night bonfire music that you could find right now). The songs are extremely emotional and I found myself feeling quite dark when listening to it (the bad kind of dark, not the fun kind where I'm pissed and screaming lyrics about killing stuff). I started thinking about all my problems and, though it brought calmness over my house, I don't think I will be listening to it on long drives

home or lonely nights. Most of the songs are a bit depressing, but don't misunderstand, I don't hate this album. I have a relish for the live recording with bluegrass/blues entangled with a rustic voice that I can't help but relate to the glory days of Hot Water Music, and I think Jon Gaunt on fiddle and Ted Hutt on mandolin was refreshing like a 6AM Mountain Dew. All I'm saying is that I'm glad it's in my music collection, but I just need to be in a certain mood to listen to it. —C. Marie (Side One Dummy)

CONQUEST FOR DEATH:

Front Row Tickets to Armageddon: CD

Great hardcore that's part blazing-fast powerviolence (minus the cookie monster vocals), part heavy metal, and with thirteen songs in about fourteen minutes. I'd say the biggest downside is that you couldn't enjoy all the guitar theatrics (Review within review: HOTT LIXX HULIHAN: Debut : 7" EP: It's an *air guitar* 7"! How great is that?), but the CD has some live footage if you put it on a computer. Totally awesome. —Joe Evans III (Wajlemac)

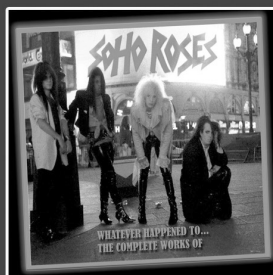
CRIMSON SWEET: *Wired for the Last Move b/w Basement Star: 7" 45*

I like, but do not love, this self-described "DIY arena rock band" from NYC, and I think the main reason for the lack of lovin' is that the band has yet to write a single song that I can remember more than twenty or thirty minutes after hearing it. I mean, I've seen 'em live, got both the albums and some of the



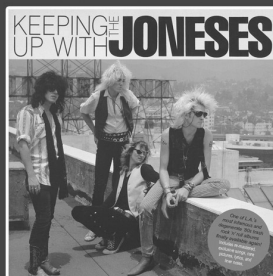
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singles, and the only thing i could tell you about their songs is that they've got an instrumental titled "Sad Walk at Knifepoint." I have no idea what it *sounds* like any more, i just know i like the title. Case in point: I have already forgotten what the A-side sounds like; the B-side i still remember a little bit, because i remember the singer's voice treading that ever-so-precious territory between Wendy Case of the Paybacks and Suzi Quatro, but if i can hum even four bars of the song forty-five minutes from now, it will be a breakthrough moment in the band's history with me. This band would probably be a lot bigger if they would court the goldfish demographic, since said fish are reputed to only come equipped with about thirty minutes of memory. Alternately, perhaps i'm a goldfish myself. I do feel a bit thirsty. BEST SONG: "Basement Star" BEST SONG TITLE: What? I have forgotten. Is it feeding time yet? FANTASTIC AMAZING TRIVIA FACT: Band has been paid in vegan chocolate cake frosted to look like a leopard. -Rev. Nørb (Slow Gold Zebra)

CRUNKY KIDS, THE:
Theories of Hate and Time: 7"

I'm assuming that this is an Ohio side project since members play in other bands such as Gordon Solie Motherfuckers, The Inmates, 9 Shocks Terror, and Upstab. I have read that the band has done splits with Brody's Militia, Chainsaw, Conga Fury, and Zemezluc. They also have been in

existence for seven years. These are things I didn't know. What I do know is what is coming out my speakers: raw, fast hardcore punk rock that easily could have come out somewhere between 1983 and 1984 and a very live-sounding recording that definitely was not recorded in a ProTools studio. The guitars sound spastic, like it was live, due to the gritty and unpolished sound. The bass has a weird pounding tone, like it was recorded amplified and not straight to the board like most recordings. The drums have a one or two microphones, max, and sound like it was just recorded overhead. The vocals sound almost blown out due to the full force delivery. No doubt that this stuff is angry. If it sounds this mean on record, I can't wait to see how well this stuff comes off live. -Donofthedeath (Schizophrenic)

CUT CITY: Exit Decades: CD

Very much like Joy Division, yes, but minus Ian Curtis's dark drawl, the poignant-yet-hopeful vocals of Cut City's Max J. Hansson gives the form an immediacy that feels neither dated nor derivative, but moving and even necessary. What better way to dance away the darkness than with thick basslines, nimble percussions, and echoing siren guitars? Very good and highly recommended if you're into the above-mentioned, Soft Cell, Echo and the Bunnymen, Siouxsie and the Banshees, and the like. -Susan Chung (GSL)

DANIEL STRIPED TIGER:

Capital Cities: LP

Seven songs, 45 rpm 12". Think Clean Plate, Level Plane, Perpetual Motion Machine, deals like that. Think sparse instrumental sections that build up to the yelling parts. Think that Daniel Striped Tiger manage to pull off some pretty interesting moments (most notably in the second song, "Defense Mechanism," where the music shorts out right in the middle of a section—first in one speaker and then the other, so the first time you heard it you thought your record player had just taken the dirt nap—only to come back into one of those gentle, instrumental buildups. It was totally out of place and awesome for that fact.) Think that they remind you musically of Life At These Speeds and vocally like a slightly drugged Light The Fuse And Run. Think that while so few of the bands of this ilk rarely release records that totally floor you, it's still a nice sound to have going on while you're drawing or doing the dishes. Think that Daniel Striped Tiger, and almost all of the bands that remind you of them, seem to fare so much better in a live setting. Think that despite that fact, *Capital Cities* is still a pretty nice piece of work, though the band and label would've ultimately been better served had this record been reviewed by someone who's way more geeked out on this kind of shit than you are. -Keith Rosson (Clean Plate)

DAZE: Slow Down to Speed Up: CD

Think Tad Doyle fronting Nirvana.

Or maybe J. Mascis singing with Tad. Wait, no, Kurt Cobain with Dinosaur Jr. Better yet, move along. -Mike Faloon (Livid)

DEAD MECHANICAL:

Medium Noise: CD

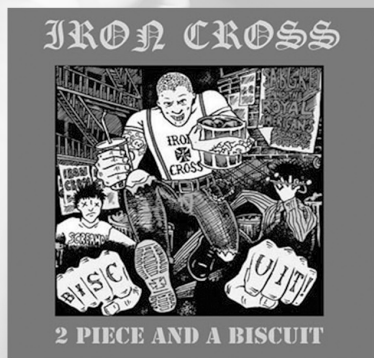
I feel about this band the way I might feel if I was a teenager and my punky little brother had a band that practiced in our parents' garage and I listened to all their practices while I read *The Bell Jar* on the porch and looked forward to college. By this. I mean I can't help but like this band a lot in a smiley and proud older-sister kind of way. They write good songs, they're politically aware, they seem to be enjoying themselves. Lots of spirited, yelled-out vocals, unrelenting guitars, and awesome drumming. I want to bake them vegan cookies and watch people go nuts for them at shows. Go, Dead Mechanical, go! -Jennifer Whiteford (Sex Cells)

DEAR LANDLORD / CHINESE

TELEPHONES: Split 7"

Pop punk, in the progressive, non-ass sense. Man, I miss Rivethead. The early '00s were an unkind time for pop punk, so it took more than songs about girlfriends and bubblegum to pull through without being called a cardboard cutout of the Ramones or a straight-up donger. Dear Landlord has Half Pint and Zack of Rivethead, so the tempos, words, and vocals are a direct continuation of the "hard luck, but better off than most of dumbass

Iron Cross

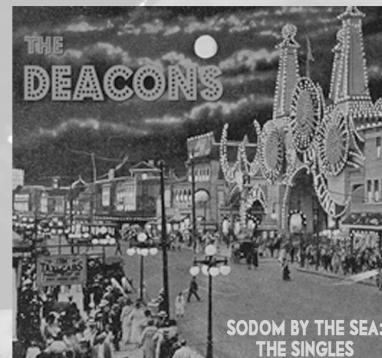


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America” of Rivethead; songs that are toe tappers without the self-lobotomy kit that seems to come with too much pop punk. Gritty, explosive, exciting, and clear. Songs that you won’t feel guilty listening to if you’re over sixteen years old. Yeah. Rulin’. Chinese Telephones: Sometimes, you don’t want to tell how great you think bands are, that they’re so humble and that sort of praise will knock ‘em off their game. But I will say this: The Chinese Telephones are right at the point where they’re going to eclipse some bands they’ve got tattooed on their bodies. –Todd (It’s Alive / Recess)

DEAR LANDLORD / CHINESE TELEPHONES: Split: 7”

Dear Landlord: The new guys. Equal parts Rivethead and The Copyrights (literally), this band is a fucking powerhouse. I’m calling it pop punk, but with more raw power than 1-4-5. They’ve also figured out a nice loophole to the eternal “do we want to double our vocals when we record?” by having up to three dudes (again, who can belt ‘em out) all singing at once at times. We’ve got a strong contestant for best band of the year. Chinese Telephones: The established guys. You’ve probably heard the name before, particularly if you’ve read this magazine before. Still fun, catchy, and upbeat punk rock that kind of reminds me of the one God Hates Computers song I heard. Now get that proper full length out. Overall: A pretty great look into what’s going on in “somewhere in between pop and

straight-up punk rock.” –Joe Evans III (It’s Alive/ Recess)

DEATH BEFORE DISHONOR: Break Through It All: 7”

This record does what it’s supposed to. It makes me want to wreck people. It does what Blood For Blood did for me for a brief time. It makes everything look twisted and ugly and deserving of at least one boot party for all that it has done to you. It’s hardcore, it’s heavy, and it isn’t afraid to lay down a little double bass for just the right amount of time. What I wish it didn’t do was cover Cock Sparrer. It’s not the most offensive version of “England (here Boston) Belongs to Me” but it’s really nothing special. The other two songs are apparently on their LP so if you were thinking of getting this for the cover on the B-Side you might be okay just having that LP. For you nerds this is limited to 1,000 hand-numbered copies on blue/black splatter vinyl and red/black splatter vinyl. Are we over “splatter” vinyl yet? You see it so often these days because of Pirates Press that it’s lost all specialness to me. –Stevo (Bridge 9)

DEATH BEFORE DISHONOR: Count Me In: LP

When I was seven, I once took a ride on my bike and I hit the curb at a funny angle. I flew from my bike and skidded to a stop on the loose gravel which also contained shards of glass. That was more fun than listening to this record. –Bryan Static (Bridge Nine)

DENNIS MOST: USA Punk 70’s: CD/DVD

...to be brutally frank, if you’re already in possession of the “Excuse My Spunk” CD, your Dennis Most & the Instigators collection is *more* than adequately stocked. To further the thought, while i imagine, rightly or wrongly, that stuff from the 70’s like “Excuse My Spunk” and “Penetrate” might very well have bequeathed profound influence on the likes of GG Allin & The Jabbers, and while i also applaud the “let’s turn it up to 10!” sentiment of 2004’s “I’m Not Dead Yet,” anyone who doesn’t think that weak, white, “new wave” covers of ballsy classics like the Equals “Baby Come Back” were precisely what caused hardcore to invent itself in 1981 is sadly misinformed. However, i *can* say, with some conviction, that this is the first time i’ve ever reviewed anything containing a Bubblepuppy cover. *Wheee!* BEST SONG: “Penetrate” BEST SONG TITLE: “Don’t Take Me for Granted, Janet” FANTASTIC AMAZING TRIVIA FACT: Comes with a DVD of Dennis Most & Audiolove playing at Xavierian Bros. High School in 1976. The best part ((besides the Hollies cover)) is that they’re playing in front of a banner that clearly says “SASS.” –Rev. Nørb (Dagger)

DEREK LYNN PLASTIC: Negative Feelings: 7” EP

Skinny ties used as nooses. Amphetamines instead of cocaine. Mr.

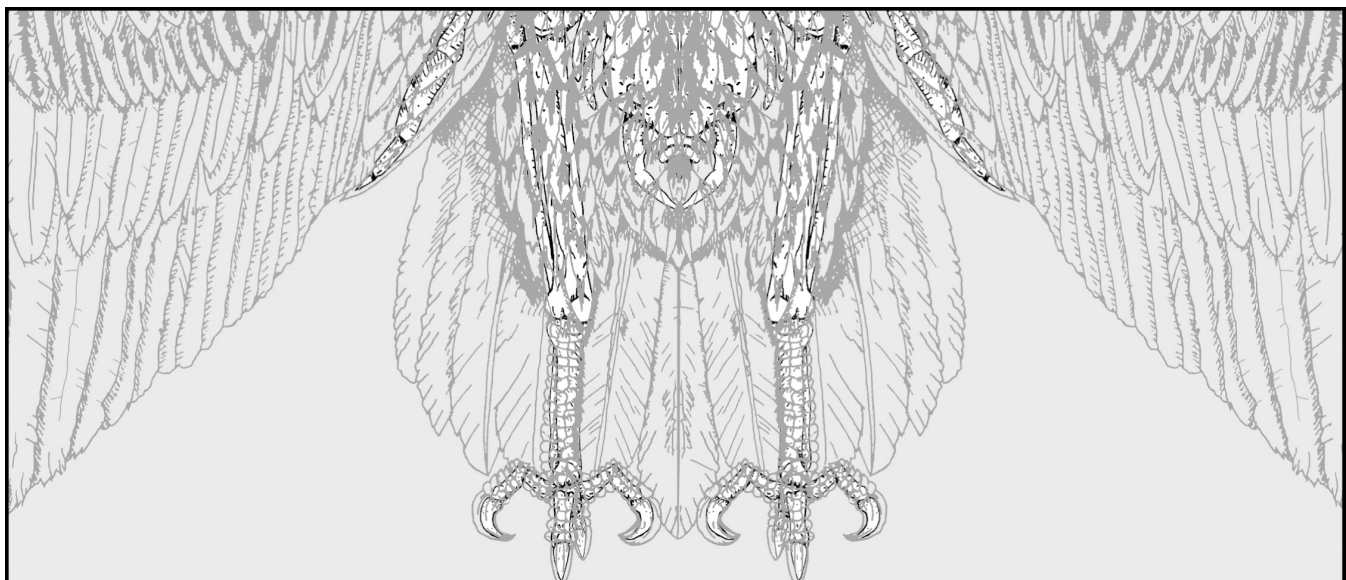
Plastic has one foot in the new wave (keyboards, excited robot vocals) one foot in the rock (a human drummer, slushy instead of bouncy guitars). In a good way, this EP takes cues from Dirtnap’s deep roster; a modern twist in an alternate universe where musicians learn equally from both The Adverts and the Vapors, utilizing the technology of today. Think along the lines of a mix of The Triggers, The Charming Snakes, and The Briefs, all about the get into a nasty wreck, speeding down a wiggly freeway. Not bad. –Todd (NMG)

DESTRUCTORS 666 / THE RUINED: 777: CD

The Ruined: Sorry, but hard as I try, I just can’t get past the metal component to their sound. Destructors: Damn these guys are prolific! No sooner did I review their full-length when this came along. Two tunes with a horror vibe to ‘em, mid-tempo at their fastest, neither of which are too shabby. –Jimmy Alvarado (Rowdy Farrago)

DESTRUCTORS 666: Many Were Killed, Few Were Chosen: CD

I’ve gotten nearly an EP per issue from these guys over the last couple of years, so it’s nice to see they’ve decided to forego yet another and go for broke with a full-length. Considering their pedigree (they started out as the Destructors way, way back in 1977, broke up, one dude went on to play with the Blanks before reforming the Destructors and taking



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them into the next decade, where they became part of the infamous U.K. '82 crop of punk bands), it comes as no surprise their sound harkens back to the so-called "glory days" of U.K. punk. What is surprising is they sound just as relevant and as energetic as they did to those many years past. The speed of their tunes leans more toward mid-tempo punk than minimalist thrash these days, but they can still belt them out with a power and conviction many new bands seem unable to muster. The lyrics alternate between the serious and the not-as-serious, and there's even a remake of the aforementioned Blanks' "The Northern Ripper" on here. —Jimmy Alvarado (Rowdy Farrago)

DICKIES, THE: *Second Coming: CD*

I've been an unabashed Dickies fan for as long as I can remember. That said, I loathed this album when it first came out to the point that, up until now, it was the only one I actively refused to own. The wherefores involved in my detestation boiled down to one thing: a production that strived so hard for mainstream success that it effectively smoothed off all the gloriously jagged bits that made the Dickies sound like, well, the Dickies. The rhythm guitars were just lost in some void and "Dummy Up" sounded like some outtake from an aborted Dexy's Midnight Runners album. And then there were the cover songs, the last refuge of the band's true greatness, sullied by faithful interpretations of "Hair" and "Town Without Pity" rather

than the ramped up approach that made their renditions of "Nights in White Satin," "She," and "Paranoid" on albums past such barnburners. Revisiting it some eighteen years later, I'll grudgingly admit things aren't as dire as previously believed. Sure, the covers still suck something awful and the rhythm guitars remain MIA, but the strength of songs like "Going Homo," "Cross Eyed Tammy," "Booby Trap" and others shine through the lackluster production. No doubt to make things that more enticing, the *Killer Klowns* five-song mini-LP has been tacked onto the end. Yeah, it still ain't my favorite album by them, but it ain't half as bad as I thought. —Jimmy Alvarado (Captain Oi)

DIGITAL LEATHER:

She Had a Cameltoe: 7"

When I lived in Tucson years ago, I would see Shawn (the man behind DL) at shows, looking like a skinny bottle of whiskey that was always filling back up. He seemed unstable and fun, someone you want to hang out with as long as you had a bail bonds card on ya. Well this is how DL is too, er, in digital form. Twisted synth punk. His newest single sounds like the Boggles on the title track: vocals through a TV speaker, really, really electric sounds, more pop-pop-click than his usual vibe. But it's great and what American wouldn't like a song about a cameltoe? The back side, "Abrasion" is more along the lines of his other work: moody drama class vocals, strong

keyboards, and garage rock drums... homemade damage. It's a killer song that you can sing along to like a drunk Brian Eno. —Speedway Randy (Goner)

DIRTY BIRD: *Here Lies: CD*

Stoner rock meets blazing garage punk with blown-out vocals. Members of Glasspack and Raging Slab are in the band. Comes off a whole lot like what I remember Laughing Hyenas sounding like. Any fan of Zeke, Ironboss, Melvins, or, especially, The Hookers will want to check this out. —Mike Frame (4 Walls)

DIRTY LOOKS / BOSSY: *Split: 7"*

I get frustrated some times. I get frustrated when I don't get good stuff for review and I get really frustrated when I get good stuff for review from bands who can't seem to make up their mind if they're going to continue being a band. I mean how many times can you put your little heart out there for a band that you know is just going to break your heart? This record has not one but two bands giving me angina. Firstly there's Dirty Looks. At least half of whom live in the Bay Area and, on occasion, will play a show when all of them are in town. I got their demo in the last year or so and I was blown away. Naters of Bent Outta Shape laying down some "Bob Stinson if he was wasted and suddenly found himself in Naked Raygun on guitar," backed up by Ren and Skip (also of B.O.S.) and fronted by Gaylen... a lady who can lay down the grit in just the way I like it. To

my question of "are you guys going to tour at all?" I believe I got some reply of "not really and half of us are moving back to Oakland." Now if there's one thing I hate more than being let down by good bands breaking up before they've realized their full potential, it's those bands breaking up after I laid down a thousand or so dollars to put out their record. So I balked. Bossy—although I don't think they ever asked me to do a record—is a similar sort of situation coupled with the fact that I thought they blew at the Fest and god bless little Jimbo but that man can't stay in a band for more than ten minutes. Their two songs here way outshine their performance that balmy night in Florida. Well, anyway, thank the man upstairs for Marco of Salinas. A young man with the deep pockets of a school teacher and the testicular fortitude of a deep sea welder. He treads where I dare not go and reaps the spoils of those dangerous outings. She ain't too much to look at but she is a pleasure to listen to. —Stevy (Salinas)

DOUBLE NEGATIVE: *The Wonderful and Frightening World of: LP*

Holy sheeeeeeit. That's pretty much sums up all my dropped jaw can muster. Why? These guys sound like all the best parts of early Hüsker Dü and *Pick Your King-era* Poison Idea without sounding like they're trying to ape those bands, making for one really good reason to go out and buy a record player, if you don't already have one. I give it four days before I

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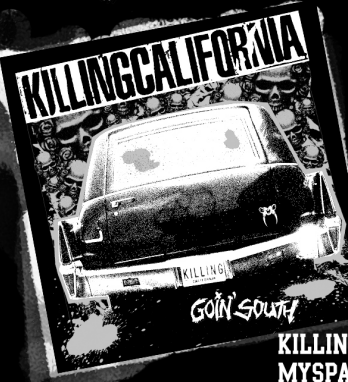
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completely wear the grooves out. —Jimmy Alvarado (No Way)

DOWN IN THE DUMPS:
Dumps Luck: CD

If you took a CD of a pop punk band and then backed over it with your car, or pick up truck if you live in Florida, a few times... If that disk would actually play again, doubtful, but if it did actually play—it would probably skip a lot, but if it played again—it might sound like a gravelly version of what once was pop punk. That would be these dudes here. They have a catchiness buried under a thick coating of grit, grime, and the sounds of the gutter. But under the sludge, there's an enthusiasm to the whole CD that is infectious, and also a slight sarcasm that was once a standard for bands of this genre. "I hate myself but I don't want to die"; self-loathing yet funny at the same time. Dumps have got something here. Just when the CD gets to that part where things get repetitive, dudes pull through because of their enthusiasm for the songs captured in the recording. —Dave Disorder (Kiss Of Death)

ECONOMIST: Self-titled: CD

Six tracks and sixty-one minutes of dark drone music. It's nice to have running in the background or maybe while you're sleeping, but I find it hard to imagine someone saying, "When we go on our cross-country drive, let's make sure and bring some drone music." Or, "Hey man, can you put on that new drone CD you got?" —Kurt Morris (Lens)

ELECTRICUTIONS, THE: *Sedition, Subversion, and Espionage: 7"*

Wow, pretty killer r'n'r with political lyrics! This is a real find. A cousin to The Regulations, not so literally but in old punk rock sound and lefty lyrics. How many times do you get a lyric sheet with a 45? Not freaking often, but this band has something to say, and the music to back it up. Stirring, powerful, and catchy, and from DC even. Pick it up now! Should be leading the way on Dischord, fitting into the DIY and the politics, harkening back to the bands that started the label. But it's on Big Neck, maybe because it's the brother of Odie from the Baseball Furies. —Speedway Randy (Big Neck)

EXPLODING HEARTS, THE:
Shattered: CD

The Exploding Hearts were one of those bands that slowly grew on me rather than wowing from the get-go. I liked their debut album, but it took just a little bit of repeated listenin', and becoming totally smitten with their cover of FU2's "Sniffin' Glue," to imbed a full appreciation of them firmly in my head enough for me to look forward to their next release. Sadly, that release never came to pass thanks to a car accident killing most of the band in one fucked up swoop. As a result, the title of this collection of odds and sods is poignantly fitting. Like its predecessor, the music here illustrates that these kids were capable of plundering deep into the power pop (a term that is in reference to the late-

'70s/early-'80s music phenomenon that spawned The Beat, The Quick, The Plimsouls, and countless others and not the slew of crappy bands that have co-opted the term to distance themselves from the pop punk ghetto into which they so deftly fit) vaults for inspiration and wicked hooks, tempering things with enough punk rawness to avoid any potential hypoglycemic fits and ending up with some seriously good, seriously catchy songs. Bands this good right out the box are scarce, so the loss of one before they've achieved their full potential means we're the worse for it. —Jimmy Alvarado (Dirtnap)

FAKE PROBLEMS: *How Far Our Bodies Go: CD*

This is where keeping it real goes wrong. I got this for review over at MRR too, to which I immediately said "Oh Shit," as I did just now when I opened the package from *Razorcake* and saw it again. I spent a long time while listening to this record trying to figure out exactly how I'm going to say "I don't like it" while trying to avoid the maximum level of shit I'll get later. You see, a friend of mine put this out. Not only that, but three of these guys are total sweethearts and although the other one perturbs me, he isn't a totally bad gent. I'm giving him a chance to grow on me as I've been promised he will, but from time to time it has been a challenge. Okay, so add those things together with the fact that I've seen this band live and heard their record

and at this point don't particularly care for any of it... and don't forget to toss in my natural tendency to "keeps it real" and you can see my problem. But fuck me; this is not a review of my issues reviewing this record. The real issue here is that with this record and band all the elements are there, all the dominos are lined up, but it doesn't click. You've got southern Plan-It-X/No Idea punk vibe in several of its many varieties well represented, but it all comes through a little hollow. I blame it on their youth and it seems like things are happening a little too fast for these guys, but if they slow it down a touch and enjoy the ride, something good could come of it. —Stevio (Sabot)

FALLOUT, THE: *Dismantlement: CD*

From the name, and the artwork used, I was totally expecting some kinda hardcore screampfest, but no, these guys defy convention by shying away from going balls-out manic and infusing more than a dollop of pop. Although they're considerably looser and they didn't really sound like them, the catchiness of the tunes and the political bent of their lyrics reminded me of Rebel Truth. Better than expected. —Jimmy Alvarado (Insurgence)

FEELERS, THE: *Children Are Kids Too: 7"*

After the "Nothing Always" 45 this is the fifth single from The Feelers by my count, not including the split with the

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Blank Its and the single on the Killed By Trash comp. They may be reaching the Tyrades territory, a killer collection of 45s and only one full-length. Nothing wrong with that, upping the fetish scale a la The Rip-Offs. This one is for the "2007 European Tour" and continues their KBD sound, but they are as consistently good and fresh as anyone else you wanna name today. Some of their best stuff here. Not to mention, P. Trash is on a roll lately with some sparkling 45s. —Speedway Randy (P. Trash)

FEELERS, THE: *Nothing Always: 7"*

The Feelers are like going to a really good show, a strong bill. The first bands are pretty darn good. Good enough to sway along to, not mock, and it's a pleasant, if not mind-blowing, evening. The bands are as good, or better, than the drinks you're drinking. Then The Feelers come on, and it's like someone tripped a booby trap. The chaos is precise, it's directed right at the audience—all from above, out of nowhere, in an ambush—and all the songs are filled with lethal intent, delivered with certainty of muscle. Even if this 7" is less vicious than the previous one on Contaminated, holy hell, if it's not as great and still going directly for all the softest parts of the listeners' bodies. I'm pleased as punch to find strains of hardcore and non-fancy garage snaking around the same stick again, biting from both sides. Supercharger and The Fix fans, hold hands against the enemy of complacency! —Todd (Bachelor)

FEELERS, THE: *Nothing Always: 7"*

This band continues to deliver: KBD, tight guitars, strained singing to the point of inventing new melodies, immediate fun. Easily one of the more exciting bands today, as they are just fun, but have a feeling of danger in their sound. Will make girls jump up and down and guys break windows. Anyone out there making a running zombies movie? The Feelers are your soundtrack. —Speedway Randy (Bachelor)

FINAL SOLUTIONS, THE: *Songs by Solutions: CD*

Whoo hoo, one of my favorite bands out of Memphis. Art punk minimalism, with a lot of fuzz pedal and snot, too. They get compared to the Urinals a lot (and cover them) but that's just the base. They are fun and spastic against the simple bap-bap-bap, too, and never boring. Looking at them while you listen, you can see the missing link between Wire and Ted Nugent. All business in the front, all party in the back. —Speedway Randy (Goner)

FISHBONE: *Still Stuck in Your Throat: CD*

Reggae, ska, gospel rock with horns and some metal riffs, plus the Dickies and a good helping of Faith No More. This album'll be a novelty for some, fresh new tunes for others. The best songs on the album have to be the jazzy/punky "Party with Saddam" and "Premadawnutt." Oh, they also cover the song "Date Rape" by that one band from Long Beach. —Mr. Z (Sound In Color)

FLIP TOPS / YOKOHAMA HOOKS: *Split 7"*

Flip Tops: Ever been in a car that was once a prime hot rod, but when you're in it, the brakes are shot, there are cigarette burns in the headliner, there's a crack the length of the windshield, the tape deck only works when a matchbook is shoved on top of a tape, and its driver is almost always drunk and/or stoned? The Flip Tops remind me of that. If total care was taken, they could be owners of a cherry ride shown off during the weekend to impress fellow dentists and chrome enthusiasts. The Flip Tops hop the curb to 7-11, do donuts in neighbors' lawns, and have everything held together with bailing wire and duct tape. 'Tis, I believe, the way punk rock should be played. By miscreants barely holding their shit together, rumbling through a world of "misused" potential. Yokohama Hooks: I've, on occasion, wondered what Yoko Ono and Nico would sound like if they were, like, good. You know, like sorta arty, but rockin', itchy and angular, but interesting for the ass and the mind and you didn't need some sort of degree in asshole snob culture studies to "appreciate" it. Yokohama Hooks somewhat answer that to the tune of "for fans of the A-Frames and Operation S." Women androids kill with high kicks, just like in *Blade Runner*. Me like. —Todd (Iron Goat)

FOR THE WORSE: *The Chaos Continues: 7"*

I'd sort of pigeon holed old Bridge 9 as a different sort of label. A label that wouldn't put out something this spastic.

Eleven songs on one 7". Fast, fucked up, with a touch of Negative Approach, and from the looks of the live photos I've seen of them, a singer who knows how to tear down a stage. Apparently he was in pro wrestling for awhile. I don't really follow the "sport," so I'm not too familiar. Not too shabby. —Stevie (Bridge 9)

FREEZE, THE: *Live from Cape Cod 1980: LP*

Live recording unearthed from one the band's very early shows. Sounds like an off-the-board recording. One thing that surprises me is, for a band so young and just starting off, they were pretty tight. This was recorded right around the time their 1st 7", *I Hate Tourists*, came out. So this is the pre-hardcore Freeze. This period of the band reminds me of the Dickies. I usually can't stand live recordings anymore, but I found myself not bothered by this recording. A history lesson: if you prefer early punk that's snotty, this is right up your alley. A Freeze fan should already have this or have it penciled in their shopping list. Mailorder copies come on cool and snazzy splattered vinyl and inserts hand signed by Cliff Hanger. So go to the source to score that cool copy. —Donofthedeath (Schizophrenic)

FUCKED UP: *Year of the Pig b/w The Black Hats: 7"* (theoretically)

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second class citizens. I'd like to think that we're equals here—not bands vs. reviewers—but all folks in a long conversation. No one here gets paid for their creative work, so it'd be real nice to have all the artwork and look at the pretty pictures when watching the vinyl spin. If you've got costs to cut, so be it—and I'm sure many other magazines will give you ink—but the music itself won't be reviewed in *Razorcake*. We mention that at the beginning of every record review section in every issue of this zine, even with a band that I love, such as Fucked Up.

Thanks.

—Todd (Put your address on the packaging. I toss all the accompanying "This band is great" publicity hokum.)

FUNCTIONAL BLACKOUTS / KK RAMPAGE: Split 7"

The Functional Blackouts spit spite-filled lyrics over mid-tempo rhythms that remind of a slightly slower, more fucked up Feelers. "Uniform" is the standout and should have been first on their side of the split. KK Rampage has a bizarre, electronic sound that, as far as I can tell, is achieved without any keyboards. The first song, "Catering to the Tastes," almost sounds like something one would hear in an industrial dance club. "Dark Powers Too" is a bit of a mind fuck, with a choir chanting backing vocals Greek chorus style. The guitars are harsh, the lead vocals are delivered in blood curdling scream fashion, and I can imagine that any serial killer who heard this would

have a new favorite band. —Josh Benke (Big Neck)

FUTURE VIRGINS: Part II: Words & Sounds: 7"EP

Good lord. This is what happens when antes are upped, gauntlets are thrown, and duels are won. This is when you hope that punk rock's a bit more like Buddhism than Christianity; that circle of life shit where if you're good and die, you rung up on that karmic ladder and come back as a squirrel instead of just going to a place where your living friends never get to hang out with you. Just what the fuck am I talking about? Prior to the Future Virgins, a couple of these dudes were in a kick-ass band called Sexy. Another dude(s) was in The Jack Palance Band. Both super rad bands, well worth checking out, who called it quits. Tears were shed. The first couple of ounces of 40s were poured on the sidewalk before the first sip. Who knew they had the formula for the musical atomic bomb (one that plants trees instead of killing people) in their back pockets? Catchy, smart, innovative, danceable, honest, and penetrating music: encapsulating some of the core reasons this zine exists. And I know this, too: anybody who listens to the Future Virgins wins. 2007 DIY punk rock at its finest. —Todd (Plan-It-X South)

GABRIEL HART: The Nightlight: 7"EP

Gabe was the lead singer and guitarist for the dearly departed Starvations and now fronts Jail Weddings. This

collection of songs is Gabe solo, mostly just him and his guitar. For bearings, think Gun Club, early Nick Cave, a heart engorged with wine and whiskey, of a best friend being sorrow, and veins that pump melancholic blood, both sweet and bitter. With affairs like this—stripped down and scraping bone—one of two things happen. Either a hard light shines on the musician's limitations to stand alone and is little more than an exercise in egoism. Or, as is the case here, it's a rare and powerful glimpse at the very core of how a song can be written and performed at its most elemental, to show that without a solid foundation, all further embellishments are merely frosting on hollow musical monuments. —Todd (Red Wine)

GALLOWS: Orchestra of Wolves: CD

It would be really easy to make this a three word review: fake ass Converge. The similarities are unbelievable: the artwork, the sound, even a Bannan lookalike on vox. Just take away the quality, make it Warped Tour acceptable, and serve to the young'uns. —Mike Frame (Epitaph)

GIANT HAYSTACKS / THE OUTNAUTS: Split 7"

If Giant Haystacks were based out of London, they'd have been on the cover of the *NME* by now. Or at least been a single of the week. People toss around the Minutemen thing with them a lot, which is somewhat true, but I think they also fit in with a lot of the arty, angular pretty sweet rock that has been

coming out of England in the last few years. If you toss in some Jam and/or Gang of Four with that Minutemen comparison you've got something closer to the truth about their sound. I fell a little out of love with these guys over the "A Rebirth of Our City" song on their 7" of the same name. Living in Oakland myself I didn't exactly agree with some of the sentiments that I perceived were in the song. It sort of weighs on my mind when I think of them now. Anyway I get all sensitive some times about Oakland and what people think may be wrong or right for the city. Blah, blah, blah, East Bay politics. They're still a good band and good people. The Outnauts from Japan back this thing up with some spastic feedback-peppered punk that you'd be paying \$100 a 7" or 8" flexi for if it had come out in '85. Quite nice. —Stevio (Snuffy Smiles)

GOLDEN BOYS, THE: Whiskey Flower: CD

The album and band name had me expecting folk punk, or perhaps "indie roots," as I have heard people calling it now. However, this album borrowed sounds from places as diverse as punk, country, and '60s garage rock. Some tracks got a little weird for me, but for the most part they're solid. —Sarah Shay (Emperor Jones)

GORT: Unravel: 7"

Two man band featuring a baritone guitar and drums. The title track is basically a stoner sludge number that

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is very Sabbath-like with a ton of bottom end and with very limited vocals: perfect background music if I still smoked a ton of weed. The flipside is a cover of Devo's "Smart Patrol/ Mr. DNA." I am a big fan of early Devo, but can a two-man band pull this off? Yes. I really dug their version. Not as sludgy as the title track, but the minimalist and raw approach to the songs came off very well. —Donofthedeath (Flotation)

GRABASS CHARLESTONS / THE ERGS: Split: 7"

I'm a man of many faults. One fault in particular applies to half of this record. It's the one located somewhere in the crossed wires of my head that causes me to erroneously dislike things that I feel too many other people like. Especially if I didn't get in on the very ground floor of all this overbearing love. There is absolutely no reason to point out how shallow and down right retarded this is. I think on it often. The Ergs are on fire right now amongst pop punk nerds and the level of praise heaped upon them irks me for some reason. Even though I know that they at least ninety percent fully deserve it. They're just really good. I enjoy the sounds they make and their impromptu Green Day covers at record store basement shows in San Francisco please me. They're really nice people. They were on a comp I did and I thought they fucking owned it. Our Bob Stinson who art in heaven wishes he could have nailed that solo

so well. But somewhere in the back of my head I want to not like them on account of how much wang suckery people are doing right now over them. Totally not their fault. Mostly unreasonable. Like I said I'm a man of many faults. Anyway I tend to write reviews that rarely inform people of what records actually sound like. In short, if you wish that true pop punk (like Blink 182 never happened) had continued to progress from the '90s and maintained its vitality, you'll be extremely stoked on The Ergs. They bring it in a way that hasn't been done in a long time and its actual fucking quality. The lip service flood swirling around our waists right now for these guys is actually pretty well deserved. They're not perfect and every song ain't a gem but a whole lot of them are. Grabass...bring up the vocals in my monitor! You're buried back there! You wrote a song about Aaron Kohl god damn it and I want to hear it in its full glory. My only real complaint. Of their two songs "Double Ding-Dong...this song title is too long" is the real winner. Maybe it's my soft spot for that sweet as pie occasionally one man wrecking ball you call Kohly or maybe it just rocks the face off of the other song. There honestly can't be a soul reading this magazine who doesn't know what this band sounds like and I'm trying to knock these damn reviews out so I ain't going to get in to it. They sound good. That's all you need to know. On the other hand, something I need to know is why I've

seen at least four or five record covers over the years with lottery scratch off tickets on them. What's behind this odd choice of artwork? They don't look cool so I can only assume it's a cover for your gambling problems. Just because you made art out of your addiction doesn't mean it's not a problem! —Stevie (No Idea)

GUN CRAZY / TEEN COOL: Split: 7"

If, as I want to think, Gun Crazy is writing dull, monotonous rock songs in order to merge style and content, to show that working class life can be dull and monotonous, then they are geniuses. I want to think, for example, there's a higher purpose behind singing the line "Talk to Jane" twenty-four times, which is quite dull and monotonous, in the song of the same name. This might be wishful thinking on my part. Teen Cool, not quite so dull and monotonous, sound like lesser Social Distortion, like songs The Heartdrops would have weeded out of their set list after a show or two. —Mike Faloon (Cutthroat)

GÜNNNA VAHM: Man Hands for Rump Lust: CD

Heavy-duty noise rock that fits in quite nicely with the Unsane crowd. Lyrics are pretty wacky. —Jimmy Alvarado (Reptilian)

HAPPY BASTARDS / KISMET HC: Split: 7"

I have to admit that I have had this for sometime in my personal collection.

But it has gotten buried in the huge stack of need to listen to records on the floor. Being a record nerd can be counterproductive in your need to listen to new music when you really don't have a lot of time to just listen to music. Getting a review copy kicked me in the nads to finally hear this. Happy Bastards: This is my first time listening to this band. I didn't purchase the full length that was put out by Profane Existence. If this is a sample of what might be on the full length, I need to get off my ass and buy it. It's fierce and fast punk with female vocals that kind of made me think of what a band like Signal Lost would sound like if they played fast. The vocals are audible and not overly screamed. The production has a very live feel and sounds bright. I get feelings of early '79 California punk mixed with some of the hardcore of '83. Kismet HC: A band that has been around for sometime now, hailing from the U.K. They really leave an impression on their side of the split. It's full blast and teetering on mass collision punk that feels blistering. It made me feel like I was having irregular heartbeats. Something about the music made me feel manic. Female vocals that made me feel I had to stand at attention and just listen. Guitar, bass, and drums that blur into multiple blasts of anger that make me feel pummeled. They twist things around by slowing things down a couple parts to let you catch your breath before they take you on another ride for your life. A perfect introduction

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to two bands that match up well and yet sound uniquely different from one another. —Donofthedeat (Fight for Your Mind)

HAUNTED GEORGE: *Pile O' Meat*: CD

The second offering of alienated, sunstroked, desert hallucinations in as many issues from Steve Pallow's alter-ego, Haunted George, and he continues to sit atop the heap of purveyors of the one man band format. Is anyone out there coming up with lyrics as fucking brilliant as this one from "Song for World Peace": "I hold these truths to be self-evident/That all men may be cremated equally." Haunted George's voice sounds like a parched demon growling at the poor soul he is about to inhabit and torment, and the guitar sounds like its being plucked by the claws of a gargoyle. Pop on "Invisible" and feel the echo liquefy your limbic system. These tunes are coming from another plane entirely. Next level shit, with a cover photo that, unbelievably, looks like the music sounds. —Josh Benke (Hook or Crook)

HEAVY TRASH:

Going Way Out with....: CD

Jon Spencer has been around for ages, and I gotta admit, this is the first time I have ever knowingly sat down to listen to one of his records. Heavy Trash is Spencer and Matt Verta-Ray, formerly of Madder Rose and Speedball Baby, backed by three different bands in various studios around the world. Whatever the incarnation, wherever

the location, these wild, not-so-young bucks kick out scorching country-blues, rampaging rockabilly, and full-throated rock'n'roll. From the early Johnny Cash tones of "That Ain't Right" to the sheer rock'n'roll exuberance of "They Were Kings" (giving props to The Goriest, The Cheater Slicks, and Doo Rag) and "Crazy Pritty Baby," *Going Way Out With....* will force your hair into a pompadour of its own accord and your feet to slide around the dance floor independently of your brain. Killer stuff. —Josh Benke (Yep Roc)

HELLRATZ, THE: *Rattengift*: CD

Super fast street/crust punk from Germany. Pretty darn good for sixteen-year-olds. It'll be interesting to see what these kids accomplish from this point on. —Mr. Z (Razorblade)

HEX DISPENSERS, THE: *Self-titled*: CD

There aren't many bands in the underground for whom I'd say "fuck it" and quit my job so that I could go on tour and roadie for them. The Hex Dispensers are one of those bands. Seeing and hearing these songs played every night for a month or two whilst throwing back beers, snorting up drugs, screaming "MEOW-MEOW-MEOW!!!" during "The Crone [99 Cats]," and loading gear into a van would certainly take years off the end of my life, but it would be absolutely worth it. These tunes are a dirty, menacing brand of dark-wave garage pop, the aural equivalent of Black Sunday and the Spits taking a bunch of speed and

dancing a midnight, cemetery tango on the grave of the Riverdales. Assuming the Riverdales are dead, of course. Lyrically, the Hex Dispensers tackle popular and kick ass topics such as assassins, E.S.P., haunted TV stations, and witchcraft. The downright groovy "Arsenic Milkshake" concludes the CD with the fantastically sinister lines: "I'll make an arsenic milkshake/Delicious to the end/I'll make an arsenic milkshake/It's sweetened with revenge." Speaking of which, has anyone seen the Hex Dispensers roadie? I wanted to invite 'em down to the malt shop for a drink. —Josh Benke (Alien Snatch)

HOODS UP: *Arms Still Open*: CD

Formulaic youth crew ("Pounding, high-energy straight edge hardcore with all the classic elements: singalongs, breakdowns, fast parts, and positive and outspoken lyrics..." that's what it actually said in the press release). So, yeah, they know the formula, but they know it really well and seem to really enjoy playing the kind of music they love and singing songs about things they really care about. And whether I find this music inspiring or not—and at times I do—from what I can tell from the lyrics and song explanations, these Germans are really caring and down-to-earth people. And that makes this generic hardcore more fun to listen to. —Daryl (Refuse)

HOWARD HELLO / GREENNESS: *Split: 2 x CD*

This is a double disc split, with

five songs being done on the first disc by San Francisco's Howard Hello (which is primarily Kenseth Thibideau of Thingy, Sleeping People, and Rumah Sakit) and the second disc being comprised of four songs from Greenness and eleven songs of collaborative material. Howard Hello really didn't do anything much for me. For those not in the know, Howard Hello is similar to much of the other stuff on the Temporary Residence Ltd. label. However, unlike some of their bigger acts (Mono, Explosions in the Sky), Howard Hello doesn't have any crunchy guitars that kick in. This is all very floaty, ambient fare (with the exception of the final track) with male and female vocals that seem pleasant enough. With the abundance of lots of programmed keyboards and acoustic guitar, this material may be somewhat sissy in some aspects, especially for readers of this zine. But the material from the Greenness disc seems to make up for any let-down Howard Hello may have provided. Greenness is an entirely instrumental act which has a lot more power behind their songs than the ones from Howard Hello. Similar in style to Don Caballero or Oxes, the bass is prevalent and up front while the guitar slinks around carrying the songs with a breath of lightness and the drums are steady but allow for a good groove. Besides, how can you not like a band that has a track called, "In Fond Memory of Doug Keith... Wait He's Still Alive, I Gotta Call Him"? The collaborative material is

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fun and all over the place, sounding a bit more like Greenness type material than Howard Hello, but with vocals on some tracks. None of it, however, seems as focused as the Greenness tracks, rather it seems like some people collaborating and not taking it quite as seriously. It doesn't mean it's just a big mess, it just means it doesn't seem to have that direction and drive like the other tracks. One big plus of this release is that all artists' proceeds go to benefit Children's Musical Education in St. Augustine, Florida. —Kurt Morris (Sickroom)

HUNKASAURUS: *Thirds*: CD

So-so singer-songwriter stuff. I really wanted to like this CD: a "Mr. Tambourine" and Turtles cover?! Not to mention a clearly negative opinion of the record industry (DIY released CD with slogans lambasting the record business). Unfortunately, I'm left indifferent by the music—although filled with joy that someone hates the tumbling record industry as much as I do! —Ryan Leach (Musea)

HYDEOUTS, THE: *Self-titled*: 7" EP

The vocals have that early '90s trash rock sound, the music has the early '80s L.A. suburban punk sound, and both are ratcheted way the fuck up for maximum effect. Some seriously impressive, rockin' stuff here and, in a shameless attempt to up their bonus point count, they've included in this copy a CD-R with the songs off the EP plus an additional three. —Jimmy Alvarado (Black Lung)

IMPULSE, THE / BOY/GIRL: *Split*: 7"

The Impulse: A familiar name. Featuring members of Dirt Bike Annie, The Impulse fall in between pop punk and power pop, very reminiscent of the Hi-Fives: catchy, upbeat rock'n'roll with the highest priority being on having fun. There's also a companion DVD included too. Boy/Girl: An unfamiliar name. Mid-tempo, fairly arty, slightly noisy indie rock. I want to say that if it was the mid to late '90s, and Sub Pop was based in Hoboken or Jersey City, this band would be on that label. —Joe Evans III (Self-released)

IRON CROSS: *2 Piece and a Biscuit*: CDEP

I've never denied my unabashed appreciation of this band, one that extends back to 1982 or so, when I first picked up *Flex Your Head* at a long-gone record store/head shop in Montebello. While they weren't as speedy as SOA or Minor Threat, something about that primal sound they unleashed on songs like "War Games," and the tracks on their *Skinhead Glory* 7" EP just hit something deep inside this angry East L.A. kid and it wasn't long before I was writing their name all over everything. That said, I was pleased as punch that Sab had gotten the band back together again and eagerly awaited some new material. Well, here some is and, uh, it ain't quite up there with their earlier work. Sure, you can't expect the same ol'

shit, especially when you're talking about a gap in product stretching over two decades, but frankly, the bulk of the stuff here—courtesy of both the current incarnation of Iron Cross and Sab's other band, the Royal Americans—sounds like yer average American oi band, right down to the almost obligatory cover of Cock Sparrer's "Running Riot." It ain't outright terrible, mind you, so much as it is pedestrian. I kept waiting for that old fire to build up in the pit of my stomach, but it never did. Ah well. —Jimmy Alvarado (13th State)

JAY REATARD / BOSTON CHINKS: *Split*: 7"

Great split from Memphis legend and new kids. Jay has a strange '70s rock feel to his "Let It All Go," as in less punk, more rock, sing more than scream, "it's too IAAate" radio friendly. Along with his other new 45s, Jay has a collection of lighter songs to party to that are still fun, just more friendly. Boston Chinks continue to impress me after their last 45. They pump out tight rock that feels new and exciting, but it keeps to traditional rock'n'roll themes of get in there, do your business, and leave. Chinks play with Jay on his solo tour, which should be some of the best shows of the year. —Speedway Randy (P. Trash)

JAY REATARD: *I Know a Place*: 7"

Whoa. Heartfelt singer-songwriter. If you only want your Jay Reatard

songs to be fuzz fucked, you may need to skip this one. Or just pick it up at the same time as the extreme Terror Visions LP that just got released, which will destroy the notions he's gone soft. Over all this time, Jay has played every type of rock from bucket punk to new wavy to death synth, so why not step back too? It's all rock'n'roll. —Speedway Randy (Goner)

JOE SHITHEAD KEITHLEY:

Band of Rebels: CD

On the Sudden Death website, Joe Shithead writes that he's surprised to be running his own record label. That is certainly a cool accomplishment, but pales compared to the fact that nearly thirty years after coming on the scene with D.O.A., the guy still goes by Shithead. Cooler still, he received funding for this record not just from the Canadian government but from the *Canadian Heritage* fund. Joe Shithead is officially recognized as, and financially supported as, part of Canada's heritage, and he did so punk moniker in check (the sole alteration over the years being "Joey" to "Joe"). That's power. *Band of Rebels* is as feisty as its captain but not as impressive. It boasts a wide range of styles—rock, ska, and punk—and it doesn't shy away from the issues. I can't imagine a Beltway bureaucrat writing checks for songs such as "Wake Me Up for the Revolution" or "Bust Me Loose" and its "Legalize It" sentiments. Historically significant and worthy of admiration but probably

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not that appealing outside the ranks of the D.O.A. completists. —Mike Faloon (Sudden Death)

JOHN SCHOOLEY AND HIS ONE MAN BAND: *One Man against the World*: CD

Turn it up. TURN IT FUCKING UP. Turn it up. *TURN IT FUCKING UP I SAY!!!* TURN IT FUCKING UP!!! *TURN IT FUCKING UP!!!* The first song kind of reminded me of the music to "Beginning of the End" off of the second Eddie & The Hot Rods album. I guess the last one did, too. Did I mention to turn it up? Do so. Seriously. Seriously. Up. Seriously up. No shit. BEST SONG: "One Man Against the World, Part II" BEST SONG TITLE: "Screwdriver," 'cause I'm AN-TI-SO-CIAL! Uh, never mind. FANTASTIC AMAZING TRIVIA FACT: Worth purchasing for the liner notes alone, although you can't really turn those up. —Rev. Nørb (Voodoo Rhythm)

JOHNNY MANAK & THE

DEPRESSIVES: *Rebound Town*: CD

Adequate but not overwhelming punk/rock/roll that is currently reminding me of a street level version of the shorter/punker/better songs off of the Ramones *Pleasant Dreams* LP, except for the guitar leads, which remind me of *End of the Century*, and "It's OK That You Miss Her," which reminds me of that whole "Taxman"/"Start!" thing. "Gimmie Rock and Roll" is weak. That's all I got. BEST SONG: "Every Night's a Friday" BEST SONG TITLE: "She Said Yeah" if

you're Larry Williams; "Young Girls" if you're Motörhead. FANTASTIC AMAZING TRIVIA FACT: Johnny Manak played all the instruments on this album. *I salute his self-sufficiency!* —Rev. Nørb (Reach Around)

JONESES: *Keeping Up with*: CD

Reissue of this classic album, appearing here on CD for the very first time. A great lost-in-time slice of glampunk goodness! Just predating the GNR explosion, the Joneses were Sunset Strip glam rock before it got watered down and stupid. The focus is on songs and killer sound; the look is there but much cooler. A killer cover of Aerosmith's greatest song "Chip Away the Stone" is included and it is a raging take. Great liner notes by Jeff Drake in the booklet. Just a great, great album for fans of rock'n'roll. Watch for more Joneses stuff coming from Full Breach Kicks. —Mike Frame (Full Breach Kicks)

JONNY MANAK AND THE

DEPRESSIVES: *Rebound Town*: CD

NorCal take on the garage punk sound the Pacific Northwest made world famous in the '90s. Good because it sticks to the peppy, time-tested Fumes-like formula. Bad because that's so last century. —Jessica T (Reach Around)

KING LOUIE AND THE LOOSE DIAMONDS: *Memphis Treet*: CD

Tagged on the back as "power pop" and "Memphis grease," this is some real jukebox rock. King Louie wears

his heart on his sleeve, and his sleeve is a denim jacket, because he is the real deal. Two of the diamonds are Harlan T Bobo and Jack Oblivian, upping the rock purism here. So get to the bar at 7, make them play this CD, kick back with the locals, argue about dogs' rights, and maybe find a new friend at closing time. —Speedway Randy (Goner)

LA FRACTION: *La Vie Revêe*: LP

I remember, first getting into punk rock, that, for me, the lyrics would carry a band much further than the music itself. It was a big reason for initially getting into the Dead Kennedys and Bad Religion. I wanted to side with the smarties; get lines to crib, arguments to adopt. As time's gone on, if the music's not there, my interest isn't held. I'd rather sit down and read books on politics; think about it hard and long than follow along with it lyrically if the music's eh. Point? La Fraction's a French hardcore band, singing solely in French (but provide us only-English-speaking dolts translations), and I can't seem to listen to this LP enough. It's not that lyrics have become irrelevant—far from it—but it's surprising how much I pay attention to the music when I'm not trying to decipher the lyrics. (It's sort of like watching a movie on mute. It's surprising how much your eyes are directed by sound.) And, La Fraction's music's great. Think along the line of Funeral Oration or El Banda with different singers. Oh, it's hardcore, no doubt about it, and it's finely tuned. Paradoxically, they're as tight, smooth,

and mechanically proficient as fresh ball bearings while remaining as organic, fluid, and powerful as a waterfall. Great stuff. —Todd (Feral Ward)

LA PIOVRA: "Risacca" b/w "Danni Collaterali": 7"

Jaw-dropping, high energy, punk rock'n'roll in the same vein as Dean Dirg and Henry Fiat's Open Sore, only it's Italian and they've probably been listening to those two aforementioned bands for a good coupla years thinking of ways to top them. A couple weeks ago I saw La Piovra play in a packed Milwaukee basement and it was the musical equivalent to having a shotgun full of spaghetti blasted in my face. We American bastards didn't even know what hit us. —Daryl (Punks Before Profit)

LARKSMEN, THE: Self-titled: LP

Eric John Leslie has a pleasant, mannered voice and it works well against a quiet backdrop, like the mostly acoustic "She's So Lonely." (His voice sounds like it would have been at home on Shimmy Disc in the early '90s, with the likes of Dogbowl or the Bottlecaps.) But the Larksmen are a garage band, a pretty good one at that, and they need more grit out front. (Note: The Music Machine's Sean Bonniwell guests on two tracks.) —Mike Faloon (Skylark Music)

LEFTY LOOSIE: *100 Miles an Hour!!*: LP

Previously, Lefty Loosie bridged the gap between The Soviettes and Pinhead Gunpowder (I don't know if

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there was much of a gap to begin with, but they still bridged it). Now, this LP lives up to its title; while the heartfelt lyrics are still there, the rock is amped up to full speed, kinda like if Bent Outta Shape chugged a bunch of Buzz Cola and admitted they owned records that *weren't* by The Replacements. This record is as perfect for a warm summer night as it is for drinking beers after a breakup. —Joe Evans III (Repulsion)

LOGAN LYNN: *From Pillar to Post*: CD
If the subtitle "Selections from Fall '07 Release" on this promo copy means there's more of this planned for the actual release, maybe someone might wanna rethink that decision. What's here is essentially a man and his computer/synthesizer/whatever, virtually bereft of anything really compelling to keep the most dedicated listener keyed in past, say, song two. —Jimmy Alvarado (Devious Planet)

LOVER: *Self-titled*: CD
Lover is the new project from Rich Reatard. Damn good power pop from a dude who's not riding the rival train (he's a Reatard, dude). Fans of the Buzzcocks take heed! —Ryan Leach (Empty)

M.O.T.O.: *Self-titled*: 7"
Some people who are retarded have incredible strength. I don't know if the mastermind behind M.O.T.O., Paul Caporino, collects checks from the state, but I do know this: you try being this stupid and so fucking catchy for over twenty years and see how it pans out for

you. For M.O.T.O., it's four more songs of brilliant stupidity, complete with drum machine, fuzzed-out, in-the-red-voiced cracked pop; songs that stick to your brain like hot bubblegum on a summer sidewalk that'll have you muttering the most inane stuff when waiting in line at the grocery store. Yeah, real nice. —Todd (Boom Chick)

MAKEOUT PARTY, THEE: *2EX2LOVEU b/w Hedberg Boogie*: 7"
Slow-burn, bright-sun Beach Boys by way of Redd Kross mellowosity supported by shimmering tambourines lapping at the quieter bass lines and guitar angles of the Velvet Underground. Very California '60s. I like this more than I thought I would, due to really enjoying the sparkle of their first 7", and this, the accompanying fade. "Hedberg Boogie" has a nice quiet-epic quality to it... you know, for heavy petting. —Todd (Burger / Yellow Sun)

MANGES, THE: *Go Down*: LP
My first introduction to this Italian band was the split they had with the Queers, which in itself was pretty awesome because the bands complimented each other very well. This, I believe, has already been released on CD...but you *know* you want it on vinyl instead. That's why you stalled this long without picking it up. So do it. It's pop punk goodness, and as if you needed any more push than the band itself to pick this up, Phillip Hill (Teen Idols, The Queers, Screeching Weasel, Even In Blackouts) produced this album who then mastered

it with the help of legendary pop punk producer hero Mass Giorgini. 'Tis good. —Mr. Z (It's Alive)

MAYDAY PARADE: *A Lesson In Romanticism*: CD
Replace the "M" in Mayday with a "G" and there's your review. —Dave Disorder (Fearless, fearlessrecords.com)

MEMPHIS BEATLES: *Elvis Meets the Beatles (Soundtrack)*: 10"
I love the Beatles, can tolerate Elvis, and have a higher tolerance for kitsch than your average *Razorcake* reviewer, all of which gives me a good chance to dig *Elvis Meets the Beatles*, the soundtrack to the short film of the same name. The liner notes claim that the record "outdoes the Rutles with an original score performed by all four Memphis Beatles." I trust that the Memphis Beatles, whoever they may be, did, in fact, record this 10" but assure you that they pale compared to the Rutles (or the Kaisers or the Neatbeats or any other decent Beatle clones you care to mention). They did provide competent instrumental tracks that worked well enough to make me curious about the movie, though. —Mike Faloon (Lady Kinky Karrot)

MERCURY LOUNGE, THE / THE DAUNTLESS ELITE: *Split 7"*
Boy, I think I'm supposed to like this, but it's just not clicking. Both bands are English and play swelling melodic punk, the likes of North Lincoln, Small Brown Bike, and early period Hot Water Music. Mercury Lounge: add some metallic

guitars into the equation, and they remind me of Strung Out and second-tier Fat stuff from the late '90s. It seems heartfelt, but sounds too closely tied to a metronome and a click track for me to hear juice bursting when it gets squeezed. The Dauntless Elite: have a great name, have songs with many parts—one with a very long title—and seem very earnest, too, but I'm just getting bored listening to the record. It feels too labored. I'm convinced they're convinced, but I'm just not interested. Comes in a heavy gauge plastic sleeve. —Todd (Yo-Yo)

MESS MESS MESS: *Could You Bet*: LP
Italian street punk band that sounds very U.K. '82 to me. In fact, since the band sings in English, I would never guess that they were even Italian without looking at the liner notes. I would have guessed that they were from Britain. Had a hard time while listening to this genre after the '90s when this style was so prevalent and popular. Stepping away from it makes it more palatable. This three-piece of two males and one female play this type of music well. I've heard many a bad street punk band through the years and this one definitely stands out; kind of like listening to the Exploited meets A Global Threat, but with more melody and added moments of poppiness. If I could still fit my bondage pants, had hair to spike up, and could find my leather jacket in my garage, I would get geared up to check out this band live if they ever came close to the house. That would be a scary sight. —Donofthead (No Flags)

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THE NEW THREAT

METHADONES, THE:
This Won't Hurt... CD

I'll be honest, as much as I liked last year's *Power Pop Riot* LP ((and I liked it a lot)), the previous non-power-pop-cover Methadones never really connected with me—it always sounded like a cross between Bad Religion and Dillinger 4 or something, I dunno. I am unaware of what exact twists and turns the band's creative toilet snake bent itself through over the course of the last few years, but, suddenly, I am confronted with the wholly unexpected finding that the Methadones are actually fucking RELEVANT to my life inasmuch as they are singing about the type of shit that people who listened to Screaching Weasel or the Riverdales ten or fifteen years ago would actually care about now that they are ten or fifteen years older. *Who fucking knew* that it was within pop-punk's molecular structure to mature along with its audience and practitioners? Even more unexpectedly, what were the odds that Vapid would turn out to be the smart one of the bunch? Weird world, man. Thanks for this, I dig it. *Now put out another fucking cover album, dorks!* BEST SONG: "Street in My Hometown" if I'm feeling nice, "Poor Little Rich Girl" if I'm not so inclined. BEST SONG TITLE: "Where Did You Hide the Sun," although, now that I think about it, that's kind of emo. FANTASTIC AMAZING TRIVIA FACT: Actually, if Vapid is just now realizing that the traffic in Chicago sucks, he might not be the warmest tater in the microwave after all... —Rev. Norb (Red Scare)

MICHAEL YONKERS /
LITTLE CLAW: Split: 7" 33

Mr. Yonkers is a sexagenarian rocker who has been fucking with sonic nuttiness since birth, delivering two echoey, reverby, slabs that sound like a meat tenderizer going apeshit in a reverb coil factory ((if there is actually no such thing as a "reverb coil," I regret the error)). The female-fronted Little Claw play the type of squeaky drone that clears venues quickly and effectively until the next band comes on. *Excellent for misleading wayward Fire Marshals!* BEST SONG: Michael Yonkers, "The Drain" BEST SONG TITLE: Michael Yonkers, "I Think" FANTASTIC AMAZING TRIVIA FACT: Michael Yonkers' 1968 album, "Microminiature Love," was recorded in one hour. —Rev. Norb (X!)

MISS ALEX WHITE AND THE RED
ORCHESTRA: Space and Time: CD

GODDAMN! GODDAMN! Maybe people will get Miss Alex White this go around! Who knows, though—when's the last time an influential rock critic wrote an inspirational review? (Are there any influential critics anymore?) Ah, anyway, White has augmented her band with the addition of bassist Eric Wilamowski (who also doubles up on tenor sax). All of the great Jonathan Richman-inspired lyrics ("I Dig History") and minimalism found on White's debut (which went criminally ignored a couple years back) can be found on *Space and Time*; the record has a much more subdued production, which

I don't think is a good thing (you gotta tip your fucking hat to Jim Diamond), but the material is really fucking strong. I like this record 'cause Alex really covers the gamut of everything I like about music: Stooges' piano, Stooges' high school marching band trained saxophone, '60s psychedelia (think hints of *Surrealistic Pillow* which is, in fact, an amazing album)... noisy, abrasive, and other adjectives cops use to fill up tickets for teenagers. This is a great album and great albums are seldom made these days, proving that In The Red is without a doubt the best label going right now. I'd have chucked this record reviewing racket into the wind years ago if it weren't for them (which would have been an exceptionally good thing—damn you, Larry Hardy). —Ryan Leach (In The Red)

MODERN MACHINES /
THE MEASURE [SA]: Split 7"

Since Amy Adoyzie broke the ice on this in issue #39, yeah, the Modern Machines are hit or miss. It's almost like they're too enveloped by what they love and there's some ADD going on where they can't decide Hüsker Dü, Replacements, or themselves from song to song, record to record. These two cuts seem more intimate, stripped-down, and a bit less of a band and more a solo project, but I might just be reading too much into it. Not as blown away as I was with their Snuffy Smile split, the one with the Star Wars references, which I liked considerably. The Measure: I'm a centered dude. I think I'm comfortable saying that I

love The Measure. It's totally a platonic love of admiration. Everything's right in place, from the oscillation between Lauren's and Mike's voices, to the band's sweeping sweetness, to me eating a big bag of shit by admitting that I actually like their cover of a Bob Dylan song. (Still waiting for someone to send me a non-ass CD of his songs because I'm still denying that lingerie-shilling Yoda has it in him.) —Todd (Salinas)

MONIKERS / BANNER PILOT: Split: 7"

Monikers: Kinda Jawbreaker-y and Lawrence Arms-ish mid tempo, obscure pop punk. Oh, and on repeated listens, I thought the vocals sounded somewhat like The Connie Dungs, just less like a black metal dude trying to do pop punk. I liked it. Banner Pilot: They sound a little poppier here than on the EP, and ultimately more like their own band. And that's a good thing. It's like Fred Sanford—straight up! —Joe Evans III (Kiss Of Death)

MONSTER SQUAD: Fire the Faith: CD

Here is the problem I face with so many of the bands that I end up reviewing: I really love the music and can't stand the vocals. This new Monster Squad disc is a prime example. The music is stellar: hard-driving rhythmic hardcore punk with lots of substance. My enjoyment is quickly shattered by the lead singer shredding his throat over it. The gang vocal choruses come in and sound amazing, then the screaming starts again. Here's the thing; I don't need someone to be a great singer,

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or even a singer at all (anyone who's heard me knows it to be true), but the "grrrrrrrrrr" just doesn't belong with the music here. I really, really want to get into this, but I'm at an impasse. —Ty Stranglehold (Punkcore)

MOUTH SEWN SHUT:
Doomed Future Today: CD

When they thrash things up, I'm right there with 'em. When they bust out with the ska shit, however, no matter how much they dress up in hardcore delivery, I'm a-headin' straight for the nearest exit. —Jimmy Alvarado (Rodent Popsicle)

MUFF: Horn Attack: CD

Dual-female-vocal-led band from Germany that goes for a radio friendly rock sound that is melodic and poppy with a slight punk edge. Big production that comes off clean but the songs have enough punch to make it sound tough. With multiple listens, the songs become infectious with their hook-laden licks. Kind of reminds me of the Dollyrots meets a cleaner, poppier Lunachicks. —Donofthead (Wolverine)

MYSTERY OF TWO:

Arrow Are All You Know: CD

Man, Ohio really pumps this shit out: Pere Ubu, Peter Laughner, Home And Garden; the proto-punk stylings of Rocket From The Tombs, Electric Eels. And now Mystery Of Two. Mystery Of Two is cerebral post punk from two members of Home And Garden. This is working class rock'n'roll by three likely autodidactics, conscious

of Tristan Tzara, Pere Ubu, and existentialism. In short: this record is D.O.A. to shops—too smart for pop and not flashy enough for the art school crowd. Their loss. Our gain. —Ryan Leach (Exit Stencil)

NO CONNECTION:
Demo 2007: Cassette

Barb from I Object has a new pop punk band. In *that* band, I think she sounds a lot like Taina from Antiprism, but not in this one—vocally and musically, this is straight up pop punk worship. They do a cover of Discount's "Half Fiction" that sounds so eerily like the original it could've been an outtake from the same recording session. I got #49/50, but I'm sure they've still got CD-R versions available. —Keith Rosson (No Connection)

NORTH LINCOLN / YOU ME AND THE ATOM BOMB: Split: 7"

North Lincoln has a great take on gruff, melodic punk. It's not too Gainesville or California. I thought their split with The Gibbons was great and their side of this record is just as good. What I don't really enjoy is You Me And The Atom Bomb. It's just too poppy, but if you like the Lawrence Arms you might not mind it so much. —Daryl (Yo Yo)

NOTHINGSGOTNOPOWER / TODI STRONGHANDS: Who Will Tell the Story of Us?: Cassette

A split between two acoustic artists. One can write, the other can sing. The one who writes doesn't sing great, but he has his moments and vice versa.

I propose that they form a super duo and add a drummer and they'll have something going for them. Contains a very interesting cover of that song the rat from *Charlotte's Web* sings at after the fair closes. —Bryan Static (Sharpie Fumes Collective)

ONWARD PILGRIM:
Get What You Wanted: 7"

Indie rock that brings to mind Sebadoh, Archers Of Loaf, early Lemonheads, and other bands from that time frame. I respect the effort here, but Onward Pilgrim, at least on this record, lack the tightness and originality needed to warrant repeated listens. A little more work on the song writing and less emphasis on the guitar wanking. There's no need to wank this hard unless your name is J Mascis or you have your own pedal named after you. Until then, I'll stick to *Icky Mettle* and *You're Living All Over Me*. —Dave Disorder (Eugene)

ORDER OF THE WHITE ROSE:
Ghosts on the Sidewalk: 7"

It's really hard to find fault with a single that not only sports top-notch artwork by Brian Walsby and Keith Rosson, but is also a benefit for food banks in Maui and Oahu (seems that, contrary to a well-ingrained image of it being paradise for the affluent, Hawaii has homeless people, too). It's even harder to find fault with said single when it sports two pop-edged punk tunes that not only know to eschew the "pop punk" but also know to get in there,

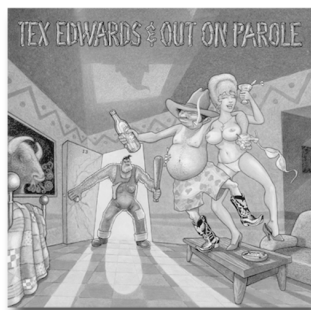
rock the fuck out, and split before their welcome wanes. Kudos to all involved. —Jimmy Alvarado (Unitree)

OUT COLD / BILL BONDSMEN:
Split: 7"

Out Cold: I believe one of the most underrated punk bands out there. They should be as popular among the punks as Fucked Up. I think they are that good. I have yet heard a bad release from this band. I should see patches on every punk out there with their band name. Location might be a problem, since they live in Massachusetts. Another great set of songs from this veteran band: three songs of early-'80s-inspired punk that can burn a hole in concrete. The music is tight and well crafted that it doesn't sound generic. At the same time, you can feel the aggression in their output. Bill Bondsmen: A band that I haven't heard before but I know they have some releases out there because I have seen the name around. If this is what the band sounds like, I want to hear more. The music is sort of unpredictable. They jerk and pull, go from tight and melodic to spastic on a dime. Slow, fast, medium, fast, slow—punk rock that is challenging, pushing the limits of the mediocre. Their two songs of organized chaos just boggled my mind. I just added this band to the shopping list. —Donofthead (Schizophrenic)

PIG DESTROYER: Phantom Limb: CD

The name conjures up images of a butcher slicing some bacon off a meaty



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hog's ass, but in reality it's code word for "Cop Killer." So, somewhere Tracy Morrow, or Ice T, as he likes to be called, is happy his message wasn't wasted. Even though he plays a cop on television... But, as ridiculous as that is, it still isn't as ridiculous to me as grindcore. I know these guys are talented n' shit, but goddamn, this music is for kids dressed up like wizards throwing twenty-sided dice. I could have maximum hit points and total charisma and I still wouldn't know what the fuck this guy is saying. Probably something about cutting up his girlfriend, but I couldn't care less. —Dave Disorder (Relapse)

**PNEUMONIAS, THE:
Automatic Pistol: 7" EP**

If you were wondering whether there are any French bands that strike a garagey midpoint between Les Hatepinks and the Four Slicks, there are, and these are they. I would jump around some, but my boss called and told me i have to work early tomorrow, so when this record is done i'm just going to go to bed. Maybe i'll jump around some tomorrow. BEST SONG: "Computer Girl," because no native English speaker could pronounce "computer" that way, even if they tried, which i did. BEST SONG TITLE: "Automatic Pistol." Actually, that's really stupid. FANTASTIC AMAZING TRIVIA FACT: I had pneumonia when i was four. —Rev. Norb (Frantic City)

PONYS, THE: So Sentimental: 7"

The Ponys are one of those bands that seem to tap into the vibe that goes across punk rock and indie hipster scenes, the way Hot Snakes, Le Shok, The Peechees, Black Lips, and others have. They don't sound the same necessarily, yet all seem to have a pulse that brings everyone in, slipping equally into dirty punk hearts as much as emo soft centers. I swear it's a drug vibe. Or maybe it's that moody feeling of being lost, lost, lost that speaks to so many adult-sized teenagers. The Ponys play quick music but it's not fast, and they play messy with a purpose. Harmonic vocals create solid anthems you can sink into. I haven't heard their Matador release these days, but bless Alicia's Contaminated Records for reissuing this older single. —Speedway Randy (Contaminated)

**POPSTERS, THE:
Two Minutes b/w Runaway: 7"**

Yet another classic pop punk slab o' wax from the infamous Kazakhstani pop punk guru! No... not Borat... that's an English comedian making an ass out of himself... I'm talking about the infamous Adam Alive from California! Side A of this 7" showcases the Popster's songwriting ability: great guitar solos and sing-along lyrics to die for. Side B is a cover of Dee Dee Ramone's song "Runaway," and it's done well. The recording quality and musicianship win on this 7". I know it's only two songs, but get it if you dig this kind of

stuff. The pre-burned super slick CD-R of the 7" is another bonus, and your mp3 players and car stereos and CD Walkmen will be feeling as important as that record player. Everyone wins! —Mr. Z (It's Alive)

POTBOILER: Izzy Alcantara: 7"

Hey, did you know Izzy Alcantara is a baseball player in the Red Sox minor league organization who kicked a catcher in the face karate style and then charged the pitchers mound? He was suspended for six games for starting the brawl. I Googled him, so I'm a pervert. I like to Google people. Didn't find much on Potboiler though, not the band anyway. So I had to actually listen to the record, which totally was an effort on my part. So here's my convoluted reviewer explanation. "Pop punk that reminds me of defunct North Eastern bands like Mid Carson July, El Secondhand, and Weston. There's also a hint of Fay Wray in there for the dudes in the South." I could say, "Mix 'em all up in a pot, boil it, and you get Potboiler." But that would just be stupid. But, if you think about it, music reviews are stupid. —Dave Disorder (Salinas)

**PRETTYBOY THORSON & THE
FALLING ANGELS: Ain't It Funny: CD**

This is that drunken kind of pop punk that was made famous in the Bay Area. It's all about breaking up with girls and drinking about it, along with a few references to punk activities like being broke and sleeping on couches.

This is the kind of band that every town has one of and they always have a huge local following. They're a good band. Hell, if I were to start my first band, it might sound like this and hopefully we'd be good too. But, for me personally, in this over-accelerated, over-stimulated culture, I don't get into bands on the basis of them being good, but on whether they stand out or not. Unfortunately, this band doesn't do that for me. —Craven Rock (ADD)

**PRINCESS THUNDERSTORM:
Self-titled: 7"**

Sometimes when I'm on the bus I wonder about things—like what all the classic rock greats (Black Sabbath, AC/DC, CCR, etc.) would sound like if they had grown up listening to punk, hardcore, and other alternative rock in between the years of 1984 and 1994. It definitely would not sound like classic rock, but it might sound like Princess Thunderstorm. They play unapologetic guitar-driven rock that doesn't wank at all, with anywhere from one to four people unleashing some extremely venomous vocals over it. It's a mighty combo of fury, tongue-in-cheek humor, and relentless DIY rock. —Daryl (25th Hour)

**PROCESSION OF VULTURES:
Self-titled: 7"**

A record that could work on 33 or 45. Side A plods along for a good long while before applying your face to a belt sander. Side B gets to the point a lot faster and I think the pay off is

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better. Heavy, screaming, emotional, belt sander. Apparently recorded in 2000 but finally mixed last year and released recently. Features people from Skarp, State Of The Union, and Wormwood. If you like any of those bands, there's something here for you. —Steve (Inimical)

PROZACS, THE: *Questions, Answers, and Things Never Found*: CD

Super duper polished pop punk by a band that came out of the ashes of The Grandprixx. Not bad, but nothing too exciting either. The only two highlights for me, personally, were the fantastic Queers-esque love song “Never Knew,” and the title to the emo-bashing song: “Those Pants Would Look Better on Your Sister.” Personally, I liked the Grandprixx better. But that's just me. —Mr. Z (Cheap skate)

RANDY “BISCUIT” TURNER: *A Benefit EP: 7” EP*

I felt a serious sense of loss when I'd heard that Biscuit had died. This feeling wasn't fueled so much by my being an unabashed Big Boys fan—although no doubt there was much of that mixed in there as well—as it was by knowing that one of punk rock's true originals was no longer around to stir some shit. To me, Biscuit, and the Big Boys, embodied all that was good about punk—the freedom to let your freak flag fly, the unabashed creativity, the desire to push the boundaries and not do the same old thing over and over, and, of course, the unleashing of some of

the greatest music ever put to tape, the latter of which is in full evidence here. Collected for your listening pleasure are an unreleased Big Boys track (a live version of “Identity Crisis”), an track from Biscuit's post-Big Boys band, Cargo Cult (a previously unreleased demo cut, “Computer Date Killer”), and two cuts by his last band, Texas Biscuit Bombs (live versions of Big Boys standards “Frat Cars” and “Baby Let's Play God”). Although it seems a bit sparse as a retrospective for an individual so revered in the underground, it does serve as a nice reminder of and introduction to his life and music, and the fact that it's a benefit single only makes it that much more indispensable. —Jimmy Alvarado (www.ratpatrolrecs.com)

REID PALEY TRIO: *Approximate Hellbound*: CD

Tom Waits and Dexter Romweber tussle with Pat Boone over open-collar shirts at Jet Rag's \$1 Sunday parking lot sales. —Jessica T (Metaphor)

RINGERS / AMPERE: *Split 6”*

As a format, the 6” is better than the 5”. It's easier to load onto record players with automatic arm returns. It's also a format that it's just better not to sit down after putting a side on, especially if... Ampere: it's screamo hardcore that lasts what seems like little more than thirty seconds, has five different parts going at once, sounds a little like the first Death By Stereo record mixed into double-speed Born Against; kinda like a metal approach without the

metal wanktinkery inside. Ringers: do yourself a favor. Get their latest, *Detention Halls* and do what voodoo you do to put this song at the end of that. Simultaneously Bent Outta Shape and Swingin' Utters, in a way that denatures both to mere reference points and not transparent bags that suffocate either The Ringers or the listener. —Todd (No Idea)

ROCK, PAPER, STUPID: *Self-titled: 7”*
Please take this as constructive criticism. This should have been a demo, something handed out to friends on cassette or CD-R, songs to work on, ideas to flesh out. Because, at it stands, the recording's real muddy (if I notice that your drums sometimes sound like bricks of tofu whacked with wooden spoons, it's probably pretty bad), the songs are eh (there are about five good places to end them before you do), and the whole thing's real choppy and sorta faceless (but going for Crimpshrine and Allergic To Bullshit? Maybe.). I'm no proponent of “pro dude, pro attitudes,” but a little bit more attention to the details to let the good parts sparkle—they're in there; I just don't want to have to dig for ‘em—would do a world of good. —Todd (Scattered, Smothered, and Covered)

SAINT ALVIA CARTEL, THE: *Self-titled: CD*

This kind of threw me for a loop. I really had no idea what to expect other than the bio that came with the disc said something about some of these guys being from some known hardcore bands from days gone by (I'd name ‘em,

but I forget, and I lost the bio). The last thing I was thinking I'd hear was what I can only equate with what Dillinger Four would sound like covering some lost Clash song that they happened to leave off of *London Calling*. And that was just the first song! The second song got caught up in some kind of reggae thing that I wasn't really into, but by the third, they were right back at it. Did I mention the organ? No? Well, it makes them have a very Snuff-like quality to them as well. For all of the “sounds like” and “influenced by” I can toss at you, they still manage to sound fresh and original. This is a great record. —Ty Stranglehold (Stomp)

SCREAMING FEMALES: *What If Someone Is Watching Their T.V.?: CD*

Here's indie rock's answer to basement punk (I guess making this basement rock). Youthful-sounding (hey, I look like I'm twelve. It's not a dig), with a touch of New York City hipster to them—despite being from New Jersey—just enough that you get the idea they know what's up. —Joe Evans III (Self-released)

SEAN: *Bike Messengers Aren't as Cool as They Think They Are*: CD

Sean's latest release should come with a bottle of Exedrin attached to it. It's a jumble of fucked-up keyboards, jazzed-up powerviolence riffage, and insane drumming time changes that will shatter your skull into a million little pieces if you're not prepared for it. I swear to god, my stomach

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makes the same noises as these songs after I've eaten at Burger King. *Bike Messengers...* is far too complicated for me to enjoy. One should have a Ph.D. in mathematics with a focus in chaos theory before attempting to listen to this. —Josh Benke (Blackhouse)

SEASICK: *Awakenings*: 10"

When taking this record out of the sleeve I expected screamo or some generic straight edge band, however I got a pleasant surprise. The music is hardcore reminiscent of mid-'80s bands with hints of metal but never really crossing the line. The lyrics were really good and contained words that may or may not be in the English language. I look forward to future releases from this band. It comes on pretty bumbe bee-colored splattered vinyl. —Bryan Static (BrainDrain)

SELF-ABUSE: *Self-titled*: 7" EP

How can a band—who, obviously, understands hardcore's first wave, and Black Flag surfing the face of that wave—tap right into the root of that powerful, swelling force and not suffer from neither nostalgia nor just be blowing dirty, foamy bubbles of admiration for a form of music that hit our shores over twenty years ago? I have no idea, but, much like Career Suicide, Out Cold, and Government Warning, Self-Abuse has made a record that feels like it couldn't have been made at any other time, except in the now. Plus it sounds like it's busy carving out all of the joining tissue

between the listener's skull and face. Powerful. —Todd (Suburban Waste)

SELF-ABUSE: *Self-titled*: 7"

How many good bands can Colin be in? Most people barely get away with one, but he pulls it off. If you're a fan of Defect Defect, you'll probably dig this too. It's well-played hardcore punk but just rawer and a little more... primal? Four pissed-off punks playing songs about people they hate and what they're gonna do to them. Full of old school guitar riffs and gang vocals; the only problem is my stereo can't get as loud as I wanna blast this. —Daryl (Suburban Waste)

SETTING SON, THE: *Self-titled*: CD

Sounds like a thick pancake-thin ((that's right. *Thin as a thick pancake*. Fuck you, it isn't that hard a concept to get your brain around)) version of the Cynics ((keyboards! Fuzz guitar! Me oh my!)), but with the vocalist of Lancelot Link & The Evolution Revolution instead of the other guy. In their eminent punky/psycho/poppiness, i can imagine just about every one of these songs fitting perfectly into the Stiv Bators catalog circa "Disconnected," although they'd sound a lot different because Stiv has throatiness and tendons and sweat and stuff. A small amount of these songs traipse off into legit Jefferson Airplane-style psych, but, all in all, you could spend a lot worse 32.5 minutes than this. BEST SONG: "I'm Down" BEST SONG TITLE: "I'm Down," if you're the Beatles. FANTASTIC AMAZING TRIVIA FACT: Actually, there are *two*

songs on here that have the same titles as, but are not, Beatles songs: "I'm Down" and "I'm a Loser." It would be three if "I Wanna Be Your Boy" was called "I Wanna Be Your Man" instead. —Rev. Norb (Bad Afro)

SHANG-A-LANG: *ERROR: You Cannot Add Yourself as a Friend*: 7" EP

Even though I'd never heard Shang-a-Lang before this 7", I felt like saying, "Hello, old friend." They come across as a comfortable quilt of bands I already enjoy muchly. The good news is that they don't remind me too much of just one band, nor do I suspect they've got musical photocopy machines tucked away in their back pockets. Their music musical radar blips in the storm front populated by Scared of Chaka, The Bananas, ADD/C and Dead Things (and it's a toss up if they've ever heard those bands). It's not as straight ahead as initial listenings would indicate, easy-to-sing-along-to DIY punk, that's as fun to listen to, I imagine, as it was fun to make. It's also super easy to smile along to. 300 made. Hand numbered. Good news. —Todd (Dirt Cult)

SHELL SHAG: *Destroy Me I'm Yours*: LP (comes with CD)

You know what's great sometimes about DIY punk rock? For all the petty shit that can go down, it can be an open door which interesting, inventive bands are invited to play, even though they may not fit a recognizable pattern. Shell Shag's a perfect example of that, as they remind me simultaneously of bands as far flung as Bongwater to the Pixies,

from labels like AmRep to Merge, but it ultimately sounds like a big bang has exploded in these two folks' heads and they've done a great job of worm-holing that unique universe down on vinyl. And they're welcome to play backyards and basements, down with strumming This Bike Is A Pipebomb tunes when equipment malfunctions, and putting out a record that's as challenging and ethereal as it is melodic, snappy-crunchy, and feisty. For those of you who don't mind some mental stretching, via the naked cult of Hickey, to Fleshes, to Guided By Voices, to made-up lullabies, and who also want a rump-shaking payoff for all of that experimenting, look no further. Neat, neat, neat. —Todd (Starcleaner)

SICK FITS: *Self-titled*: LP

Is this really the same bunch of Stitches-sounding punks from a few years back? This record is much better than anything I have heard from Sick Fits in the past. It's a real cool album filled with glam and punk influence; a little Velvets here, a dash of Thunders over there, some Mott licks. They have got some real playing and songwriting chops! Looking forward to hearing more from this band. Pick up this killer Gatefold LP. —Mike Frame (Full Breach Kicks)

SISSY DROPPED A SIX PACK:

Self-titled: Cassette

Wow, a cassette. I'm all for revivals of supposedly dead mediums, but it took me a few minutes to actually remember how to work the damn thing. The music itself is apparently some kind of anarcho

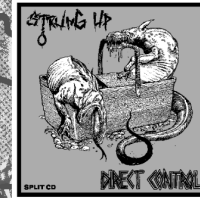
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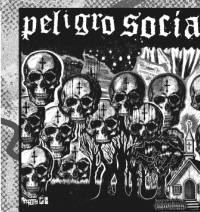
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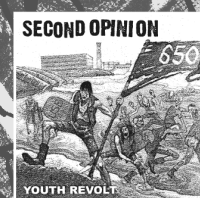
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punk that isn't executed well. The band has no bassist, but you can't tell because the lo-fi recording boosts the bass too high anyway. Though I applaud the DIY effort, it's hard to take any band seriously when they sing songs about cops, but spell tough with two f's. —Bryan Static (Sharpie Fumes Collective)

START, THE: *Ciao, Baby: CD*

This is the kind of slick pop rock that doesn't really ever speak to me. At first, all I could think was that it sounded like Madonna or something, but I'll give them credit for being a bit edgier than that. The songs are well recorded, well structured, energetic, but too perfect for me. Someone once told me that a certain female singer was great because she "sang like she knew she had a vagina." As technically skilled as lead vocalist Aimee Echo is, I got through this whole disc without once thinking that she had a vagina. —Jennifer Whiteford (Metropolis)

STRANGER, THE: Self-titled: CD

Chicago four piece channels the back-to-basics, no-frills, clean guitar work and straightforward vocals of genre forerunners like the Cadillac Tramps and Twistin' Tarantulas, as well as the layered depth of contemporaries like Th' Legendary Shack Shakers. Worthwhile, attainable goodness for regular folk. —Jessica T (Haunted Town)

STRUNG OUT: *Blackhawks Over Los Angeles: CD*

Has this band really put out seven

albums? This is the eighth? I have four, not counting this one. This recording doesn't sound what I remember them to sound like. On this recording, the band sounds like a more melodic Avenged Sevenfold. The guitars are metallic with a bright and clean sound. The drumming sounds almost mathematic. There are fills and double bass drumming that are stop-on-a-dime tight. The vocals are the only thing that sounds familiar to me. Overall: big production that could easily have been produced by a major label. In fact, I can't believe they are not on a major. I'm guessing that the band's popularity is on the high side at this point. I don't follow the band, so I don't know if they have been approached. One thing I know is that the kids will love this! —Donofthedeath (Fat)

SUNSET RIDERS: Self-titled: 7"

Open-ended question: is part of straight edge not having sex? That doesn't make a lot of sense if it is, because then the Mormons and Catholics win because they make their fucking count and have more kids who grow into their belief system. (Ever heard of the Shakers? No? They're almost all dead because they didn't fuck. Great furniture, though.) Just asking, because Sunset Riders opine, "When you find a new girl, the edge is out of sight." The music: well-played, following-the-prescription straight-edge hardcore that mixes Youth Of Today with more modern flavors like The Panic and is thankfully far away from the "wonka wonka chwee" in-need-of-anger-management metal

that was clothing itself as hardcore for the '90s and early '00s. You know what you're getting from the packaging, just like cupcakes—hell, man, if you can't stop eating cupcakes, be my guest—but, unlike Out Cold's *Will Attack If Provoked* or Career Suicide's *Attempted Suicide*, not quite near the best cupcakes I've ever had. —Todd (Suburban Waste)

SURRENDER: *Last White Flag: 7"*

This is so dead-on in every way. The art, music, and lyrics are such a breath of fresh air. And that feels like a really weird thing to say because there's a lot of great music being made right now. If Crass blew your mind when you were fifteen and you're looking to re-up on some arty/political punk that doesn't contain cheap political anthems, it's all about this record. —Daryl (Surrender)

TACHED OUT: Self-titled: 7"

This band has former members of some noteworthy punk bands of the past—Deformed Conscience, React, State of Fear, and Calloused to name a few. But this new collaboration is veering into new territory. The thought that comes to my mind is that they love Motörhead! The sound is distorted punk rock'n'roll with some of the metal chops and the bluesy guitar licks. It's the perfect band to see on a night of heavy beer pitcher lifting, lighters in the air appreciation, and sweaty headbanging. Bust out the devil horns on this one! —Donofthedeath (Fight for Your Mind)

THIRD MEMORY, THE: *Et De Cela Rien Ne Ressort: LP*

The Third Memory is from France and plays brutal contemporary power violence with a dash of Heroin-era emo. This record adds in minor touches of other hardcore trends of the past twenty years, the end result being a markedly diverse and energizing album. Sadly, this split label release is one of the last for Nashville-based I've Come For Your Children, which recently announced that it was calling it quits. The Third Memory toured the U.S. in August of 2007, and I bet the kids lucky enough to be in attendance went totally ape-shit night after night. This record is definitely one to watch for, and comes packaged in a beautiful silk-screened cover. The CD is still in print in Europe, but this vinyl reissue is the one to seek out. —Art Ettinger (I've Come For Your Children/Rok Lok)

TIGER ARMY: *Music From Regions Beyond: CD*

It's been eight years since I first reviewed Tiger Army, quite possibly in the very first print issue of these now-hallowed pages. Since then, they've gone from Gilman Street darlings to headlining the entire Warped Tour. With a highly matured and polished sound, in part due to unprecedented industry support, they've fused their melodramatic and understated psychobilly with the underpinnings of '80s Brit pop and nouveau Americana. Age and scene appropriate, I bet they killed at Warped. —Jessica T (Hellcat)



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TRUST: *Hardcore Girls: 7"*

By looking at the cover of this release, I thought this was going to be a tough guy straight edge hardcore record with a stupid title, based on one of the shirts a band member was wearing. It is a Chain Of Strength shirt and the title is *Hardcore Girls*. So, to my surprise, the picture was a group of girls and not guys. So the title does make sense. I can take that my first impression was wrong. I pop the record on my turntable and go for a ride. Straight-ahead, in-your-face hardcore punk that is fast and furious. Short, fast, and loud. No metal disguised as hardcore. These ladies do not hold back. Coming from Buenos Aires, Argentina, you can hear the love of early American hardcore in their sound with their no fluff, all speed ahead approach. Would love to see this band live because I know they could hold their own with any band on any lineup. —Donofthead (Emancypunx)

UNDER PRESSURE: *Come Clean: CD*

Gruff, tough guy metallic hardcore, yet somehow different from the heaps of bands like this out there. In both the music and lyrics, you get a sense of introspection and thoughtfulness that you rarely ever see in bands like this. It adds a dimension to them that makes them infinitely more interesting than the norm. Hell, I may even search out some more from these guys. —Ty Stranglehold (Escape Artist)

VARIOUS ARTISTS: *Cat Piss Studios Jukebox Year Book 2006: CD*

A compilation of tunes recorded at Cat

Piss Studios in Portland, Oregon, and my first thought is that the production sounds a little thin. This suits the mellower stuff, like Morgan Grace's song, "Change," and the indie rocker "Fuel," which sounds like a cross between Slint and the Weakerthans, by Crack City Rockers. The punker the song, the less complimentary the production style. I do like the Slip iTS, "Frustrate Me" and Muddy River Nightmare Band's "Go," but there's only one great song contained on this comp—Pure Country Gold's "Setting Sun." A nasty sounding bit of catchy garage rock that details a perverse, but heartwarming, sentiment. Probably worth picking up for this song alone. —Josh Benke (Last Chance)

VARIOUS ARTISTS: *Essential Dub: CD*

By my reckoning, dub, like reggae, is a little bit harder to pull off than it seems. On the surface, it's easy to come to the decision that all one needs to make a dub record is a tune and a mixing board, but really good dub has this rare ability to grab you by the ears and drag you through some interesting places. It's a kind of music where you can put it on in almost any situation and it just fits, be it washing the car to livening up a party to just sitting back with headphones on and eyes closed and just *listening*. Collected here are tracks from other assorted ROIR releases, featuring tracks by Bad Brains, Niney the Observer, Ras Michael, 10 ft. Ganja Plant, Dub Trio, and others, all of which are in fine

form and deliver some great tunes. —Jimmy Alvarado (ROIR)

VARIOUS ARTISTS: *Innocence Is Bliss: CD*

This CD is subtitled "A Female Frenzy of Sensational Sounds" and has wicked-adorable cover art featuring a cartoon girl guitarist and a cat playing the drums, so I wasn't sure. But damn it, as soon as the first track ("Boy Meets Girl" by The Portugal Japan) came blasting out of my speakers, I was feeling like I'd scored big when this arrived in my package of review materials. The rest of the disc did not disappoint, featuring track after track of riotous and catchy ladypunk, with most songs clocking in under three minutes. This CD does what "various artists" discs are supposed to do: makes you want to hunt down full-lengths by most of the featured artists. Hooray! —Jennifer Whiteford (Dionysus)

VARIOUS ARTISTS: *Jukebox Year Book 2006: CD*

A ten-track collection of generic punk rock. Next. —Ryan Leach (Last Chance)

VARIOUS ARTISTS: *Teriyaki Suplexxx!: CD*

Twenty-two band Japanese comp compiled by one of the members of the band Peelander Z. Out of the twenty-two bands on here, I recognized one and that was Peelander Z. So if you are not heavily infatuated in Japanese bands that are basically underground, you probably won't recognize a single band. The comp

seems to focus primarily on pop punk, garage, and noise. A lot of bands here feature female vocalists. There is also a hip hop track on here. So, if you are looking for your new Japanese band to be obsessed with and the music presented here is one of interest, this comp is worth a purchase and a good, hard listen. —Donofthead (Geykido Comet)

VARIOUS ARTISTS: *The Bang! Bang! Recording Organization: 6 Mighty Shots: CD*

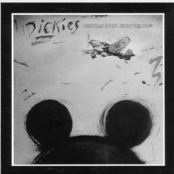
What I wanna know is, how does a one man band play keyboards, drums, guitar, harmonica and sing at the same time? 'Cause it seems like one would have his OMB status revoked if he couldn't replicate live the sounds he gets in the studio, recording the instruments individually. Luckily, for King Automatica, he gets a pass because his song on this comp starts off with a dirty synth riff that, to paraphrase the Dude, really ties the tune together. Not to be outdone, Thundercrack kicks off "This Town Belongs to Me" with a monster slide guitar riff that slithers up next to you and sinks its deliciously poisonous fangs into your jugular. As scuzzily perfect as these songs are, the winner of this bunch of bruised and bizarre tunes is "L'Aveugle au Pistolet" by Monsieur Verdun. Imagine Tiny Tim and King Louie dropping acid, stripping naked, and deciding to play a banjo upside down while a fingerless stranger bangs in time on the highest keys of a piano. Impossibly, it's even cooler than you think. The CD is rounded out with songs by Rich Deluxe,



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—Josh Benke (Bang Bang)

VARIOUS ARTISTS: *Winter Bloo: 7"*

This is a two-band comp (since when is a two-band split a "comp", huh?) that serves as an "aural companion" to the *Side A* graphic novel that's reviewed elsewhere in this issue. The bands, Fight Fair and Get Back Loretta, are totally disparate and different than each other, which I thought was a nice idea, given the nature of the graphic novel, which consists of comics about people's initial introduction to music and is also stylistically across the board. Anyway, Fight Fair are straight-up "modern" hardcore, which at this point in my life, I associate with good production and nasally, sung vocals colliding with the more typical guttural growling. They'd be right at home on Bridge Nine, if they're not there already. Get Back Loretta is piano-laden indie rock; totally unthreatening but actually scoring over Fight Fair because their song's actually shorter and kind of sweet. Limited to 1,000 copies on swirly-blue vinyl.
—Keith Rosson (Poseur Ink)

VEIL VEIL VANISH:

Into a New Mausoleum: CDEP

A band that reminds me so much of the darker Cure meets Jesus and Mary Chain. Songs that are dark and dreamy which make me feel like I'm alone on a paddle boat at night, floating with no destination. Another feeling I get is sitting alone in a dark room with just candles, staring at the flames. The band

really sets the mood and carries you through the emotion without it feeling like it's a lifetime. Not having listened to a lot of music of this genre in decades, it's good that this is an EP. Six songs seem like just enough of a representation to showcase this band. —Donofthead (Veil Veil Vanish)

VUNENY: *V2: CD*

My taste in music is pretty wide. Just this past weekend I listened to both Hall & Oates and Pig Destroyer. So I guess it shouldn't surprise me that I enjoyed this album of indie experimental electronic rock music. It surprised me, however, because it's so well sculpted, honed, and performed. The production is solid and the music is all set down perfectly. A number of the tracks are instrumental, but the ones that do have vocals seem to be sung in English. It surprised me, too, because this band is from Bosnia and their label is out of Slovenia! I know that the rock scene exists in almost all parts of the world, but to hear something that wasn't just ripping off some other punk band and which displayed a great deal of creativity was really a pleasant revelation. This would be great music for the fan of some traditional electronica as well as those who like their rock with a heavier electronic edge to it.
—Kurt Morris (Moonlee)

WE MARCH: *Self-titled: 7"*

There's something traceable to this being from the middle of America, a little up north of the beltline right around the gut, where rust, self-abuse, and unemployment commingle with the DNA

of the Stooges, New Bomb Turks, and Chargers Street Gang left in the cracks in the sidewalk, like blood spilled after a murder. The A-side is two short stabs. The B-side's spit-dripping, fed directly from the six pack rock damage. Like I've previously surmised with The Feelers: the line drawn between hardcore and garage were drawn by dumb fuckers, and We March scuff and blur that arbitrary demarcation with every note they play. Nice. —Todd (Wicked Singles)

WEDNESDAY NIGHT HEROES:

Guilty Pleasures: CD

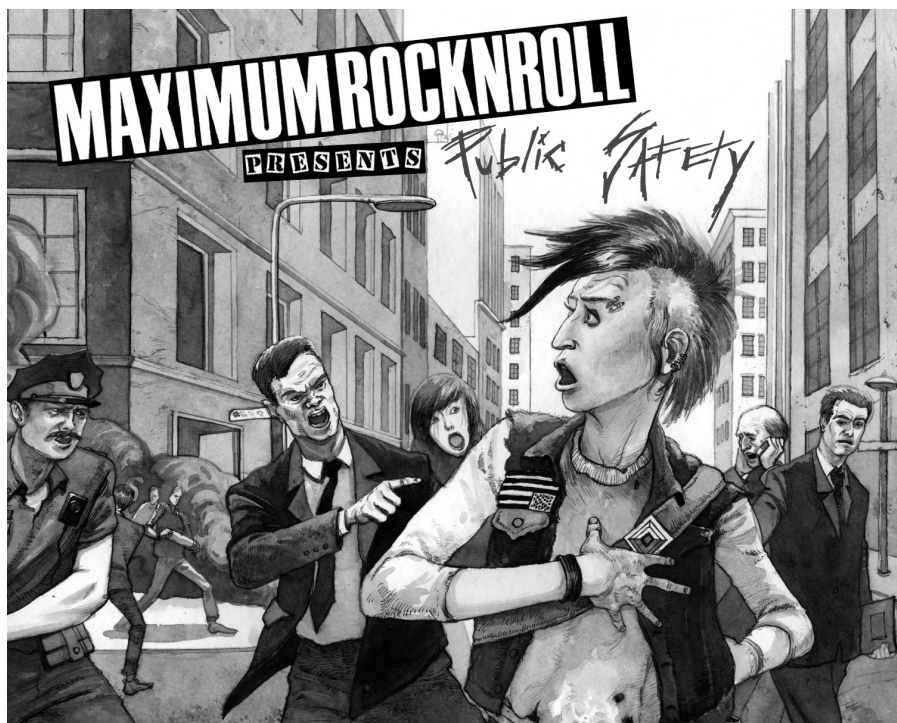
Some bands out there have one thing going for them that they do really well. For instance, a band can be really good at articulating how angry they are at the way the world is right now. Some bands out there are really going at conveying how much fun they are having being young and in a punk rock band. There are others still who can write the catchiest of songs that stick in your head for days and days (in a good way) and there are bands who can hit the stage and obliterate it with the strength of an ICBM... Now if you're the Wednesday Night Heroes, you are all of the above and more. *Guilty Pleasures* is just the latest offering from one of the hardest working bands in North America today. One anthem after another. They speak volumes about taking things seriously, but have fun at the same time. Nothing guilty about this pleasure here!
—Ty Stranglehold (BYO)

WHITE SAVAGE: *Destroy Your Style: 7"*

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punkers. Songs have that '70s vibe of misfits coming together and making something not just oddball but something talented. When you see footage from '75-'77 in L.A. and especially in N.Y. and S.F., you see the real punks—bad hair, badly dyed, more nerdy than hip, with thrift scores out of necessity. They didn't just want loud and fast, they wanted weird. Here it is. Heavy, jabbing guitars, math drums and pained vocals washing over it—and then the saxophone shows up! Pretty great. "Destroy Your Style" is one of theirs, "Orphans" is from Teenage Jesus and the Jerks. Savage is brainchild of Jim McCann aka Jimmy Hollywood (Baseball Furies) aka Jimmy Ordinary (Tyrades) and drummer Greg Sharp (keyboardist from Chin Up Chin Up) and Jered Gummere from The Ponys. Add in Colin Smith from Screaming Yellow Zonkers and Ryan Weinstein from The Returnables—but don't expect any of those forty bands' sounds. According to an interview in the *Chicago Reader*, they had the band name, a record cover and a T-shirt before they started playing music. Nothing wrong with months of hanging out turning into a band—at least when you make some unique sounds. —Speedway Randy (Horizontal Action)

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35 songs. (A)

(Pre This is My Fist, Canadian Rifle, Chronic Seizure & Fourth Rotor.)

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"Something to do with death."

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NEW! "...and for a roof, a sky full of stars" CDEP 2 songs/27 minutes (C)

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11 songs, blue marble vinyl. (A)

(exPlan of Attack, Double Crossed & Hostage Situation. Members of Harm's Way, Weekend Nachos)

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NEW! "Tilted/Cities in Dust" 7"

2 songs(black or blue vinyl) (C)

(Etched drawing on the B Side of the record!) (members of the Bomb / Explode and Make Up / Horace Pinker / & the Reputation)

FOURTH ROTOR

"Plain" CD 9 songs. (C)

(ex Ambition Mission, V.Reverse, pre Canadian Rifle, Days Off)

HAUNTED LIFE

"the Dust Has Settled" CDEP

7 songs (C)

(ex Expired Youth)

J CHURCH / MINORITY BLUES BAND

4 song split 7" orange marble colored vinyl (C)

J CHURCH / SOUND ON SOUND

NEW! 4 song split 7"

neon pink colored vinyl (C)

MEXICAN CHEERLEADER

"Kings and Kings' Hoots" CD

12 songs (A)

"Mexican Mystery Tour" CDEP

8 songs (C)

(ex Oblivion / Apocalypse Hoboken)

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NEWER! "The Way Things Are:

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(ex the Bomb, co-released with Fudgesick Records)

X ONE WAY X

"s/t" LP w/ CD 40 songs (A)

(ex Thursday. members of the Procedure / Between the Wars)

O PIONEERS!!!

"Black Mambas" CD & LP

10 songs (A)

REPORT SUSPICIOUS ACTIVITY

NEWER! "Dreamland" CDEP

4 songs (C)

(ex Articles of Faith, Jawbox, Kerosene 454)

ROLLO TOMASI

"Work Slow Crush Foes" CD

11 songs (A) (ex Gauge & Hanalei)

SHOT BAKER

NEWER! "Awake" CD & LP

(yellow/black vinyl) 10 songs (A)

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(Re-issue) CDEP 5 songs (C)

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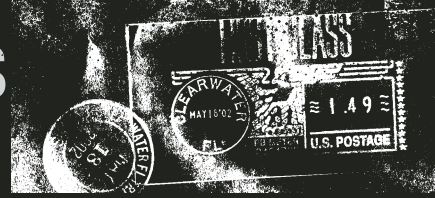
(ex Endpoint, By the Grace of God. Members of Coliseum, Young Widows)

PRICING GUIDE: A. \$10 ppd. / B. \$7 ppd. C. \$6 ppd. / D. \$5 ppd. All prices postage paid in the U.S.

I'd also like to say a much deserved thanks to Dan Sinker (and the collective Punk Planet staff (past and present) for their 13 years of hard work in keeping Punk Planet going for so long and being so accepting to the expansion of punk rock ideals in it's ever diversifying ways with open arms and respect. Punk Planet was always a source of great information with a greater spectrum than most publications aim for in the ever increasing niche-based society we live in. It was always refreshing to know that there were other people out there who really connected with the idea that punk rock ideals had spread out to encompass artists of all genres. Being reminded that I wasn't alone with those ideas was one of the greatest comforts for me, I cherish every issue. -justin.

CONTACT ADDRESSES

to bands and labels that were reviewed either in this issue
or posted on www.razorcake.org recently.



- 13th State**, 69 Governor St., #213, Providence, RI 02906
- 23**, c/o Atom Stranger, 7095 Hollywood Blvd. #493, Hollywood, CA 90028
- 25th Hour**, PO Box 4234, Chattanooga, TN 37405
- 4 Walls**, PO Box 6783, Villa Park, IL 60181
- ADD**, PO Box 8240, Tampa, FL 33764
- Alien Snatch**, Morikeweg 1, 74199 U'bach, Germany
- Bachelor**, 5421 Adnet 186, Austria
- Bad Afro**, Studiustrade 24, 2 / 1455 Copenhagen K, Denmark
- Bang! Bang!**, 5 rue Charcot, 54400 Longwu, France
- Big Neck**, PO Box 8144, Reston, VA 20195
- Black Lung**, 3139 Elwood Ave., Apt B, Richmond, VA 23221
- Blackhouse**, PO Box 5213, Coeur d'Alene, ID 83814
- Boom Chick**, 6405 Morrill Ave., Havelock, NE 68507
- Brain Drain**, 5006 Judson Dr., Bensalem, PA 19020
- Bridge 9**, PO Box 99052, Boston, MA 02199
- Burger**, 1370 S. Sanderson, Anaheim, CA 92806
- BYO**, PO Box 67609, LA, CA 90067
- Captain Oi**, c/o PO Box 501, High Wycombe, Bucks, HP10 8QA, England
- Cheapskate**, 297 Stoodley Pl., Schenectady, NY 12303
- Clean Plate**, PO Box 9461, North Amherst, MA 01059
- Contaminated**, PO Box 41953, Memphis, TN 38174
- Cornerstone R.A.S.**, 27134B Paseo Espada Suite 222, San Juan Capistrano, CA 92675
- Cutthroat**, c/o Cassidy Spell, 8918 Grenier, Houston, TX 77080
- Dagger**, PO Box 380152, East Hartford, CT 06138
- Deranged**, 1166 Chaster Rd., Gibsons, BC, V0N 1V4, Canada
- Devious Planet**, 425 W. 13th St., Suite 503, NY, NY 10014
- Dionysus**, PO Box 1975, Burbank, CA 91507
- Dirt Cult**, 713 Stagecoach Dr., Las Cruces, NM 88011
- Dirtnap**, 2615 SE Clinton, Portland, OR 97202
- Emancypunx**, PO Box 145, 02-792 Warszawa 78, Poland
- Emperor Jones**, PO Box 4730, Austin, TX 78765
- Empty**, PO Box 12301, Portland, OR 97212
- Engineer**, 210 William St., Boonton, NJ 07005
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- Escape Artist**, PO Box 472, Downingtown, PA 19335-0472
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- Metaphor Rhythms**, PO Box 544, NY, NY 10276
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- No Flags**, c/o Giacomo Diani, Via Edison 22, 47030, Gatteo [Fc], Italy
- No Idea**, PO Box 13316, Gainesville, FL 32604
- NoWire**, 3820 Gustine 1st Fl. N., St. Louis, MO 63116
- Plan-It-X South**, 720 Pickens Ave., Pensacola, FL 32503
- Poseur Ink**, 7322 Mesa College Dr. #12, SD, CA 92111
- Punk N Junk**, 315 S. Coast Highway 101 Suite U-195, Encinitas, CA 92024
- Punkcore**, PO Box 916, Middle Island, NY 11953
- Punks Before Profit**, PO Box 1148, Grand Rapids, MI 49501
- Razorblade**, Friedrich-Ebert-Str. 128, d-47119 Duisburg, Germany
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- Vinehell**, PO Box 36131, San Jose, CA 95158
- Voodoo Rhythm**, Jurastrasse 15, 3013 Bern, Switzerland
- Wall Ride**, 4401 Ethel Ave., Hampstead, MD 21074
- We March**, Zach's Parent's House, drunk calling encouraged: 740-592-LAID
- Wolverine**, Im Huckinger Kamp 43a, 47259 Duisburg, Germany
- X!**, 802 Blaine, Detroit, MI 48202
- Yellow Sun**, 3349 San Joaquin, Covina, CA 91724
- Yo-Yo**, PO Box 920105, 12415 Berlin, Germany

ZINE REVIEWS

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"Left this one on the
back of the toilet for
damn near a week and
am still not sure just
what I'm looking at
while I'm getting a
visit from The Dung
Fairy." —CT Terry
P5's Pussy Magazine

A MURDER OF CROWS #2, \$3.00, 8 1/2" x 12", photocopied, glossy cover, 56 pgs.

If you're like me, you don't read a lot of political shit anymore and maybe you feel like you should. If so, this is a good place to pick it back up. It has coverage of worker uprisings in Bangladesh, the Six Nations in Canada (an Indian land struggle), and the movement against the TAV train in Europe. Also, it brings you up to date on the stepping up of state repression, border security, and the Green Scare. There was a good critique on technology as a tool of The Man. The best parts were the insightful and well-said critique of the animal liberation movement, which, at the same time, was an illuminating look at activism and its morality. Good shit! I also really liked the "Action Reports," which was a timeline of recent radical direct action all over the world. It feels great to know that resistance is fertile, but I was also happy to know that there was a lot of acts of sabotage and arson against urban development and other oppressive stuff right here in these ol' apathetic United States. I have to argue this quote from their introduction though, "we won't busy ourselves with purely symbolic demonstrations, which are about as exciting as standing in line at the post office." Their PO Box is just a yard or two from where mine was when I lived in Seattle, and the nerdy gray-haired older guy and the guy with the braids that worked there were a riot. C'mon dude, politics on the pavement. —Craven Rock (A Murder of Crows, PO Box 20442, Seattle, WA 98102, www.geocities.com/amurderofcrows1)

BEAT OF OUR OWN, A #2, \$2.00 U.S./\$3.00 Mexico and Canada/ \$5.00 world, 8 1/2" x 12, 40 pgs., newsprint

A pretty damn interesting music zine from North Carolina that focuses on old school punk/HC. Interviews with ex-members of A.P.P.L.E., The Maggots, The

Avengers, Social Unrest, Thought Crime, The Hated, and Channel 3. There's really not much else to say about it, but trust me, it's worth reading for the historical perspective, even if you don't like or know the bands. —Craven Rock (Jared/ A Beat of Our Own, 123 B Park Ave. Raleigh, NC 27605)

BEATSHEET #4 and #4.5, free, 8 1/2" x 11", Xeroxed, 4pgs. and 2 pgs. The thoughts roar through this guy's head. He puts on a tape, drinks some coffee. The thoughts roar onto the page. He shrinks the thoughts down into tiny, tiny type and layers it into a classic cut'n'paste onesheet. He mails the zines to *Razorcake*. Razorcake himself mails the zines to me and I get all amped even though it's ninety-five degrees out and I spent all day editing a makeup catalog. —CT Terry (Radiobeat@gmail.com)

BIG TAKEOVER, THE #60, \$5.99, 8 1/2" x 11", glossy cover and pages, 224 pgs.

Do you like lots of reviews? I mean, like tons of record reviews? No, maybe you're misunderstanding me. I mean like one hundred pages worth. Do you also happen to like artists such as The Shins, Decemberists, Bright Eyes, Dinosaur Jr., Sebadoh, Jello Biafra, Animals and the like? Do you enjoy advertisements for record labels and record label related businesses? Well, then I have the magazine for you. —Kurt Morris (Big Takeover, 1713 8th Ave., Rm 5-2, Brooklyn, NY 11215)

CLAIM, THE #1, \$1, 5 1/2" x 8 1/2", Xeroxed, 20 pgs.

To-the-point coverage of the straight edgy/throwback hardcore scene in Worcester, Mass. There are write-ups on area bands Commit, Scatterbrained, No More, and I Rise, photos, show listings, and some editorial content about the scene and The Descendents. Kevin, the editor, wants lots of contributions in newer

issues, so if you live near the Heart of the Commonwealth, this is your chance to get your voice out there. —CT Terry (Kevin Reilly, PO Box 111, West Boylston, MA 01583)

DIGITAL WORM #2, \$1 or trade, 5 1/2" x 8 1/2", Xeroxed, 28 pgs.

School ends, boredom sets in, and right before she goes batshit crazy with boredom, Ashleigh lands a job as a busker in a traveling history festival. Are you interested as hell? I was too, but right as things looked to be getting juicy, she stopped writing and did a brief mention of her favorite places, a doomed romance, and some new friends. That's what I wanted to read about! Come ooooooooooooooooooooo! —CT Terry (Ashleigh Addict, 131 Lakewood Dr., Williamsburg, VA 23185)

HUB CITY: OUT OF THE BASEMENT, #3, \$2, 8 1/2" x 6", 24 pgs.

I reviewed *Hub City* last issue, and I'm glad I got the chance to review it again; my thoughts then were "It's good, but if you're going to do a zine exclusively on your home town music scene, you better hope for that scene to back it up." This issue is short, with an interview with hardcore kids Seasick (who are one great upcoming band), and an editorial from Miranda from Hunchback/Full of Fancy on how if you try to rip off the basement scene, you're probably a dick (which is a good sentiment). The way I see it, they're pacing themselves, and sticking with strong content. Cool stuff. —Joe Evans III (Hub City, PO Box 1561, New Brunswick NJ 08903)

I NEED MORE #1, Free, 5 1/2" x 8 1/2", glossy black and white, 20 pgs.

A quick, enjoyable read that centers around Mike Hooker, a promoter in Southern Florida moving to Austin, TX. His love of music is obvious, from getting the Zero Boys to play his birthday, to a short article on Iggy And the Stooges, to a thoughtful

eulogy to the Exploding Hearts, five years after their fateful crash. Think of a postcard twenty pages long from a good friend, and that's what *I Need More* reads like. —Todd (mike@lowfidelityevents.com)

IF DEATH COMES #3, \$2 or trade, 5 1/2" x 8 1/2", Xeroxed, 36 pgs.

This Canadian perzine is about killing time doing aimless traveling. If this was an English paper, I'd write "show don't tell" on here a few times, as Todi goes into detail describing the day-to-day ennui of life on the road, then only in passing refers to the overarching troubles in mind: heartbreak and a rough childhood. I would have been pulled into this zine if Todi had talked more about the bigger issues, as opposed to pulling me into the boredom of sitting around a half-strange town, waiting for your friends to call back. The self-deprecating tone often reminds me of that friend you had when you were nineteen, who would insult themselves just so you'd compliment them by saying, "That's not true, you're great!" And where is that person now? I don't know. We stopped hanging out. —CT Terry (Sharpie Fumes Collective, PO Box 31224, Halifax, NS B3K 5Y1, Canada)

JESUS THE NON-DENOMINATIONAL ROBOT, \$3.00, quarter-size, photocopied, 40 pgs.

This is an arty comic zine about the adventures of a robot named Jesus. Short, cutesy, and kind of deliberately nonsensical. This would go over well in Portland. If that guy who reviews the comics has to filter through a bunch of stuff like this, I don't envy him. One third of the proceeds from this zine go to the Black Cross Warchest and/or Anarchist Subsistence. —Craven Rock (Enchantment Under The Stars, PO Box 35056, Juneau, AK 99803)

JOHNNY LIST PROJECT,
THE, *Free or trade, tiny, 2" x 4",*
photocopied, 14 pgs.

First off, I'd like to say that it's likely that my review of this zine will have way more words than the zine itself. Basically, it consists of sentences like, "I drink way too much coffee, wait, can you drink too much coffee," or "I like to eat food, a lot of it, all at once," followed by cute drawings. It was all probably done in an hour. There's nothing wrong with a zine like this if it were in the right context. Hell, if you left it laying around at bus stops and coffee shops or handed it out to strangers, it might just make someone's day. But why are they sending it to us to review? It took me two minutes to read. It's certainly not worth you taking the time to send off for it. That's all I'm going to say. It's ridiculous that I've put more effort into this review than they did the zine. —Craven Rock (Sharpie Fumes Collective, PO Box 3122A, Halifax, NS, B3K 5Y1, Canada)

LISTEN UP #1, \$3.00 U.S./\$4.00
World, half size,
48 pgs., photocopied

The concept of this zine involves the editor, Mickey, listening to five songs played randomly on an iPod with a bunch of different people (individually) and taping what the music inspires them to talk about. Similar things have been done before and Mickey freely admits to biting in his intro, but this time it's different because the focus is on the listener and not on the music. The results are very illuminating about who the person listening with editor is and what they're all about. For instance, when a Beatles song comes on, he asks his friend if his parents ever listened to them. He replies, saying that his parents listened to traditional Indian music and weren't into rock. This opens up a whole dialogue about his heritage and growing up in an immigrated Indian family, how he got into hardcore, and how he made the two work together.

The people talk about how music influenced their lives and it makes you proud to participate in a subculture like punk or hardcore. By allowing the two to just chat over music, it turns the interview format on its ass and gets at something way deeper. A few times it became tedious when they got too far into the intricacies of scene shit, but mostly it proved to be a great idea and even those parts were probably necessary.

Most of the people who he talked to were involved in bands or music zines, but I found the session with the old hardcore kid turned activist the most interesting

because you could hear how the two fed off each other. I'd like to see this tried on punk librarians and travelers and, I dunno, prizefighters, whatever random folks who might lead interesting lives and also have a background in underground music, but aren't necessarily musicians. I hope he keeps doing this, though. It's pretty fascinating. —Craven Rock (Listen Up Fanzine, 1348 N. Bell Ave., Basement, Chicago, IL 60622, vulcansmasher@yahoo.com)

MAGIC SHOES #2, Free or trade,
26 pgs., quarter size, photocopied

Crappy, arrogant, hand-written zine by a new school traveler kid who thinks that his life is so interesting that he doesn't have to try. "I got a ride with this guy who gave me weed here, I got kicked out of a train yard there." Get off your jock already. You know those people who say that zines suck? They read too many of this kind of zine. —Craven Rock (Sharpie Fumes Collective, PO Box 3122A, Halifax, N.S., B3K 5Y1, Canada)

MAXIMUMROCKNROLL
#287, \$4.00, 8 1/2" x 12",
newsprint, 148 pgs.

This issue of *MRR*, has interviews with SSK, Lost Cherries, Restless Youth, Alicia Trout, Keith Rosson of *Avow* zine, Crap Corps, and The Vicious. It also has scene reports from Ukraine and Australia. Otherwise, it has pretty much the same columnists and reviews and stuff that it usually has. This issue is from way back in April, so if you keep up with *MRR*, you've probably already read it. Everybody knows the average reader of *MRR* is between the ages of fourteen and twenty. Is that why George Tabb thought he could get away with running the same column he ran twelve or so years ago? Busted. —Craven Rock (Maximumrocknroll, PO Box 460760, SF, CA 94146-0760)

MUNKEY BRAIN #1, \$2.00, half
size, photocopied, 36 pgs.

A small, *MRR*-styled zine from Long Island. Interviews with The Rydells, Monkey Chunks, Last Call Brawl. Some photos, flyer reprints, and record reviews. Scene reports from Melbourne and one from an annoying hipster from San Francisco. Some boring columns, too. Not very good, but it's the first issue. —Craven Rock (Munkey Brain Fanzine, PO Box 971, Nesconset, NY 11767)

NOSE KNOWS, THE Vol. 3, \$?
#10-15, 5 1/2" x 4 1/4", 1 pg. each

This is a page a week zine that has a different theme each week and the best one of out of this bunch is the letters to celebrities. It contains the immortal line "Dear Mike Watt,

Nice moustache." Other stand-out segments include Happy's *Snakepit* homage, a section about statistics from friends' weddings, and a drawing of a girl with octopus nipples. —Bryan Static (2401 Burgundy #5, New Orleans, LA 70117)

P5'S PUSSY MAGAZINE #14,
\$4, 8 1/2" x 11", offset, 84 pgs.

Left this one on the back of the toilet for damn near a week and am still not sure just what I'm looking at while I'm getting a visit from The Dung Fairy. It kinda looks like if the principal let the yearbook staff do whatever they wanted: weird comics, collages, altered ads and assorted ramblings on New York life, drive-in movies, and cocktails. There's something impenetrable about this zine, but that's not necessarily a bad thing. ... —CT Terry (P5's Pussy Magazine, 287 Bedford Ave. #12, Brooklyn, NY 11211)

RISE AND FALL OF THE
HARBOR AREA #10, \$2.00, half
size, printed, free in L.A.

Zine based around the San Pedro punk scene. Interviews with Qui, Drinker's Purgatory, and George Hurley from the Minutemen. Write-ups of other bands. A page of Bukowski poetry. San Pedro history. Photos of the San Pedro skate scene. An art page. Just about all of this zine relates to San Pedro. These guys are passionate about their town and their scene. —Craven Rock (The Rise and the Fall, PO Box 1794, San Pedro, CA, 90733)

RUM LAD #2, £1 plus postage, 5
1/2" x 8 1/2", newsprint, 28 pgs.

Full disclosure: Steve Larder does illustrations for us. (See Dale's column this issue.) But, get this. The reason he does illustrations for us? He's talented, he asked nicely, and understands we can't pay. No magic or mystery. This zine follows suit: his illustrations are a mix between Bill Watterson (*Calvin and Hobbes*) and Keith Rosson (technical and detailed, yet fluid). The zine—two-thirds illustrations, one-third hand-written—is about a nice guy who loves punk rock, record players, and is open to conversations with strangers. What I really like about Steve's work is his openness, both visually and literary. To wit: "I keep telling myself I've seen everything. I keep being proved wrong. It will take a lot to top the sight of Scooby Doo moshing to harsh grind." Then there's an illustration of a dude in a dog outfit, fist raised high. It's just really compelling, striking stuff. You're in good hands with this zine. Awesome. —Todd (Steve Larder, Somerset House, Cherry Holt Lane, Sutterton, Boston, Lincolnshire, PE20 2 HU, England, stevejpjw@hotmai.com)

RUN WITH SCISSORS #1,
\$2 or trade, 5 1/2" x 8 1/2",
Xeroxed, 28 pgs.

Ladies and gentlemen of the zine community, let it be known that Canada is the new Portland! So, pack your typewriters and ill-fitting Dickies and start figuring out the metric measurements for a quarter-sized zine. This per-punk zine started off wonky, talking about starting a hitchhiking trip by taking a taxi to the highway. Even after living in NYC for the last few years, that struck me as odd. Luckily, the rest of the zine redeemed itself with tales of beer-fueled grabassing, stealing from work, fucked up punkhouses, and outdoor drinking spots. Required reading if your pipes have ever burst because the fucker who lived in your bedroom before you never paid the bills and the heat got shut off. —CT Terry (Sharpie Fumes Collective, PO Box 3122A, Halifax, NS B3K 5Y1, Canada)

SMILE HON, YOU'RE IN
BALTIMORE! #3,
5 1/2" x 8 1/2", Xeroxed, 56 pgs.

A tidy, photocopied collection of Baltimore true crime stories. I expected this to be a lot more interesting, but it just amounted to a bunch of brief tales from victims of petty theft. Come on editor, you don't have to let *all* of your friends share about the time a crackhead broke into their car. For some true Bodymore, Murderland excitement, check out *Baltimore Noir* on Akashic Books instead of this snoozepile. —CT Terry (Eight-Stone Press, PO Box 11064, Baltimore, MD 21212)

SOME HOPE AND SOME
DESPAIR #10, \$3,
8 1/2" x 11", photocopied.

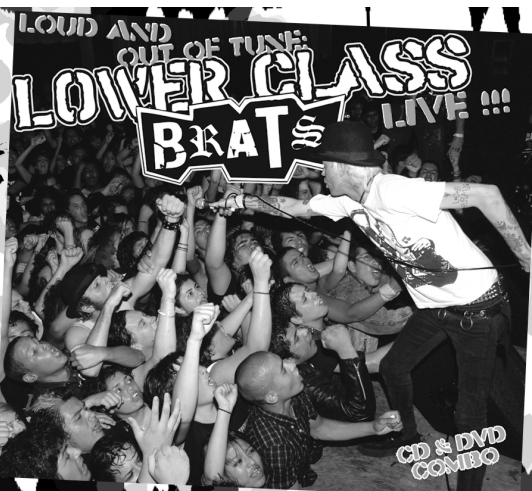
This full-sized fanzine is done by J Church's Lance Hahn. That makes for a really cool read, as Lance's travels and ideas are fairly unique compared to that of most zinesters. The first and most striking piece is a series of journal entries about his health. Lance has a great many medical problems and this journal follows him along his ins and outs of hospitals. It's really quite sad but captivating to see how he handles it all. Before his illness, J Church went on a tour of Japan and part of the United States and that is also covered. There are album reviews (most of which seem to be really old albums) and interviews with Amebix, Faction, Modesty Blaise, Pedestrians, and Toxic Waste. Just the picture on the cover made this zine rule: an Asian girl on hands and knees on a moving walkway, looking in a mirror with wide eyes while holding a bowl and backpack. I'm sure my description doesn't sound cool, but for some

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reason I love the way it looks. And while I wasn't really interested in the interviews or reviews, the personal material and tour journal were a great read. —Kurt Morris (Some Hope And Some Despair, 1730 E. Oltorf #135, Austin, TX 78741)

STATE LINES AND TIME ZONES, \$2, 4 1/4" x 7", photocopied, 30 pgs.

A split zine between Alex Wrekk (who's done the long-running *Brainscan* and *Stolen Sharpie Revolution*) and Alan Lastufka (one of the big brains behind the online zine collective Fall of Autumn and www.zinewiki.com). It's a long-tested subject of zines: relationships sparking and relationships screeching to a halt. On the definite plus side is the creative formatting and design. Each story—there are eight total—is told over half the length of the zine, so when you look at a cross-page spread, four stories are being told simultaneously. The graphics serve as the threads of continuity. Neat. In Alex's half, I just wish she'd let the reader in on more. It's like she's telling stories to existing friends (which is fine), but those who aren't already familiar with Alex, the characters, motivations, and settings, in this zine are almost assumed and it's often hard to get that initial grasp of what's what, like you've come into a plot-driven movie fifteen movie

after it's started. Alan's story about the suddenly revealed loss of love from his wife is poignant, told from a couple perspectives, and reflects the format powerfully. Cool zine. —Todd (Alex Wrekk, 809 N. Shaver St., Portland, OR 97227 or Alan Lastufka, PO Box 254, Manhattan, IL 60442)

UNDERWORLD CRAWL #5, \$1.00 ppd., half size, photocopied, 39 pgs.

This is a damn fine zine about work. In here, the author tackles the drudgery of work, fucking with the boss to his face without him knowing it, and some other related anti-work rants and essays. Yep, it's all about work and it's the best zine I've read on the topic that I can remember. The writer is way smarter than his job and he analyzes his co-workers and gives us stories and observations that are deep and insightful. He's kind of like a mole of sorts, secretly reporting for us from the inside. His subject matter is negative, but he never comes off as a curmudgeon, nor does he portray himself as some Bukowski-style career loser. He simply makes it clear that you got to make a living and this is how he makes his. One thing that stands out is that he never actually says what his job is. You might guess that he works in a factory or something, but he gives you as little information as possible. So instead of

it being a zine about a steelworker or whatever, it's just a zine about work, thus universalizing it and making accessible for everyone who has to. Genius. —Craven Rock (R. Lee, PO Box 1421, Oshkosh, WI 54903, rleemail@gmail.com)

WELCOME TO FLAVOR COUNTY #10, \$1.00 or some stamps, half-size, photocopied, 52 pgs.

There's an awful lot of writing in here, some good and some that's definitely not. This zine has taken some blows right here in *Razorcake* before, but I can appreciate Kurt's voice. In this issue he talks about his job and his Christian upbringing, the movie *Jesus Camp*, and has a "what is the purpose of life" piece. The guy certainly hasn't lived a particularly exciting life and he doesn't tackle hard topics. Nonetheless, it's a nice, sincere look into someone's life and it certainly is more interesting than the arrogant, cookie-cutter traveler kid zine that I got to review in this batch. It's nice to have a humble look at life from the perspective of someone who is a lot different than you. That's what zines are about, right? Fuck the hierarchy of marrow-of-life-bone-sucking. There was also a history of the Wobblies that was dry, but informative. It had a few poems that weren't so great, and some short stories that were pretty awful. I would recommend that

Kurt read some Raymond Carver and then try again. You know that whole "show, don't tell" cliché? It's good advice. I hate to end on a bad note though, because there's quite a bit in here worth reading. —Craven Rock (Kurt Morris, 8820 Stone Ave. N #301, Seattle, WA 98103, welcometoflavorcounty@gmail.com)

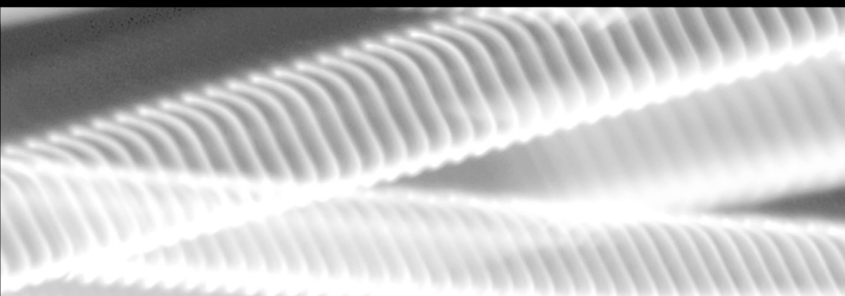
ZISK #14, \$2, 7" x 8 1/2", photocopied, 34 pgs.

Stuff I learned this time around about life and baseball from *Zisk*. 1.) "When the umpire had to get new baseballs they had this trapdoor in the field and this giant plastic rabbit rose up on an elevator right by home plate and it had a little basket with balls in it and the umpire had to get the balls out of the basket of this rabbit that came from underneath the ground." 2.) "Ivan Calderon, a two sport man, trained championship fighting cocks in the off-season; after retirement he was shot to death in his native Puerto Rico, allegedly at the behest of the Puerto Rican mafia." 3.) "When I asked Casey if he sympathized with guys with real mullets, he thought for a moment. 'No. There's no reason for that fucking haircut.'" Baseball gives *Zisk* its focus, the writing and research gives it a vital spark. Nice. —Todd (801 Eagles Ridge Rd., Brewster, NY 10509)

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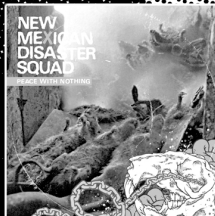
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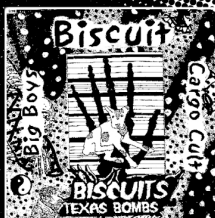
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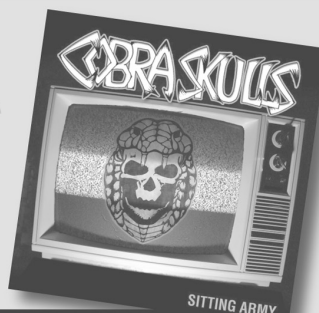
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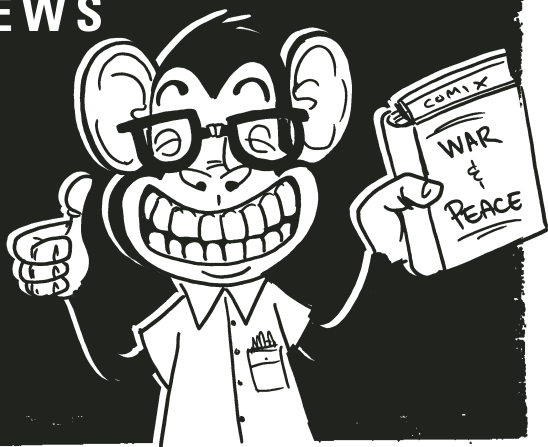


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BOOK REVIEWS



Back of the Line, The

By Jeff Parker, Illustrated By William Powhida, 72 pgs.

I feel like I've been visited by the ghost of Douglas Coupland. Except Douglas Coupland isn't dead. Author Jeff Parker has caught a hold of Coupland's sense of existential aimlessness and the questioning of the minutiae of our life events. *The Back of the Line* follows the main character, James, through four tales that all connect back to one another. The narrator is nameless, much like in *Fight Club*, and provides an alternate take on the events as they occur. Sometimes they find themselves to be contradictory views of one another, other times one character's view helps to extrapolate upon the other.

The book was designed to look like a handwritten journal with lined pages and doodling on the front and back covers. Inside, the book is filled with pictures from artist William Powhida, many of which help to extrapolate upon the ideas and experiences the characters are experiencing. The drawings are fairly simple and sparing, but it's not so much the fault of Powhida as it is the material to which he's bound.

Hiding Out

By Jonathan Messinger, 195 pgs.

Modern life does it best to compartmentalize each one of us into our own little boxes. The result, in America for sure, is a breakdown of flesh-to-flesh communities. In fact, many people find themselves in boxes of their own making (mental, job-related, relationship-related, financially based), and Jonathan Messinger examines those boxes in a collection of fifteen funny, wonderfully strange, and tender short stories. Messinger's a master craftsman who bridges over many gaps that lesser writers fall into.

It's been said that what we own truly owns us. It's also asserted that we're all influenced by what we come in contact with. Objects play heavily in *Hiding Out*: a soccer ball that causes an aneurysm, dead birds, a glowing, winged refrigerator magnet that's really fucking with a dude, a Harley Davidson, a wrought-iron fence that challenges an over-sized head... the list goes on. Almost every story gravitates around an object which "lives" in the stories as much as the human one. In Messinger's hands, this subtle recasting isn't merely a writing exercise, but a slightly different way to approach story telling.

Human and object merge in "True Hero." A man is elaborately dressed as a robot for Halloween. The self-made costume is his shield and self-imposed invisibility. He is unrecognizable to the party guests, refuses to say his name, and mostly keeps to himself. We come to understand that he's stalking an ex-girlfriend. Before he can offer her a poem, which is rolled up tightly in a specially made box installed over his heart in the robot disguise, he's identified and gets forcefully ejected from the party. And although the guy's creepy, the way Messinger tells the story, it's more about the loser and pathetic moron in all of us instead of a flat-handed indictment of an emotionally unstable man.

On one hand, Messinger's absolutely clever and witty—the book is full of skillful turns of phrase and creative situations—but the stories have a true foundation, balance, and meaningful resonance, evidenced by the fact they're still rattling around in my brain weeks after the initial reading. On the surface—to be sure—Messinger isn't afraid to bend wording like the stylized, curlicue'd frosting on an expensive cake, and it's fun to read along to such a capable, confident voice. But the cleverness is never just celebrating itself in a hollow world. It never gets away from Messinger. It's never for the sake of a cheap plot twist or an easy out. It comes across as one of many ways to express a deep compassion and love for what he's writing.

That's what makes *Hiding Out* so enjoyable: well-written stories about people hiding in plain sight, surrounded by both humans and objects, trying to get through another day. That's something I think we can all relate to. —Todd (Featherproof Books, www.featherproof.com)

When taken out of context it is even funnier.

It's clear that the talent is there and instead the medium is a display of his artistry being held back. Nevertheless, it's helpful to see the random assortment of folks who James and the narrator come across. It's also funny to see the way the phrases associated with them, written underneath their portrait, reduce each person to their own little quip. When taken out of context it is even funnier.

The tales are nothing spectacular; they follow the two characters around their lives: at a Laundromat, in their apartment, and drinking. Despite the routine aspects of many of these stories, there always seems to be a part that is magical and almost surreal, whether it's a bird coming back from the dead or the ex-girlfriend who has placed a sign in her window advertising a need for a new boyfriend. It is very hard to describe most of these stories and the book as a whole without continually referring back to authors such as Douglas Coupland or Chuck Palahniuk. It doesn't mean, though, that Parker's words can't stand on their own. They definitely belong in the same camp, but Parker is quite capable of keeping the reader engrossed and curious. The artwork is a nice addition and together they make this book a success. Due to its short length, it can easily be read in a single sitting. That causes me to wonder why the book company wants to charge twenty-five dollars for it. That seems ridiculously pricey and perhaps it has something to do with the limited run of 1,000 or that they look at this as "art" as opposed to just a book. I can't say that this is worth the price, but if you come across it somewhere, it's definitely worth a read. —Kurt Morris (Decode, Inc., 625 First Ave., Suite 300, Seattle, WA 98104)

My So-Called Punk

By Matt Diehl

If Matt Diehl had given his book, *My So-Called Punk*, a subtitle like "How the Corporate Music Machine Co-Opted the Most Obvious Traits of a Socio-Musical Revolution and Suckered Joe Public into Thinking It Was the Real Deal," and approached his story from that direction, this might not have been too bad a read. The sad reality most of us still actively involved in punk have to constantly deal with is that a rather large, perilous wall exists between the "punk rock" championed by Ashlee Simpson, Sum 41, and Avril Lavigne and the still-largely ignored masses that populate the underground—and one faction does not necessarily speak for the other. It's a situation not exclusive to punk—the Dead continued to schlep their hippie idealism around the country for decades while the Jefferson Airplane became a Starship and forgot what they were about somewhere in the mire of drug habits, pleasing their industry masters, and building cities on rock'n'roll—but it's no less a poignant reminder that the record industry still hasn't learned how not to fuck up a good thing in their rush to make a profit.

Instead of making clear the delicate dance of this reality, however, Diehl chooses to cash in what little "old school" punk cred he earned as a member of über-obscure '80s Chicago punk band Nadsat Rebel (yes, I'm long enough in the tooth to remember them when they were active) to make the same fatal mistake many more talented but less connected quasi-punk historians have made before him: assuming that Fall Out Boy, A Simple Plan, Blink 182 and the hordes of other pop-friendly, industry-approved rebels are the true descendants of The Clash, The Germs, and Black Flag. Over the course of two hundred-odd pages, he spins a jumbled history of what he calls "neo-punk"



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(a term he didn't coin but drops so often that one wonders if he's getting paid a buck every time he uses it) with an embarrassingly myopic zeal and a stance that seesaws between proclamations that it's not the punk he grew up with and assessing this "neo-punk" phenomenon's attitudes—its open-armed acceptance of corporate sponsorship; obsessive attention to marketing strategies, moving product and embracing of the traditional "rock star" mentalities by both bands and their fans; and its willful ignorance of its gadfly, if not musical, roots—with a not-so-critical eye that ultimately comes off as apologetically accepting it as, indeed, a mutated, perfectly logical version of "his" punk.

Ignoring wholly a vibrant, varied punk underground that continues to flourish despite the mainstream's best efforts to buy it or bury it, Diehl uses as his book's spine the melodramatic tale of the Distillers' Brody Dalle, focusing on her with such singular enthusiasm—he provides a wholly one-sided account of the disintegration of her tumultuous relationship with Rancid's Tim Armstrong, and almost every point he makes about what's cool with this neo-punk thing is followed up by an example of how it applies to Brody—that it's almost creaky in its ardor.

In the end, all Diehl has managed is yet another tragically flawed attempt at chronicling a scene he apparently no longer understands.

Filling out the pages are quotes from neo-punk's ambitious movers and shakers, from assorted band members to those responsible for the Suicide Girls phenomenon to entrepreneurs Brett Gurewitz (Epitaph Records) and Kevin Lyman (The Warped Tour). Diehl's kid-glove handling of the latter two—it appears no hard-hitting questions were lobbed at either about the direct roles they've played in the commoditization and homogenization of punk music and culture, Warped's ushering in corporate sponsorship and punk "festivals," or the symbiotic, almost monopolistic relationship their two enterprises share—is particularly eye-opening considering his years spent writing for *Rolling Stone*, *Sassy*, *GQ*, *Elle*, *Vibe*, *Spin*, *Blender*, and others.

Even more interesting is the number of misspellings, errors, flubbed names, and quotes recycled from one chapter to the next that all that writing experience, a Master's degree, and a publisher like Simon & Schuster apparently were unable to excise. Ah, but it's just punk rock, so fuck it, right? In the end, all Diehl has managed is yet another tragically flawed attempt at chronicling a scene he apparently no longer understands, destined for the pyre of similarly crappy books that have preceded it. Given his aforementioned "old school" cred, I'm flabbergasted by his apparent inability to suss that a band like New Found Glory is about as representative of the evolution of the punk ethos as MC Hammer is of hip hop's underground. Then again, after spending his years covering music genres where units shifted and money generated equal relevance and quality, maybe his angle here ain't so surprising after all. —Jimmy Alvarado

New Brunswick, New Jersey, Goodbye Bands, Dirty Basements, and the Search for Self

By Ronen Kauffman, 191 pgs.

I can pretty much assume I got this since I'm from New Jersey, the irony being that I'm probably the most un-Jersey person you'll find. I'd heard about this book, about how "there's this history book on the New Brunswick punk scene," which is funny considering this is essentially a short

autobiography. At the core, it's the author's story of getting into punk rock, going to Rutgers, working on zines, playing in bands, as well as the kind of antics you'd expect to happen in a typical college town. It's entertaining and made me feel a tiny bit nostalgic at times; just remember what it is. (Seriously, I don't know how people thought this was meant as a definitive history.) Also, some proceeds go to charity, which is rad. —Joe Evans III (Seven Stories Press, 140 Watts, NY, NY 10013)

Shouts from the Gutter

By Chris Walter, 232 pgs.

Chris Walter probably doesn't even care about reviews. He's been writing for so long and through so many difficulties that things like a bad review probably just cause him to get another tattoo or write ten more stories. Thankfully, I have nothing but good things to say about Mr. Walter and his book, *Shouts from the Gutter*. This two-hundred plus page book has a myriad of short stories, some fiction, some taken straight from Walter's life. There are short poems interspersed throughout the book, but the primary draw is the stories. Having lived a lot of his life on the streets around Vancouver, British Columbia, Chris no doubt uses things he's seen

with his own two eyes to fuel the tales he weaves. Many of these stories involve drug users, homeless people, punk kids, and broken relationships of all kinds. The gritty side of Vancouver is shown, warts and all. And yet there are moments of disconnect from that scene where the author weaves stories about clowns who are hunted in the Amazon in order to be used at circuses and a guy who writes companies to tell them how much he likes their products. The story about the guy who admired Henry Rollins and Rollins-era Black Flag had me smiling because I can't tell you how many times I've heard or been a part of the conversation regarding which Black Flag period was the best. However, the best tales Chris Walter tells are the ones that are his own first-hand experiences. Reading his own tales of poor ghetto life near the drug houses in Vancouver make for inspiring, entranced reading. Knowing that a particular story is straight from the author's life draws upon a different set of emotions than reading a fictional yarn.

Primarily, though, it's the street urchins that come out to be seen in Walter's tales, coughing and hacking and bleeding all the way. There's no doubt that the people in his tales are the dregs of society. With characters who are hooked on drugs, foraging food out of dumpsters and constantly ill, Walter speaks from a position of knowing what is what and tells these stories in a way that most would not. While his writing doesn't have the refined elegance that might whip up a huge dramatic picture, it's not necessarily what is needed for this type of material. Gritty environments need gritty writing to tell their story. Besides, there are not a whole lot of people telling the tales of the street people, the drug addicted (at least in a way that's not romanticized), the homeless, etc. If someone is going to share with us what life is like on the street, why not a tattooed, former junkie who scrapes together whatever cash he can get to put out his own books? —Kurt Morris (GFY Press, #34-2320 Woodland Dr., Vancouver, BC, V5N 3P2, www.punkbooks.com)



VIDEO REVIEWS



City by the Battlefield: DVD

Skate video from Fredericksburg, VA, reminding us all that sick skating and pure fun is not necessarily done near skyscrapers or muscle beaches. —Speedway Randy (Magic Bullet Records, magicbulletrecords.com)

Johnny Cash: The Man, His World, His Music: DVD

I Walk the Line was a piece of shit movie; *Ray* with white people. It wasn't even a well-told story. Johnny Cash was arrested twice in his lifetime. Once, for smuggling speed in his guitar case, which the movie covered. The second time was for trespassing... for hopping a fence and picking flowers for June. It's this dichotomy that makes Johnny Cash so great. Yeah, he was a badass motherfucker. But he also was a hopeless romantic. He loved Jesus (and was a spokesperson for a Radio Shack doohickey that recites bible verses by topic), but he drank with the devil and raised hell. This DVD is live footage from a tour in an RV: live performances—from state fairs, to a duet by Bob Dylan, to a show full of Native Americans in full headdress—sprinkled with slices of life of him saving a crow to visiting the site of the Wounded Knee massacre. Besides the

It's this dichotomy that makes Johnny Cash so great.
Yeah, he was a badass motherfucker.
But he also was a hopeless romantic.

music being great and lively—any secular (and some of the religious) Johnny Cash song could be covered as a punk song—the most striking thing is that Cash *listened*. There are a couple of backstage scenes where singer/songwriters show their stuff to Johnny, he listens more than just respectfully, gives them feedback, and tells 'em to play another song. In this day in age where it's forbidden to hand a musician on a major demo (for fear that it'll somehow be used by the star and the unknown musician will be assed out), this DVD's a telling document of how much the world of music has changed, and not for the better. It's sad to think that there *can't* be a now-generation equivalent of Johnny Cash (understood that he's timeless and all), at least not on a national level, due to how the industry is set up. Fuckit, dude. I'll just watch this DVD again when someone brings up *American Idol*, and remember a time when humans instead of a mix of machines, accountants, and focus groups had a chance to break big without being broken into tiny, uninteresting pieces for the dumbest of consumers to squeeze into their mouths like baby food. —Todd (Cherry Red, www.cherryred.co.uk)

Propagandhi: Live from Occupied Territory: An Official Bootleg: DVD
Well, shit, it's a Propagandhi video. For a lot of people, that's all I need to say, one way or the other. The footage is from a 2003 show (with the majority of songs coming from *Potemkin* and *Today's Empires*) and shot with two or three hand-held cameras. Despite their usual self-deprecation in the liner notes, the production values are pretty decent, if a little, um, dull. Not necessarily due to anything specific (I mean, Chris's guitar noodling is awesome to watch, the band performs virtually flawlessly, Todd bops around and provides witty between-song banter) other than the fact that, hey, I'm watching a video of a band that's still around and actively touring.

For me, the bonuses were what actually sold me on this disc—two lengthy, awesome documentaries. *As Long as the Rivers Flow* tells the story of the Grassy Narrows Blockade—a group of indigenous people who blockaded a series of logging roads in order to demand that Ontario's Ministry of Natural Resources respect their treaties regarding land use rights and, frankly, to keep logging companies and their own government from razing the shit out of their forests.

The other documentary, *Peace, Propaganda, and the Promised Land* is the one that clinched it for me—it deals with the Israeli-Palestinian conflict in relation to the U.S. media and is fucking flat-out amazing. In-depth, point-by-point coverage of Israel's use of public relations firms in the U.S. to alter our nation's view of the discord and violence that's taking place there, how Israel and the States (far from being an "impartial" third party in peace negotiations) have attempted—and in many cases succeeded—in portraying Palestinians as nothing more than a bunch of incendiary, instigative, violence-loving, suicide-bombing zealots. It's a fascinating piece of work: intelligent, scathing and, best of all, it allowed me to recognize my own inconsistencies and ignorance in regards to the situation—I was able to identify my own hypocrisies and buy-ins in regards to how the U.S. media has reported, altered, and slanted news coverage about this matter for years. When it comes down to it, this is ultimately exactly what a documentary should do: lend itself the opportunity to resonate in our own lives. To make us think, feel, question our own value systems. It's what punk music at its apex has always done and in that regards, *Peace, Propaganda, and the Promised Land* succeeds fabulously. Propagandhi deserves a nod for managing to use their particular stature within punk rock to bring us something more than just the music, and I'm grateful for it. —Keith Rosson (G7 Welcoming Committee, PO Box 27006, C-360 Main St., Winnipeg, MB, R3C 4T3, Canada)

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